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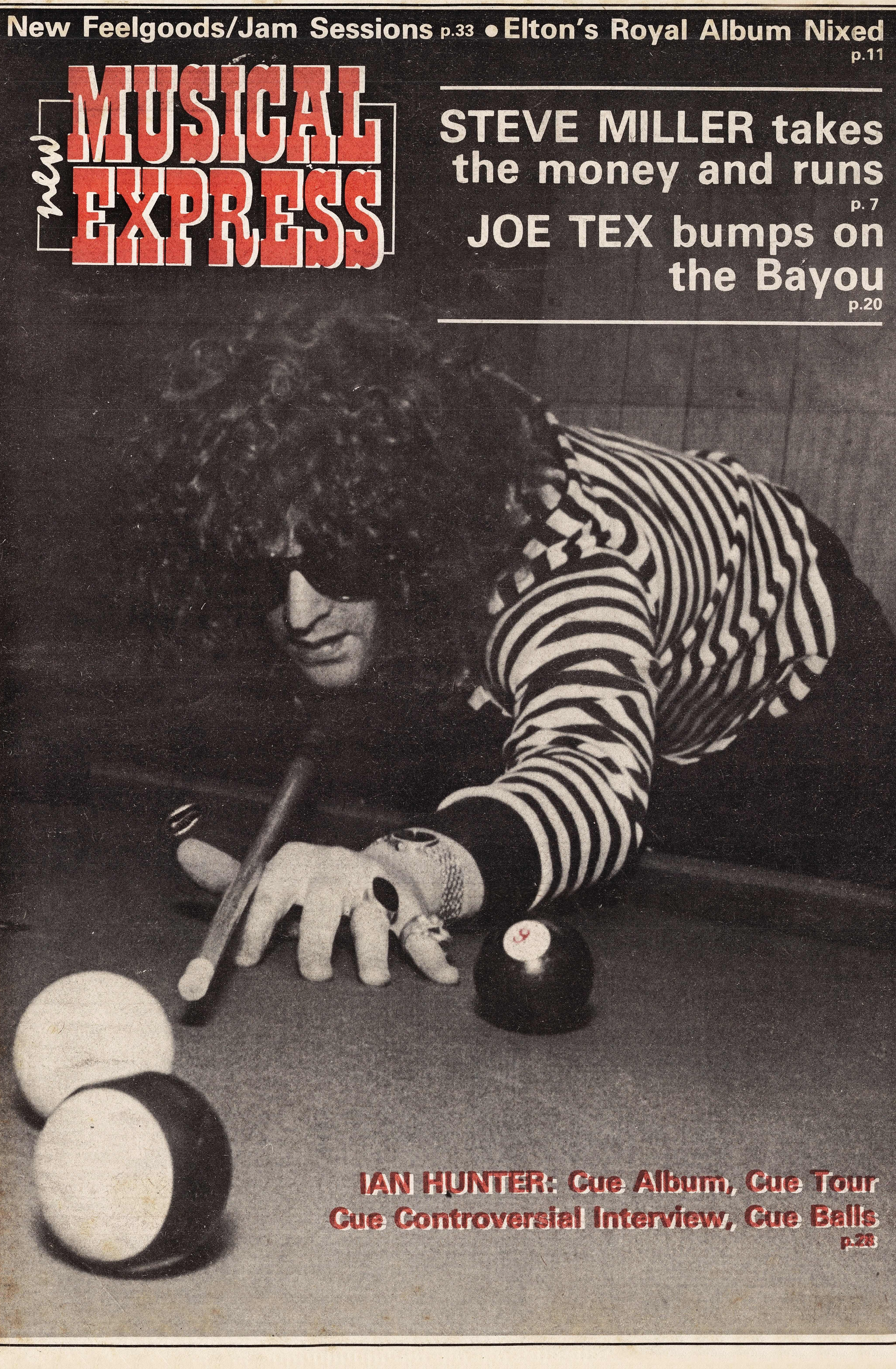

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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

STEVE MILLER takes the money and runs

p. 7

JOE TEX bumps on the Bayou

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IAN HUNTER: Cue Album, Cue Tour Cue Controversial Interview, Cue Balls

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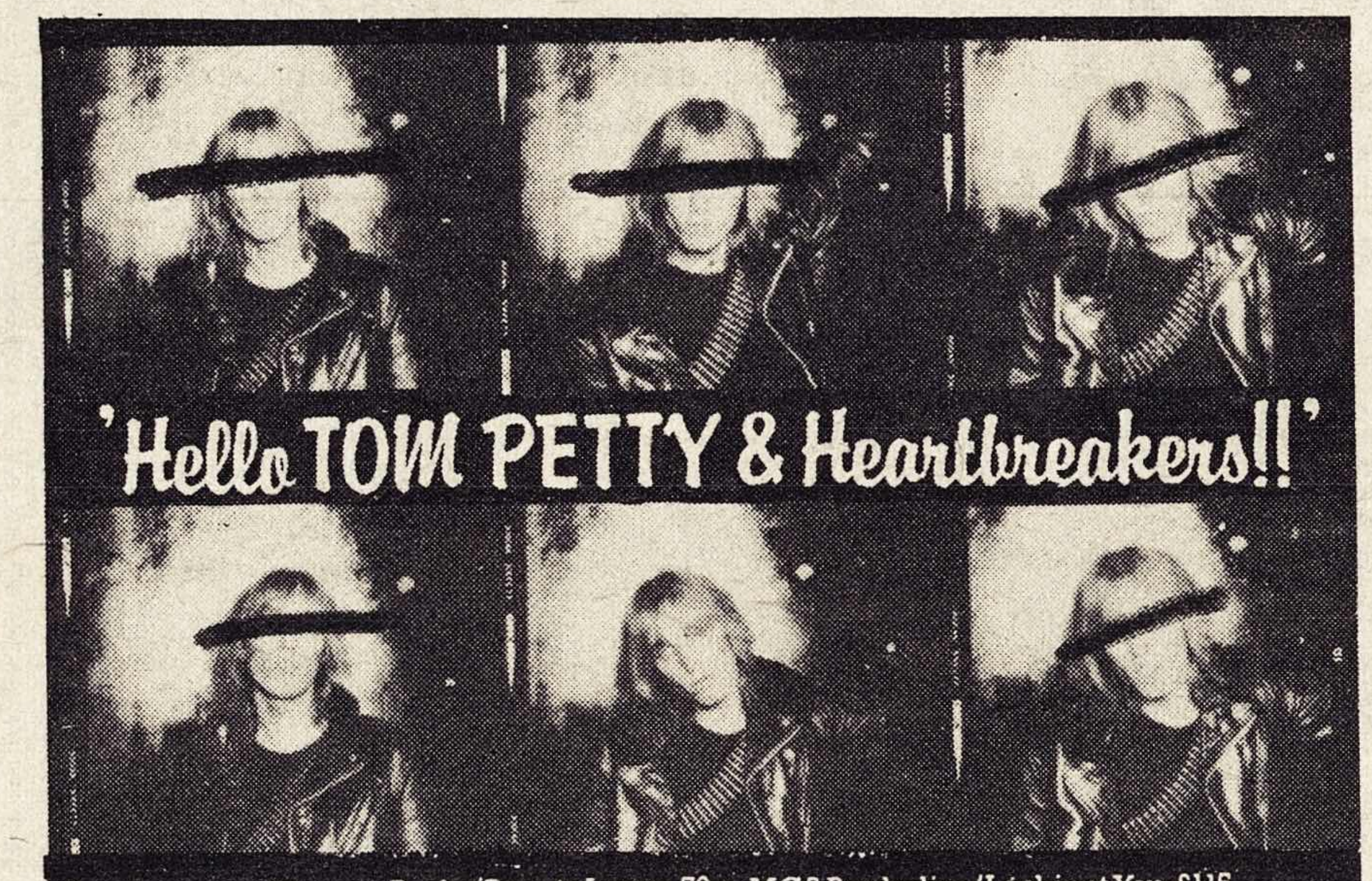
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 13, 1972

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	AMAZING GRACE	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pipes, Drums & Band (RCA)
2	2	COME WHAT MAY	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
8	3	COULD IT BE FOREVER	David Cassidy (Bell)
6	4	A THING CALLED LOVE	Johnny Cash (CBS)
13	5	TUMBLING DICE	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
12	6	ROCKET MAN	Elton John (DJM)
4	7	BACK OFF BOOGALOO	Ringo Starr (Apple)
5	8	RUN RUN RUN	Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
11	9	RADANCER	Marmalade (Decca)
3	10	SWEET TALKIN' GUY	Chiffons (London)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 13, 1962

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	PUPPET ON A STRING	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
4	2	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE	Mama's & Papa's (RCA)
2	3	SOMETHING STUPID	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
13	4	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
5	5	PURPLE HAZE	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
10	6	THE BOAT THAT I ROW	Lulu (Columbia)
12	7	PICTURES OF LILY	Who (Track)
7	8	I CAN HEAR THE GRASS GROW	Move (Deram)
3	9	A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU	Monkees (RCA)
3	10	FUNNY FAMILIAR FORGOTTEN FEELINGS	Tom Jones (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 11, 1962

Last Week	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	NUT ROCKER	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
1	2	WONDERFUL LAND	Shadows (Columbia)
—	3	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	4	HEY LITTLE GIRL	Del Shannon (London)
4	5	SPEAK TO ME PRETTY	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
—	6	I'M LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	6	WHEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SMILING	Jimmy Justice (Pye)
8	8	LOVE LETTERS	Ketty Lester (London)
3	9	HEY! BABY	Bruce Channel (Mercury)
7	10	DREAM BABY	Roy Orbison (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending May 14, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	FREE	Deniece Williams (CBS)	6	1
2	(6)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	2
3	(2)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder	5	2
4	(8)	WHODUNIT	Tavares	5	4
5	(10)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	3	5
6	(12)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	5	6
7	(15)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	5	7
8	(9)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	4	8
9	(5)	RED SPELLS DANGER	Billy Ocean (GTO)	8	3
10	(23)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	10
11	(4)	HAVE I THE RIGHT	Dead End Kids (CBS)	6	4
12	(19)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10cc (Philips)	3	12
13	(24)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	2	13
14	(28)	MAH NA MAH NA	Piero Umiliani (EMI Int)	2	14
15	(17)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	5	14
16	(7)	PEARL'S A SINGER	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	6	7
17	(—)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	1	17
18	(3)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU	Abba (Epic)	11	1
19	(20)	SMOKE ON THE WATER (EP)	Deep Purple (Purple)	4	19
20	(13)	SOLSBURY HILL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	5	13
21	(16)	I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU	Berni Flint (EMI)	8	14
22	(29)	LET 'EM IN	Billy Paul (Philadelphia)	2	22
23	(—)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC TO THIS	Heatwave (GTO)	1	23
24	(—)	WHERE IS THE LOVE	Delegation (State)	1	24
25	(—)	COULD IT BE I'M FALLING IN LOVE ANYWAY	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	1	25
26	(—)	IT'S A GAME	Bay City Rollers (Arista)	1	26
27	(14)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo/Billy Davis Jr. (ABC)	8	8
28	(30)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	28
29	(11)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU	Rose Royce (MCA)	5	11
30	(—)	NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NAUGHTY	Joy Sarney (Alaska)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
IN THE CITY — The Jam (Polydor); YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON/STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE — Roni Hill (Creole); HELLO STRANGER — Yvonne Elliman (RSO); I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN — K.C. & The Sunshine Band (TK).

ALBUMS

Week ending May 14, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	25	1
2	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	20	2
3	(4)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	18	2
4	(11)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	5	11
5	(7)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	15	1
6	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	12	6
7	(5)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	58	1
7	(3)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	10	1
9	(9)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	4	9
10	(10)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	14	2
11	(17)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	9	11
12	(21)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	2	12
13	(8)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS	(Polydor)	8	5
14	(16)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	30	1
15	(14)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	3	14
16	(—)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	1	16
17	(27)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	40	1
18	(15)	LIVING LEGENDS	Everly Brothers (Warwick)	8	15
19	(13)	WORKS VOL. 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	7	7
20	(18)	STATUS QUO LIVE	(Phonogram)	11	5
21	(19)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	23	8
22	(12)	THE UNFORGETTABLE GLENN MILLER	(RCA)	6	8
23	(23)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	2	23
24	(20)	THE CLASH	Clash (CBS)	4	20
25	(—)	HIT ACTION	Various (K-Tel)	1	25
26	(—)	PERIOD OF TRANSITION	Van Morrison (Warner Bros)	1	26
27	(28)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	18	1
28	(25)	MAGIC OF DEMIS ROUSSOS	(Philips)	4	19
29	(22)	EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	11
30	(—)	ALL TO YOURSELF	Jack Jones (RCA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
IZITSO — Cat Stevens (Island); TIME LOVES A HERO — Little Feat (Warner Bros); THE BEST OF THE FACES (Riva); THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU (Reprise).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 14, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer
2	(2)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS	Glen Campbell
3	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
4	(7)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
5	(9)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder
6	(6)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs
7	(15)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
8	(13)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
9	(11)	COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT	Climax Blues Band
10	(10)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU	Rose Royce
11	(12)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
12	(4)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND	Natalie Cole
13	(14)	CALLING DR. LOVE	Kiss
14	(5)	RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT	Jennifer Warnes
15	(18)	HELLO STRANGER	Yvonne Elliman
16	(21)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
17	(22)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
18	(8)	TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO	William Bell
19	(25)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
20	(20)	DANCING MAN	Q
21	(24)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex
22	(26)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
23	(30)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY'	Bill Conti
24	(16)	YOUR LOVE	McCoo/Davies
25	(29)	WHODUNNITT	Tavares
26	(34)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
27	(39)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
28	(36)	MAINSTREET	Bob Seger
29	(27)	CHERRY BABY	Starz
30	(38)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett

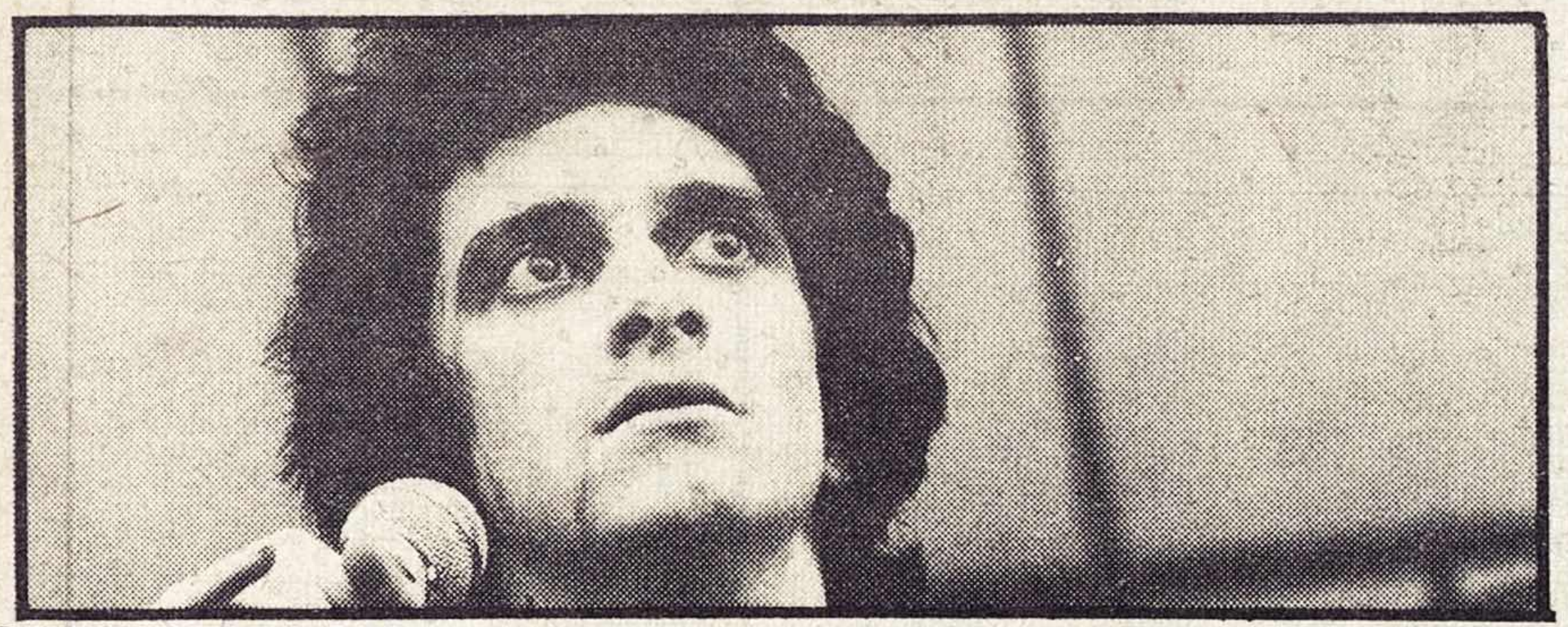
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 14, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track
4	(4)	BOSTON	Boston
5	(7)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
6	(5)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
7	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
8	(10)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
9	(8)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
10	(9)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
11	(13)	ROCKY	Sound Track
12	(11)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
13	(12)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson Lake & Palmer
14	(17)	COMMODORES	Commodores
15	(18)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
16	(15)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD	Jethro Tull
17	(14)	UNPREDICTABLE	Natalie Cole
18	(16)	BURNIN' SKY	Bad Company
19	(19)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
20	(21)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
21	(20)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
22	(22)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
23	(23)	JEFF BECK WITH THE JAN HAMMER GROUP LIVE	Jeff Beck
24	(32)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer
25	(25)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
26	(26)	BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US	Hall & Oates
27	(—)	COME IN FROM THE RAIN	Captain & Tennille
28	(28)	ASK RUFUS	Rufus featuring Chaka Khan
29	(27)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
30	(—)	CHANGE IN LATITUDE — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



GARY HOLTON

H.M. KIDS VENUES

HEAVY METAL KIDS headline seven major British concerts early next month. These will be the first live appearances for almost a year, because they have been inactive since singer Gary Holton split from the band last summer. But as reported two weeks ago, Holton has now patched up his differences with the other members and has re-joined the Kids, who are now poised to spring back into action.

This is their first tour of major concert venues, and it ties in with the release last week of their new album "Kitch". Dates are Glasgow Apollo (June 6), Newcastle City Hall (7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Birmingham Odeon (11) and London Rainbow (12). One or two more gigs may be added before they begin an extensive European tour.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith still has to name a support act. The Kids will be featuring their original line-up except for John Sinclair, now living in America, who is replaced by U.S. guitarist Jay Williams.

Diamond playing Woburn Abbey?

Above: NME's exclusive forecast on December 18. And now, five months later . . .

JULY 2 GIG CONFIRMED

IT HAS NOW been announced officially that Neil Diamond will star in an open-air concert in the grounds of Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, on Saturday, July 2 — confirming NME's exclusive forecast before Christmas. This follows Diamond's five concerts at the London Palladium in late June, all of them completely sold out.

Tickets are priced at £8 and £7 for seats, and £5 for sitting on the grass. They may be obtained immediately from all branches of Keith Prowse and their sub-agents throughout the country. The same agencies are also selling car parking tickets at 50p, which must be purchased in advance. Postal bookings cannot be accepted either by the venue or promoter Robert Paterson.

The concert starts at 8pm, and will take place even if it is raining. But Paterson says that in the event of cancellation due to "impossible weather conditions", no refunds will be made.

Woburn is 14 miles from Bedford and easily accessible by car, being just four miles from the M.1. Drivers should take the A.418 turn-off, ten miles south of the Newport Pagnell service area.

Diamond is not expected to appear at any other venues, apart from the Palladium and Woburn, although there is a possibility of a second performance at Woburn Abbey being added on July 3.

KEITH EMERSON

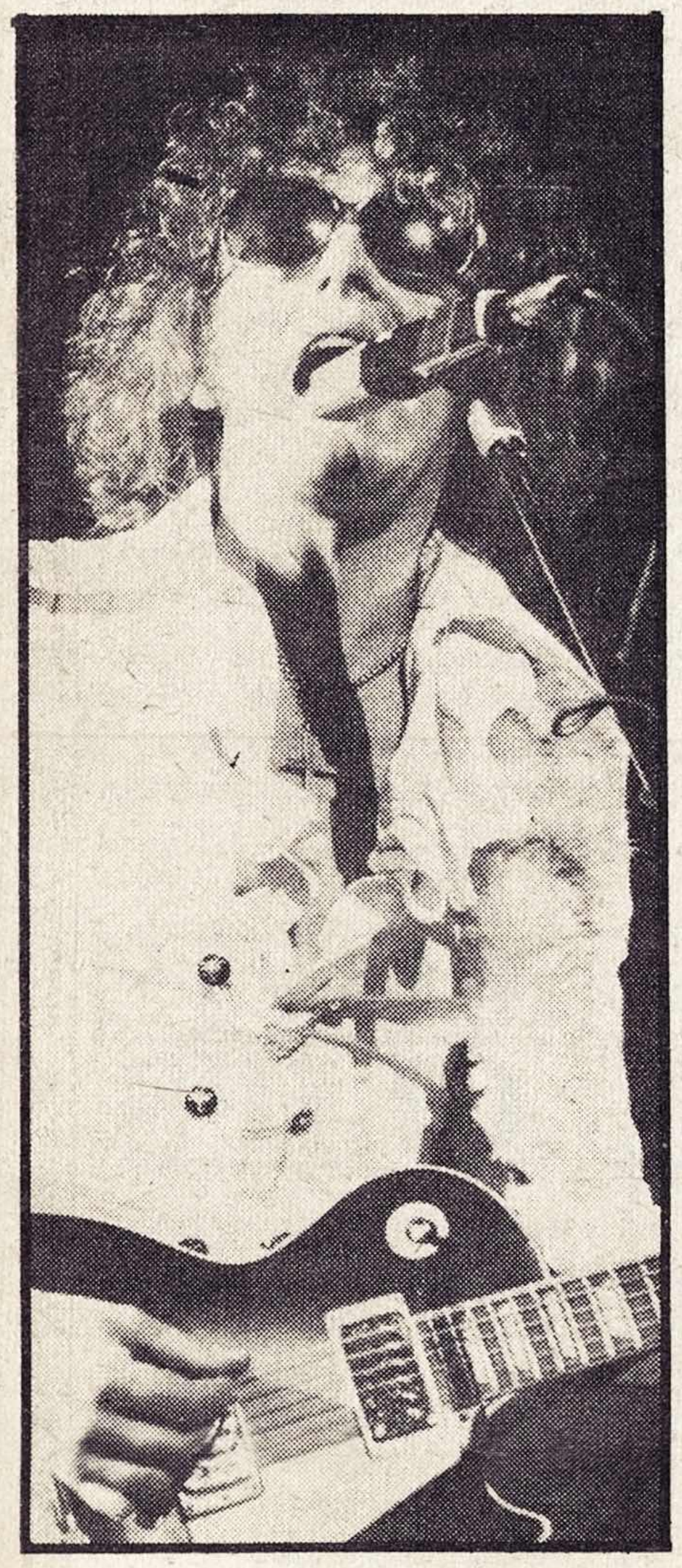
OPEN-AIR ELP GIG

NME UNDERSTANDS that Emerson, Lake & Palmer are in line to make their British stage comeback in a major open-air concert at Longleat in the late summer. Negotiations are now in hand for the trio to headline the event, which would probably be their only 1977 appearance in this country.

As revealed last week, Longleat — the stately home of the Marquis of Bath in Somerset, renowned for its lion park — is expected to be the setting for one of the year's top outdoor events, to be staged on a Saturday in September.

Now that their comeback album "Works Volume I" is an international hit, ELP are devoting much of the remainder of the year to live appearances around the world. They were keen to return to the British concert platform at a venue not previously associated with rock — and with this in view, were reportedly considering several possible sites, including Chelsea soccer ground. But it now seems likely they will settle for Longleat, in view of the importance of that event.

Hunter's Angels



IAN HUNTER's new band, who headline their debut British tour next month, will be known as the Overnight Angels. Line-up comprises ex-David Bowie lead guitarist Earl Slick, Rob Rawlinson (bass), Peter Oxendale (keyboards) and Curly Smith (drums).

The outfit's eight-venue tour marks Hunter's first appearance in Britain since he performed here with Mick Ronson two years ago. Details of six of their concerts were revealed exclusively by NME last week, and now another two gigs have been added — at Newcastle Mayfair (June 3) and Doncaster Gaumont (4). Support act is Elliott Murphy.

The band's first album "Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels" — produced by Roy Thomas Baker, who has worked with Queen among other groups — is released by CBS on May 20.

Pistols in US visit?

SEX PISTOLS are being sought for a two-week season in New York. No contracts had been signed at presstime, but negotiations were in progress for the controversial British outfit to headline at the Elgin Theatre from May 23 to June 4. The 600-seater venue is concentrating on new-wave and punk-rock bands and, following the success of The Damned in the States, it is now anxious to stage the U.S. debut of the Pistols.

SPEAR, ROMEO DATES SET

THE PREVIOUSLY reported package tour co-headlined by Burning Spear and Max Romeo plays two nights at London Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday, May 25 and 26. The tour opens with a gig at Brighton Top Rank on May 24, and further dates around the country are at present being lined up, with details expected next week.

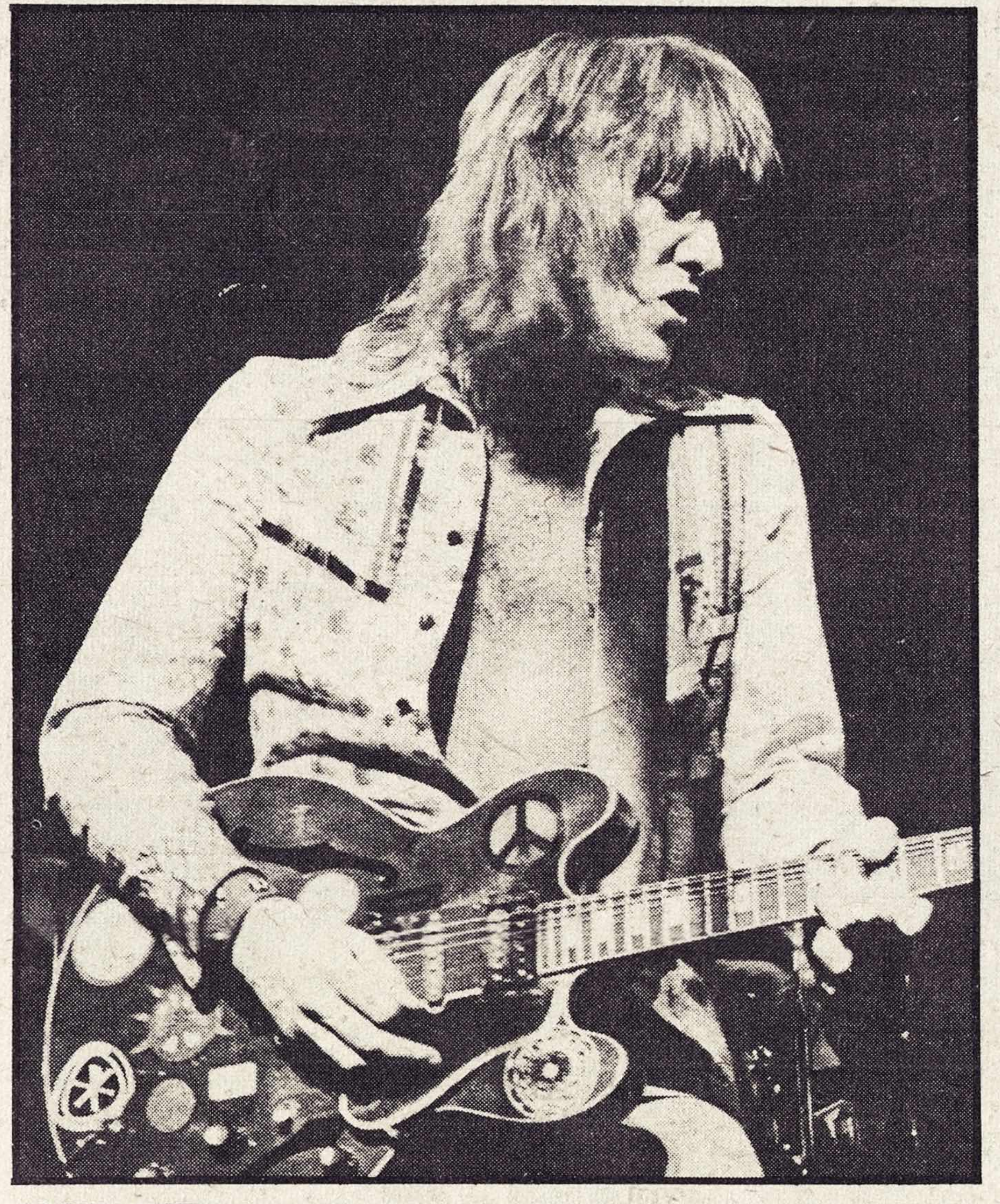
The itenerary will run into June, and a spokesman said that both acts are anxious to play at an open-air event "if they can find one." New albums by both Burning Spear and Romeo are scheduled for June 3 release by Island, although neither is yet titled.

Rough Diamond U.K. tour delay

ROUGH DIAMOND's debut British concert tour, originally planned for this month, has been postponed. Following their warm-up gig at London Marquee late last month, the band — featuring David Byron, Clem Clempson, Geoff Britton, Willie Bath and Damon Butcher — had intended to go on the road in May, including a date at London Rainbow.

Their schedule was then put back until June, but even that is now uncertain. Reason is that their first album is breaking through in the States, and the band feel they should give it another boost by paying a promotional visit to America. In this event, their British dates would be put back to the autumn, but a final decision will be taken in the next week or two.

Ten Years After back together again



ALVIN LEE

TEN YEARS AFTER have re-formed under a cloak of secrecy, and have almost completed work on a comeback album for summer release, probably by CBS. The band are being lined up for a major American tour starting in July, with British gigs likely to follow later in the year.

The current line-up features three of the original members — Alvin Lee (guitar and vocals), Leo Lyons (bass) and Chick Churchill (keyboards) — with newcomer David Potts replacing Ric Lee on drums.

TYA last performed in Britain three years ago, and in 1975 they headlined their 28th and last U.S. tour. Alvin Lee then announced that the band had ceased to exist, and he began working with his own outfit Alvin Lee & Co. Churchill became involved in music publishing, Ric Lee formed a production company and ran his own band on the side, and Lyons has been concentrating on producing other acts.

Between 1967 and 1974 they released ten albums — first on Decca, subsequently on Chrysalis — which were followed by the compilation set "Goin' Home" after they split. With the exception of Lyons, all have subsequently recorded independently. They obviously feel that the time is now ripe to reactivate TYA — apart from Ric Lee, who is too involved with his own company.

McDonald-Bromberg tour dates switched

THERE ARE several changes in next month's British tour by Country Joe McDonald and the David Bromberg Band. The package now plays Birmingham instead of Coventry, and Edinburgh in place of Glasgow, while the London venue is switched from the Rainbow to Hammersmith Odeon. And there are date changes for gigs at Oxford and Canterbury.

The revised itinerary is Oxford New Theatre (June 16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Sheffield University (18), Leeds University (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Brighton Dome (21), Canterbury Odeon (22), Birmingham Town Hall (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (25) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (27).

DAVID BROMBERG

Tickets are either already available or will be going on sale within the next week. Prices at Oxford, Bristol, Brighton, Birmingham and Edinburgh are £2.50, £2 and £1.50; at Leicester £2.25, £2, £1.75 and £1.50; at Hammersmith £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2; at Sheffield £1.65 and £1.50; and at Leeds all at £1.75. Canterbury prices were still being arranged at press time.

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THREE-DAY EVENT AT CAMBRIDGE

McLean, McTell top folk festival

DON McLEAN returns to Britain, for the first time in almost two years, to co-headline with Ralph McTell at the annual three-day Cambridge Folk Festival (July 29-31). The event marks McTell's return to Cambridge, where he first achieved national acclaim in 1969, and it is McLean's first-ever appearance in a British folk festival.

The David Bromberg Band are also set for Cambridge, which will be their final date here following their British and European tour with Country Joe McDonald. Other confirmations for the festival include the Albion Dance Band, the Boys Of The Lough, Bert Jansch, Magna Carta, Martin Carthy, Vin Garbutt, Cousin Joe From New Orleans, Alex Campbell, Jean Redpath and Bernard Wrigley, with many more still to be announced.

DON McLEAN

Running order is not yet completed, but it is known that the Albion Dance Band will play on the Friday, Don McLean and the Boys Of The Lough on both Saturday and Sunday, and McTell tops the bill on Sunday.

To avoid overcrowding, the organisers are limiting attendance to 10,000 weekend ticket-holders. And they say that this year there will be an abundant supply of Real Ale — A special Jubilee brew!

- Wath-upon-Dearne stages a three-day folk festival starting tomorrow (Friday). Acts include **Leonard & Squire, Roy Bailey, Bob Chiswick, Tom Tiddler's Ground, June Tabor, Erik Illott, Peppercorn, Muckram Wakes, Ying Tong John** and **Roaring Jelly**.

- "Just Folk '77" is a three-day event in the grounds of Bromsgrove Avoncroft Museum, starting July 1. Among those appearing are the **Albion Dance Band, Gary & Vera Aspey, Robin Dransfield, Therapy, Yorkshire Relish, the Farriers** and **Oscar**.

BURLESQUE HEADLINING

BURLESQUE set out this weekend on a 20-date British tour, which marks the live debut of their new drummer, former session musician Adrian Sheppard — he replaces Paul Warren, who has left the group after "musical differences". The band, who also appear in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on May 24, will feature material from their current Arista album "Acupuncture" in their gigs at:

Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Colchester Essex University (Saturday), Wakefield Unity Hall (May 18), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (19), Ormskirk Edgehill College (20), Dudley J. B.'s Club (21), Newbridge The Club (22), Swansea Circles Club (23), Plymouth Fiesta (24), Torquay Gatsby's (25), Penzance Winter Gardens (26), Winchester King Alfred College (27), St. Alban's Civic Hall (28), Middlesbrough Town Hall (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (30), Scarborough Penthouse (31), Keele University (June 1), Kingston Polytechnic (4), Croydon Greyhound (5) and Malvern Winter Gardens (6). Further dates, including an appearance at a major London venue, will be announced in a week or two.

Cdr. Cody tour plan

COMMANDER CODY and the Lost Planet Airmen are in line for a British concert tour in the autumn. Promoter Ian Wright of the MAM Organisation told NME that he is at present trying to set up a tour by the band, but emphasised that no contracts have yet been signed.

Roller is dropped

BAY CITY ROLLERS will in future work and record as a four-piece group, following the departure of Pat McGlynn, who will not be replaced in the line-up. McGlynn joined the Rollers last October and, says an official statement, it was "believed he would be a valuable asset and would fit in well, but it has not worked out as everyone hoped." After lengthy discussions it was decided that, in the long-term interests of the Rollers, it would be better for him to leave. The group this week began a month-long American tour.

BEATLES TV

JOHN LENNON'S first-ever recording, never before broadcast, will be heard in this Saturday's "All You Need Is Love" on the full ITV network. This edition charts the rise of the Beatles and their influence on contemporary music. It includes film from the Beatles' own personal archives, never previously screened.

LUX CHANGE

BOB STEWART has been appointed Programme Director of Radio Luxembourg, replacing Ken Evans who leaves the station to join Anchor Records. Stewart, who has been a 208 disc-jockey for eight years, will be based in Luxembourg.

RECORD NEWS

- The RAMONES, who open their British tour on May 19, have a single rushed out tomorrow (Friday) on the Sire label titled "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker." The first 12,000 copies are being pressed as a numbered limited edition 12-inch disc, and thereafter it will revert to a normal seven-inch.
- The three girls from the **"Rock Follies"** TV series, which has just returned to the screen, have a new single titled "Okay" rushed out by Polydor this weekend.
- Pye Records, a subsidiary of ATV, have signed the **Muppets.** Their first single "Halfway Down The Stairs," sung by Kermit The Frog's nephew Robin, is rushed out this weekend. A "Muppet Show" album follows at the end of the month.
- The **Fabulous Poodles** have been signed by Pye, and will soon start recording their debut tracks. The same label issues the new **Jimmy James** single "Till I Can't Take It Any More" this weekend.
- New CBS label Portrait has signed Canadian group **Heart,** who make their debut on this outlet with their album "Little Queen" in July. **Joan Baez** is now also on Portrait, with July release planned for her next album.
- **"David Dundas"** is the title of his debut album, out on Chrysalis this weekend. It includes his two-million selling single "Jeans On".
- The **Vibrators'** new single, for May 20 release by CBS, is "Baby Baby".
- **Cat Stevens'** has a single titled "Back In The Old School Yard" issued by Island on May 20, taken from his current album. Although previously recorded by Linda Lewis, it is a Stevens composition.
- **James Taylor** is currently recording his first album for CBS, produced by Peter Asher. Summer release is planned.

MOVIE CLIPS

"BOUND FOR GLORY", the film of the early life of Woody Guthrie, starring David Carradine, has its British premiere at London Shaftesbury Avenue ABC 2 on Thursday, June 2. General release follows on the ABC circuit.

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON plays the role of truck driver Rubber Duck in the film adaptation of C. W. McCall's hit single "Convoy", which EMI Films started shooting in New Mexico last week. Ali McGraw and Ernest Borgnine are also in the cast.

GRAHAM PARKER and The Rumour's concert at Oxford New Theatre last month was filmed by Rockflics, a division of Nick Abson Productions Ltd. It is now being edited for release in the near future.

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PINK POP EVENT: KINKS, MANFREDS

THE EIGHTH Pink Pop Festival is again being staged at the 40,000-capacity site in Geleen, Holland — and this year's concert, the first major outdoor event of the season, takes place on Monday, May 30 (10.30 am-8 pm). The bill, in running order, consists of Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Racing Cars, Golden Earring, the Bothy Band, Nils Lofgren, Manfred Mann's Earthband and the Kinks.

Virtually all the past members of Gong, whose demise as a live band was announced last month, reunite for a ten-hour concert at Paris Hippodrome on May 28. Among those taking part — both with Gong and their own new bands — are Steve Hillage, Mike Howlett, Andy Summers, Stuart Copeland, Pierre Moerlen, Didier Malherbe and Daevid Allen. There are plans for the show to be repeated in England in the near future.

Jubilee show planned for Wembley is off!

THE EVENT boosted as the biggest rock show ever staged in Britain — the official Silver Jubilee open-air concert planned for Wembley Stadium on Saturday, June 11 — has been cancelled. And the other official Jubilee gig — an indoor show at London Earls Court, originally scheduled for June 4 — now moves back one week to the vacant June 11 date.

Promoter Robert Paterson announced plans for the Wembley show three months ago. It was intended to be an all-American show and during the ensuing weeks, many names have been rumoured for the bill — including the Beach Boys, the Doobie Brothers, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Jefferson Starship, Joni Mitchell, Judy Collins, Linda Ronstadt and America.

But it seems the killer blow was the Beach Boys' withdrawal, exclusively revealed by NME six weeks ago. They had initially expressed their willingness to appear, and the show was being built around them. But they were under the mistaken impression that Wings would be on the same bill — and when this proved not to be the case, they pulled out.

Paterson has since made several trips to the States in an attempt to complete the bill. But although there was no shortage of support acts, a decision was evidently taken to scrap the show in the absence of a major headliner. However, a spokesman said he may present a Wembley concert later.

EARLS COURT GIG — DATE SWITCHED

Promoter Mel Bush has also run into problems over the Earls Court concert. It was originally announced that a member or members of the Royal Family would attend the event on June 4. At that stage, there was virtually a queue of top bands willing to appear.

It then transpired that, due to the pressure of other commitments during the principal Jubilee weekend, no royalty would be able to attend — and this resulted in an instant loss of interest on the part of several potential headliners. But now the show has been put back to June 11, it is hoped that royalty will be present.

Bush said on Monday that he has almost completed the line-up, and he hopes to announce full details next week.

UFO HIT THE U.K. CIRCUIT

U.F.O. headline a string of seven major concerts early next month - and although this itinerary is relatively brief, it is nevertheless their first-ever British tour. The band are a big-name attraction virtually everywhere abroad, but have never achieved any real success here at home — and consequently they have spent most of their six-year existence working in other countries.

Now they attempt to redress the balance with dates at Guildford Civic Hall (June 3), Southend Kursaal (4), Birmingham Town Hall (5), Blackpool Imperial (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10), Manchester Free Trade Hall (11) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (12). They will be introducing their new Chrysalis album "Lights Out" and their new keyboard player Paul Raymond, ex-Savoy Brown.

Byrds' package tour curtailed by dispute

THE EUROPEAN tour by the three former Byrds members and their respective bands — Roger McGuinn, Chris Hillman and Gene Clark — was cut short last week when Hillman returned to the States prematurely. The package's British gigs were completed but, on arriving in Europe, a dispute erupted between Hillman and the promoters over what Hillman claimed to be "breaches of contract". His band and Clark's then pulled out of the tour and, as it was felt McGuinn's Thunderbyrd could not continue alone, the remaining gigs were cancelled.

Stanglers: 34 big gigs

THE STRANGLERS' tour, for which a handful of confirmed gigs were announced two weeks ago, has now developed into enormous proportions. A total of 34 dates have so far been set, and more — including two nights at a major London venue — are still being finalised. A spokesman said that in view of the success of their "Rattus Norvegicus" album, currently roaring up the charts, many major halls have now been included in the band's itinerary.

The schedule to date is Coventry Tiffany's (May 19), Uxbridge Brunel University (20), Bletchely Sports Centre (21), Brighton Top Rank (24), Colchester Essex University (25), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (26), Cardiff Top Rank (27), Canterbury Odeon (28), Guildford Civic Hall (29), Bournemouth The Village (30), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (31), Birmingham Barbarella's (June 1 and 2), Cambridge Corn Exchange (3), Wigan Casino (4), Manchester Electric Circus (5), Taunton Odeon (7), Plymouth Castaways (8), Torquay Town Hall (9), Llandrindnod Wells Grand Pavilion (10), Southend Kursaal (11), Sheffield Top Rank (12), Leeds Town Hall (13), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Doncaster Gaumont (17), Cheltenham Town Hall (18), Nottingham Playhouse (19), Stafford Top Of The World (20), Hanley Victoria Hall (21), Glasgow City Hall (22), Wolverhampton Lafayette (24) and St. Alban's City Hall (25).

Of these, only four dates were announced previously. Another, at Croydon Greyhound on May 22, has now been cancelled.

Robinson for I.C.A. shows

TOM ROBINSON Band play three concerts at London Institute of Contemporary Arts on Sundays, May 15, 22 and 29, as part of a policy to re-establish the venue as a regular home for "forward-looking" rock acts. The band are currently recording their first album and negotiating a major label deal. Meanwhile, other gigs include: **London** North Polytechnic (this Friday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (May 18), **Brighton** Buccaneer (20), **Bristol** Granary (21), **Aberdeen** University (27), **Swansea** Circles Club (June 9), **Bridgwater** Pawlett Manor Hotel (10), **Tonypandy** Navy Club (11), **Newbridge** Club and Institute (12), **Leicester** University (23), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (24) and **London Wandsworth** Town Hall (25).

Vibrators extra

THE VIBRATORS have added another four dates to their current sell-out nationwide tour. They are at Stoke George Hotel (May 17), Retford Porterhouse (June 7), Redditch Tracey's (11) and Wolverhampton Wulfrun Hall (17).

LASERIUM OPENS

LASERIUM, the first cosmic laser light concert, is now set to open at the London Planetarium on June 24 for a season. There are two performances nightly, and admission is £1.50. The 400-capacity venue is installing new seating with specially designed headrests for the three-dimensional show — which consists of diffused and refracted laser beam projections, choreographed to the music of Emerson Lake & Palmer, Pink Floyd and the Rolling Stones, among others. No two concerts will be exactly alike, because the images are manipulated on the spot from a laser console.

ON THE ROAD

QUEEN are to play a second concert at **London** Earls Court on Bank Holiday Tuesday, June 7, as their gig at this venue the previous night is now completely sold out. Ticket prices remain at £4, £3 and £2, and they are again limited to six per applicant. They are available at the box-office or by post, although personal callers will probably fare better by avoiding postal delays.

THE DRIFTERS headline another concert at the **London** Palladium on Sunday, June 5. And other additional dates for the group are **Southend** Talk Of The South (this Sunday), **Luton** Cesar's (May 29 week), **Skegness** Sands (June 6), **Chesterfield** Aquarius (8), **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (9), **Blackburn** Cavendish (10) and the final date of their tour at **Douglas I.o.M.** Villa Marina (11).

THE DARTS' tour now opens at **Middlesbrough** Town Hall on May 24, one day earlier than originally announced. And their May 25 gig is switched from **Keele** University to **Oxford** Lady Spencer Churchill College. Other new gigs are at **London City** University (May 27), **Liverpool** Mr. Digby's (June 16), **Sheffield** Totley College (17) and a bill-topping appearance in this year's Surrey University Free Festival at **Guildford** on July 2.

SWEET SENSATION have gigs at **Saltburn** Philmore Disco (this Saturday), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (May 18), **Birmingham** Intercontinental Club (20) and **Banbury** Broadway Club (21).

THE REAL THING have added three more dates to their June one-nighter tour at **Skegness** Sands (10), **Southampton** Guildhall (14) and **Egham** Shoreditch College (17). Their projected show at **Portsmouth** Guildhall on June 14 is postponed, and **Andover** Country Bumpkin is switched from June 17 to 24. A headlining concert series is being set up for October.

FLYING ACES have extra dates at **Abertillery** Six Bells (May 18), **Wakefield** Technical College (21), **Tonypandy** Legion Hall (23), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (31), **Swansea** Circles Club (June 2) and **Newcastle** Ethel Williams Hall (4). They also support Ronnie Lane at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse this Sunday.

BLONDIE play a solo date at **Bournemouth** The Village on May 20, prior to joining Television for their British tour starting two days later.

JUDAS PRIEST have a late booking at **Harrogate** Royal Hall this Sunday (15). And their May 21 gig is switched from **Hastings** Pier Pavilion to **Bristol** Polytechnic.

ROKOTTO play **London Wood Green** Bumbles (tonight, Thursday), **Barrow** Maxim's (Friday), **London Paddington** Q Club (Sunday), **Hucknall** Miners Welfare (May 18), **Plymouth** Drake Club (19), **Gloucester** Roundabout (20), **Cromer** West Runton Village Inn (21), **Brighton** Top Rank (22), **Ipswich** Tracey's (23), **Darlington** and **Middlesbrough** Incognito Clubs (26), **Newton Ayecliffe** and **Stockton** Incognito Clubs (27), **Birmingham** International Club (28), **Colchester** Embassy Club (29) and **Cheltenham** Tramps (31).

AFTER THE FIRE play a special open-air show at the re-opening of the Bluebell Railway in Sussex on June 18. Other new gigs are at **Carlisle** Border Terrier (June 5), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (6), **Carlisle** Twisted Wheel (7) and **Dunstable** Queensway Hall (July 16). Date changes include **Grantham** Kesteven College (switched from May 14 to June 21), **Romford** Albemarle Club (from May 21 to 28), **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (from June 16 to 30), **Cardiff** Top Rank (from June 14 to July 5) and **Chesterfield** Bluebell Club (from June 21 to 26). **London Holloway** Lord Nelson on June 13 is now cancelled.

BRIGHTON Classic Cinema is to stage a series of all-night concerts on Fridays throughout the summer, starting at 11 pm. The first show is tomorrow featuring Kevin Coyne, Basil & Friends (members of the Steve Hillage Band) and Vistor 2035. Set for May 20 are Alexis Korner, John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett and Amazorblades.

BILLY OCEAN (June 1—3) and Alvin Stardust (June 6 week) are among the first bookings for a new venue opening in **Halifax**, the Palladium Theatre.

ALBERT Y Lost Trios Paranois are featured in a new rock musical at **Manchester** Devas Street Theatre for four days from Wednesday, May 25. Titles "Razor Blades And Round Shot", it is described as a day in the life of Norman Fleak! Admission is £1.

DORY PREVIN is set for a second **London** concert during her British tour starting this weekend. She now plays the New Victoria on Monday, May 30 (tickets £4, £3.50 and £3), in addition to her gig at the Royal Albert Hall two days before.

OZO are gigging at **Penzance** The Garden (tonight, Thursday), **Swansea** Townsman (May 16 week), **Leicester** Beaumont Club (22), **Brighton** Buccaneer (23), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (24), **Thatcham** Hamilton's (27), **Bristol** Top Cat (28), **London Fulham** Greyhound (30), **Kettering** Freewheeler (June 1), **Stockton** Incognito (2), **Darlington** Incognito (3), **Birmingham** International Club (4), **London Kingsway** Sound Circus (5), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (6), **Plymouth** Castaways (7), **Burton** Eve's Disco (9), **Buckley** Tivoli (11), **Exeter** Zhivago's (23), **Leicester** University (24), **Whitehaven** Zodiac Club (July 16), **Chester** Quaintways (18) and **Worcester** Sacha's Club (21).

MR. BIG have made several changes in their current tour schedule. They now play **Hastings** Pier Pavilion on May 28 instead of **Bury St. Edmunds,** and **Birmingham** Barbarella's moves from May 30 to a two-night stint on June 3 and 4. They have a new date next week at **Cardiff** Top Rank on May 17.

DEAD END KIDS have dates this month at **Ayr** Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (Saturday), **Glasgow** Shuffles (Sunday), **Lye** Liberal Club (18), **Buckley** Tivoli (19), **Aldridge** BRD Sports Club (25), **Birmingham** Mackadown Hotel (26), **Kidderminster** Stone Manor (27), **Rednal** Chalet Club (28) and **Redditch** Stickey Wicket (30).

JOHNNY THUNDER and the Heartbreakers have added still more dates to their current tour. The new gigs are at **Birmingham** Rebecca's (tonight, Thursday), **Cheltenham** Town Hall (May 28), **Leeds** Polytechnic (June 3), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (17) and **Tauntion** County Ballroom (30).

JOHNNY TILLOTSON returns to Britain for a month-long tour from August 5 to September 4. Dates are now being set by promoter Henry Sellers, who is also lining up a one-nighter tour by the **CRICKETS** in September.

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA are in concert at **Aberdeen** Music Hall (tonight, Thursday), **Dundee** Caird Hall (Saturday), **Belfast** Queen's University (May 20), **London** North Polytechnic (27), **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (28), **York** Theatre Royal (29), **Margate** Winter Gardens (June 3), **London Lewisham** Concert Hall (4), **Hornchurch** Theatre (5), **London Hackney** Festival (9), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (12), **Cambridge** Trinity College (13) and **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (29).

GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA headline a 13-date tour of Britain and Ireland, with dates at **Belfast** ABC (May 16), **Dublin** Stadium (17), **Cork** City Hall (18), **Newcastle** City Hall (19), **Perth** City Hall (20), **Glasgow** Kelvin Hall (21), **Stockport** Davenport Theatre (22), **Dudley** Town Hall (24), **Bristol** Colston Hall (25), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (26), **Eastbourne** Congress (27), **London** Royal Festival Hall (28) and **Slough** Thames Hall (29).

PAUL BRETT, currently on tour as support to the Kevin Ayers Band, is also playing a series of gigs in his own right. Confirmed solo dates are **York** University (tonight, Thursday), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (17), **Sheffield** University (24), **London** School of Economics (27) and **Salford** University (29). He is previewing his new album "Earth Birth", a suite for 12-string guitar, released by RCA on June 1 as the first product under his new long-term deal with the label.

U-BOAT begin another tour this month to promote their debut album "Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat", issued by Bronze on June 3 and featuring ten group compositions. Dates set so far are **London** Marquee (May 20), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (21), **Maidstone** College of Technology (27), **Wigan** Casino (28) and **Chichester** Bishop Otter College (June 3).

HEATWAVE have gigs at **Buckley** Tivoli (tonight, Thursday), **Skegness** Sands (Friday), **Dunstable** California (Saturday), **Gt. Yarmouth** Tiffany's (May 18), **Houghton-le-Spring** Incognito (19), **Newton Aycliffe** Incognito and **Darlington** Incognito (20) and **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (21). They then come off the road to prepare for and record their second GTO album.

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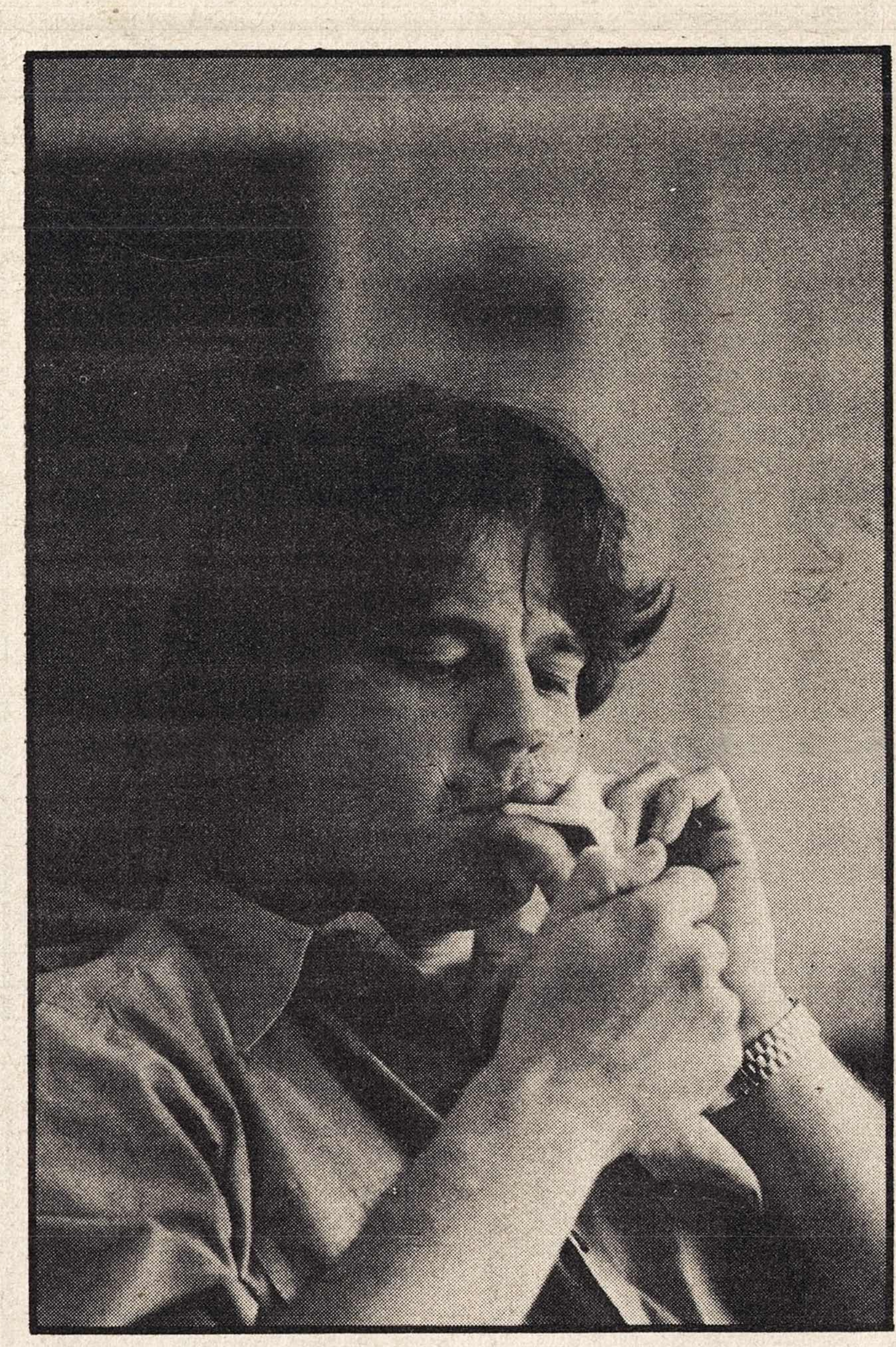
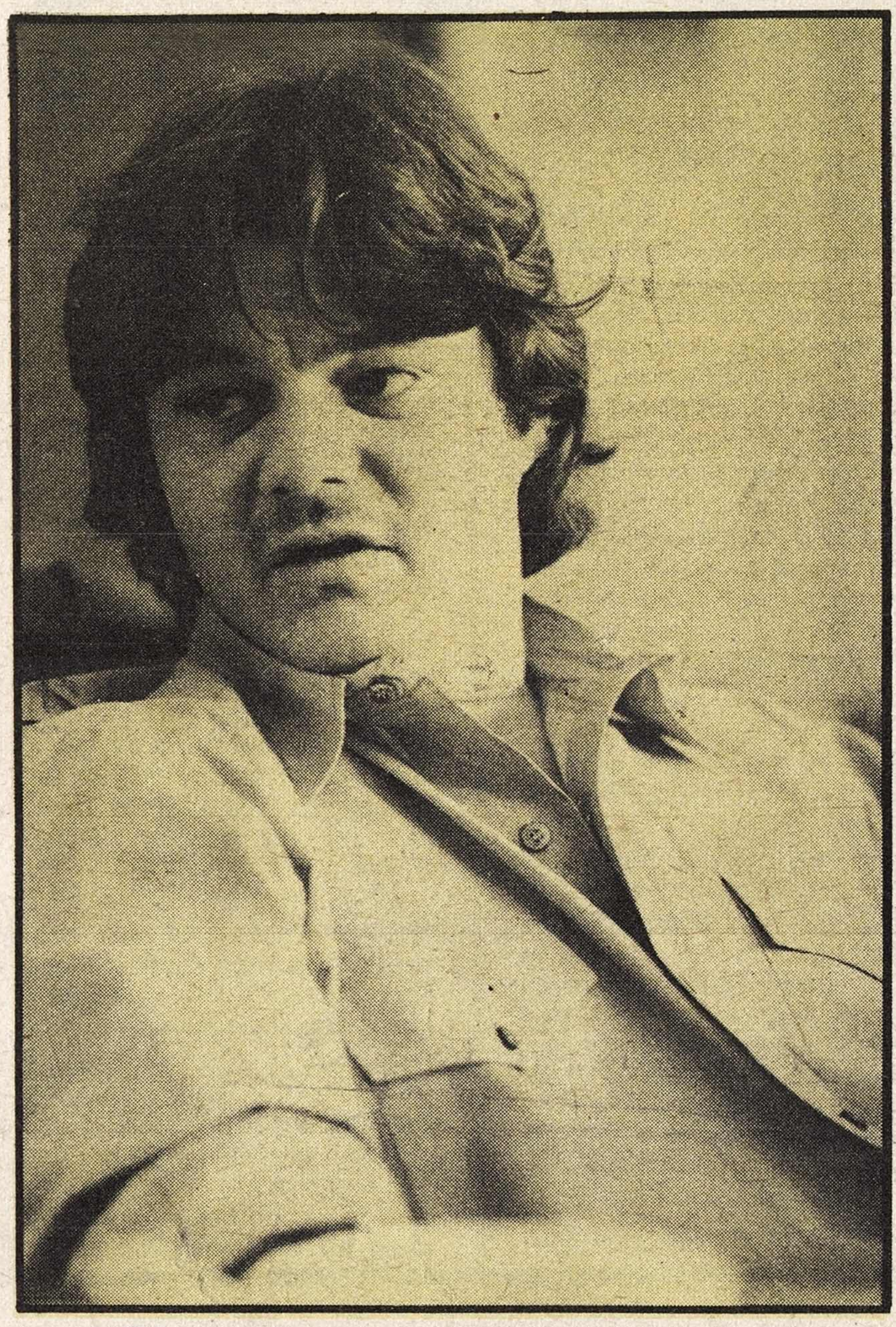
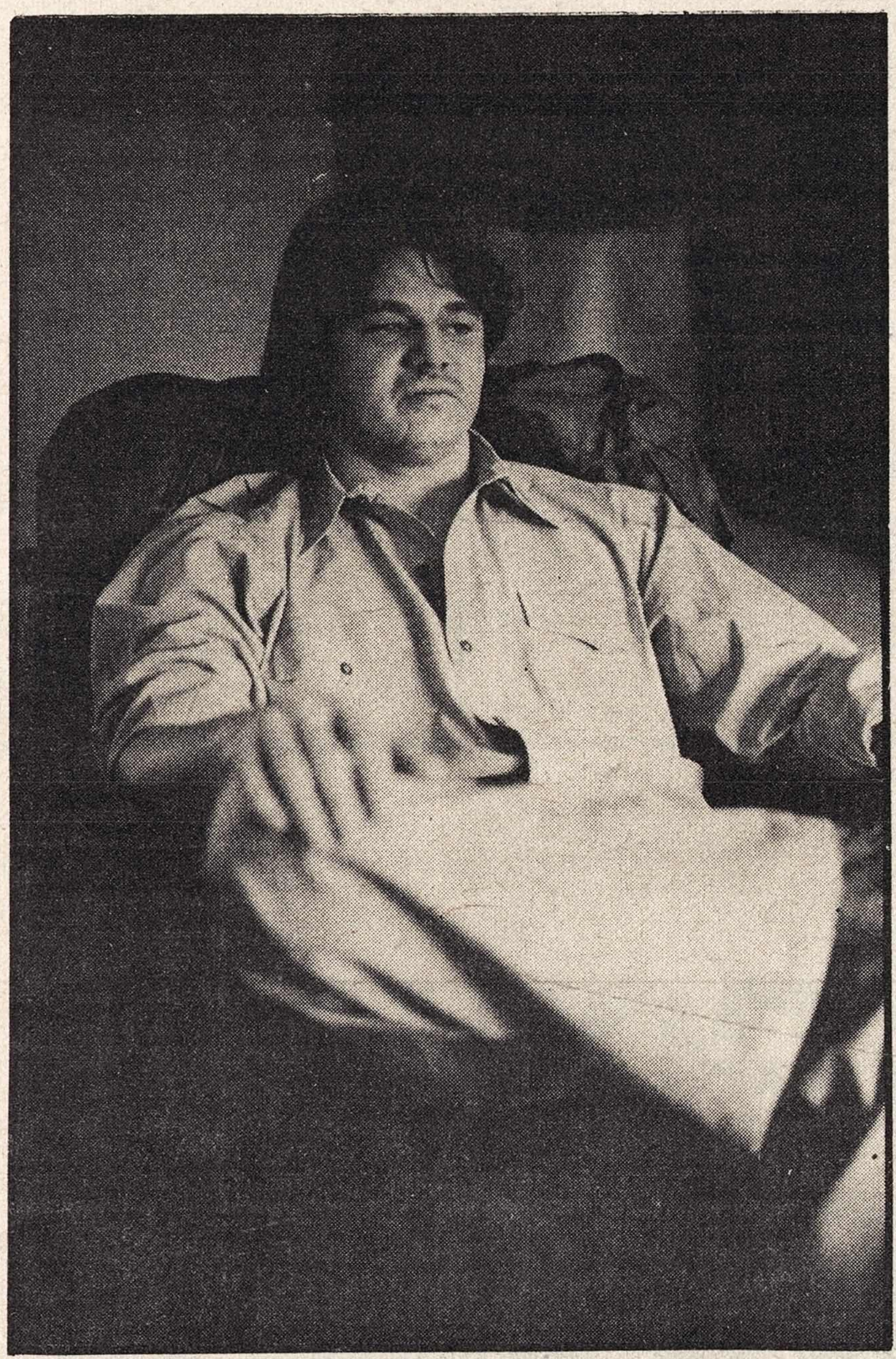




"I'm the greatest guy in the world . . . until I stop selling records."



"THINGS ARE MUCH, much, much better for me now," says Steve Miller in his light Texan drawl.

Miller sips coffee and doesn't smoke. Record company promo men hover in the background. The blues-rock sounds of Miller's new album "Book Of Dreams" (out later this month) plays through a cheap hi-fi set up in this hotel room laid aside for a bout of interviews.

After all, the ball has to be kept rolling.

For, as Miller himself is perfectly aware, the San Francisco (Miller might have been born in Dallas, but his music is definitely West Coast San Francisco) singer-guitarist is now, after years of critical acclaim and cult status but only moderate commercial success, the apple of his record company's eye with a treble platinum album and three hit singles Stateside behind him in the last year.

Says Miller:

"These days I'm in a position of power with my record company in America (Capitol). I can go in and talk to anybody at anytime about any sum of money, any kind of promo campaign I want."

Big shot.

Words: STEVE CLARKE

"I'm the greatest guy in the world," he adds with the realistic proviso, "until I stop selling records".

He continues:

"You'd like to think your record company would see you through some of the thin times, but basically the way it works is if you're successful, you're terrific. If you're not, you're not.

"Somebody else is selling the records and they're more interested in doing that. It's business. So I try to take care of my business."

MILLER, 34 this October, is shrewd with a cap S. He manages himself and is proud of the fact that he spent a year renegotiating his recording deal with Capitol after the success of "The Joker" single and album had taken him completely by surprise in late 1973.

"The Joker" was Miller's eighth album for Capitol in five years, ninth if you include a compilation album "Anthology".

Fronting a band that at various times included Boz Scaggs (who coincidentally has only recently made it in the big seller stakes), bass surpremo Lonnie Turner (the only musician who has stayed with Miller throughout his career) and our very own keyboard marvel Nicky Hopkins, Steve Miller was one of the names who put San Francisco on the map in those acid crazed days of the late '60s.

With album titles like "Children Of The Future" and "Brave New World", Miller's music was a hybrid of clean SF psychedelia and crisp white blues, R&B and the occasional whiff of country, economic and characterised by Miller's fondess for sound effects, a good sense of melody and a perfect white blues vocal — nasal and smooth as fine bourbon.

Such music was certain to elicit the cult following it quickly did, but unlike his peers The Jefferson Airplane, didn't meet with a good deal of commercial success — until 1973 when the entire 'movement' had long since vanished.

Miller himself had only just recovered from a severe bout of hepatitis. He'd spent the previous seven years treking around America playing the kind of touring schedules likely to turn men into morons and which often do. A hundred and fifty gigs a year, that kind of thing.

And it wasn't unknown for Miller to lay awake at night wondering what the hell he was going to put on the next album. "All that hysterical pressure can really get to you," he recalls.

As an album "The Joker" was by no means great, being more than a little on the insubstantial side and hardly comparable with some of Miller's previous triumphs, but the song itself was a certain smash — a good vocal hook and a bass riff almost as memorable as, say Jack Bruce's on Cream's "Badge".

And once Capitol had "Got on the case" — bingo — Steve Miller was now a commercial force to be reckoned with.

"It was a struggle for years with my record company," Miller tells me. "Man, I spent seven years just going, 'Hey man, c'mon, how about buying a radio ad. I'm gonna be in town at a sold-out concert.' 'Oh really?' " he mimicks.

MILLER WEARS upmarket chic army fatigues and a well-polished pair of deep brown cowboy boots. He has a moustache which looks as if it's yet to make up its mind whether it's coming or going.

This and the air of being perfectly in control of his house and his not-slight build puts me in mind of a slightly decadent but successful US Army General. He's also loquacious without being boring and admits to enjoying being interviewed.

In what other situation, he reasons, can a man come out with all this bullshit and not be told to shut up.

Indeed.

Moreover, Miller wears his success without a trace of conceit. There is nothing big time about Steve Miller, yet he is not a humble man. He also gives the impression of deriving a lot of satisfaction from his life which seems to be remarkably in order.

He carries on with how Capitol eventually stopped neglecting him.

"They thought I was an underground psychedelic weirdo for the first seven years I was there. They were sitting about complaining how they didn't have anybody and this girl said — she was an assistant to an A&R man — 'You've got Steve Miller. Why don't you work on *him?*'

"Capitol are great ones for signing English acts who've already broken up. They'd sign Flash. Everybody in the United States and England knew that the guitar player was leaving and the drummer was crazy or whatever and Capitol would announce that they'd just signed Flash, given them a three hundred thousand dollar advance and bought them two hundred dollars worth of this. They'd get into town, do four gigs and they'd be gone.

"The first time Capitol promoted me they got a platinum album."

Miller wasn't about to ignore the opportunity "The Joker" presented him with and put the word out that he wasn't happy with his long-standing record company. He had meetings with several record company presidents in his search for a better deal.

Says Miller:

"Very few of those guys know anything about music. They're accountants. They know how to take a box, put it in a truck, have it go to New York, have somebody pick it up . . .

"I was talking to Mo Austin (head of Warners in America) and I said to Mo, 'hey, you're a big shot and you run a big record company, how do you find out who you should sign? I know why you want to sign me because I'm visible. You know who I am.

"He said, 'Well, we hire ears.' I asked him why he didn't pay some guy 150,000 dollars a year to really find some talent. Just the thought of that kind of salary made him get really weak at the knees because corporations don't deal that way."

He mimicks: " 'What? Pay somebody to work? You lost your mind?'

"These guys are responsible for bringing in 60 million dollars a year and they're making 35 grand a year. It's the corporate greed system. There are exceptions. Guys like David Geffen and Clive Davies who know the difference between shit and shineola, man.

"But a lot of these guys they get their jobs and their expense accountants and they live in LA or New York and their idea of having a good time is having dinner at the Cha Cha cafe with a newly signed artiste. But as far as going out and finding new people . . .

"They don't *know*.

"They prefer to deal with a set group of managers 'cause they're easy to deal with. There's nothing harder than

Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

finding a great group of musicians who has just a raving asshole for a manager," he says with heavy sarcasm. " 'Who cares about the music? We can't do business with these people.' I just wonder how we got through from playing in little clubs to making records.

"It was a real struggle for us. I know that."

THERE WAS a two-and-a-half year gap between the release of "The Joker" and "Fly Like An Eagle", sales of which are now in the region of 3,800,000 worldwide; "Eagle" also sired three top ten hit singles in America, the title cult, "Take The Money And Run" and "Rockin' Me Baby". To date Miller has earned between three and four million dollars from it.

The gap was because of Miller's being exhausted from a hectic touring bout to promote "The Joker" and time taken up while he secured an improved deal from Capitol. In the interim he ditched Capitol for Europe and Australia and got himself a contract from Phonogram who released "Eagle" a year ago in Britain.

And apart from an appearance at 1975's Knebworth Festival Miller kept right away from gigging all year long. Prior to playing Knebworth he did some interviews. When I talked to him I was dismayed at the man's disinterest, disinterest to the point of lethargy, in playing music. He seemed much more interested in playing golf than getting up onstage to play rock'n'roll.

When I put it to Miller that maybe he was doing the festival solely for the money, he disagreed outright. This time his rejection of that theory isn't so adamant, even if he doesn't come right out and say he played Knebworth *solely* for the money, he does say it played a considerable part in persuading him to come to Britain and play.

"We didn't even want to do it but Pink Floyd were so willing to pay us to come and do it. The idea was that when we told them how much money we wanted was that they would refuse us 'cause I didn't even have a band together.

"We brought all our friends along and our uncles and cousins. It was like a vacation. I went to Scotland and played golf. It was terrific. Probably of all the people who played

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

Knebworth I had more idea of what that show was about than anybody else. That's why I did it the way I did it.

"When I heard about Knebworth I thought, right it's going to be cold, the sun's going to be going down, the Pink Floyd's going to totally control the PA. I'm gonna play nine rock 'n' roll songs. I'm not going to come out with my acoustic guitar and play 'Children Of The Future'.

"All I'm here for is to warm the joint up and do a rock 'n' roll show. And it made it completely easy for me. I know that it was all I was going to be able to do.

"And true while I was doing the show the guy running the PA system was reading a book. What does he care? They're making 300,000 dollars that night. This is one of the warm-up bands. That was the technical attitude.

"The way I see it what groups are doing like Pink Floyd is like the fourth of July. So much of their stuff is just effects. It's a big event. They're not there to hear music. They're there to get stoned and buy dope and find girlfriends and be at the event and watch the fireworks go off and the film and the aeroplane fly overhead.

"Hell, I can't compete with that. I'm a guitar player and a singer."

THE BAND Miller took with him to Knebworth was strictly a one-off affair and prior to plugging in had rehearsed for a mamoth three hours. On leaving the stage they disbanded — though the ubiquitous (at least when it comes to Miller's music) Lonnie Turner is still a member of Miller's combo.

Knebworth did rekindle his desire to get back to making music and "Fly Like An Eagle" followed a year later. He also met the girl he now lives with at Knebworth, working for promoter Fred Bannister. And the two of them run Miller's recently purchased farm in Oregon where he is about to finish work on a 24-track studio and rehearsal hall.

Last year the Miller band played 26 dates, all of them American and most of them in small (5,000 seater) theatres.

Thirty tracks were laid down during the "Eagle" sessions (completed in just six weeks) and a follow-up album, compiled of those cuts which weren't included on "Eagle", was scheduled for release last autumn. However, the record was put back due to the continued success of "Eagle"; it remained in the top ten American album charts for over 40 weeks.

Despite this gargantuan success, Miller reckons record companies are still only discovering how to sell their records in vast quantities.

He reasons: "My album had sold a million by the fall. Then Capitol did some TV ads and sold another million albums in three months. I don't see why 14 million albums shouldn't be out of the question. Records are a very cheap form of entertainment.

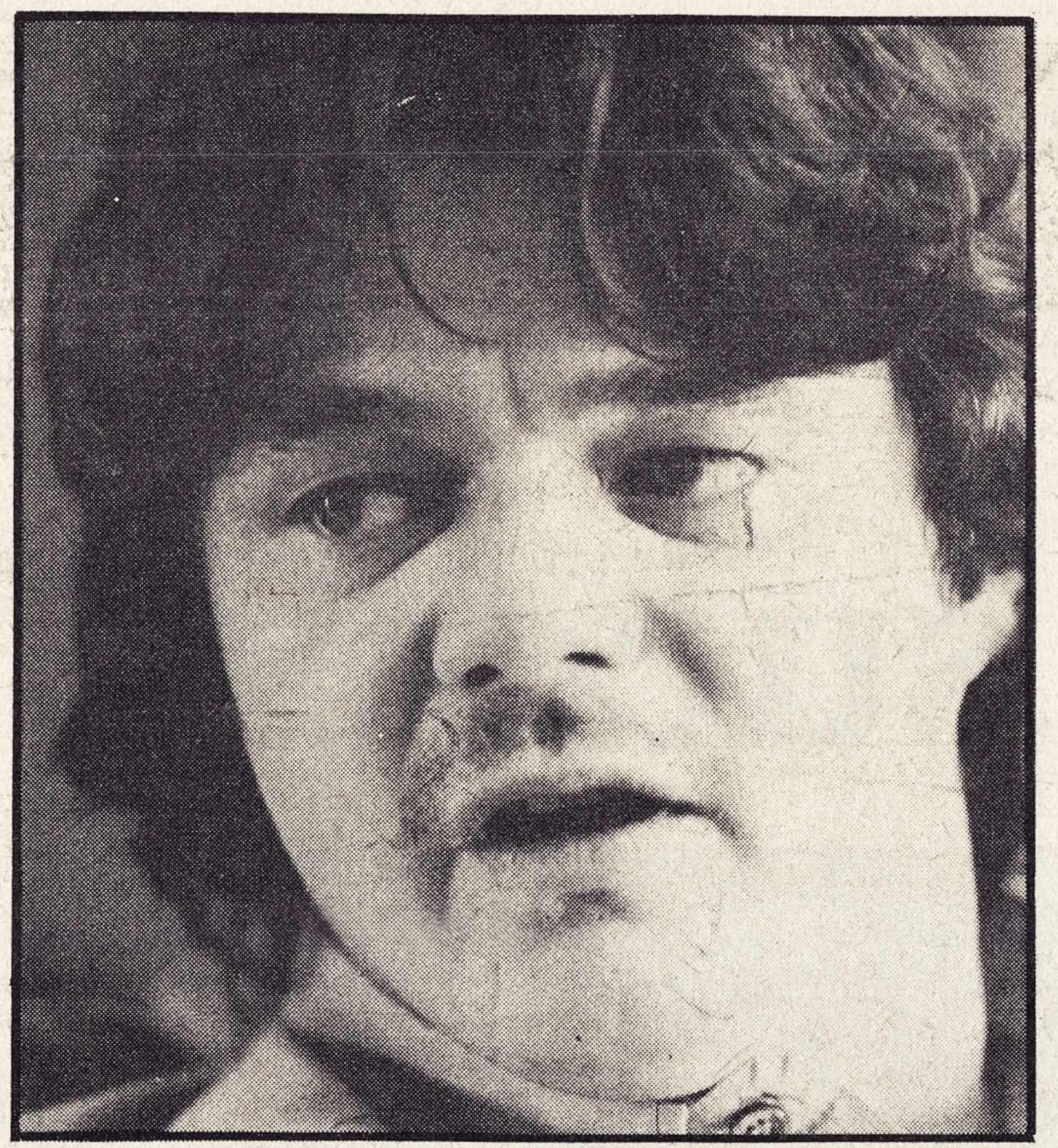
"You consider what a hamburger and a glass of beer costs. You can almost buy an album for that.

"I'm really curious to see what would happen if they really got on it and advertised it."

Unlike the success of "The Joker", "Eagle's" success didn't surprise him. On the contrary he was surprised at the accuracy of his opinion of which songs would make the hit singles.

He says: "I feel I have a pretty good understanding of what a lot of people will like. Basically what I try to do when I make records is to make a record that I think people will really enjoy."

And he says he does this without compromising his integrity.



Don't look back, Steve. . .

"I love making records. I love going into the studio and having an idea in my head and listening to it on a record later. Then after that I lose all interest in it. I haven't listened to my new album once in the last month.

"I have no idea whether my new album is better than the last one or not. I've lived with it so long. I've gone through periods of hating it."

FROM WHAT I've heard of "Book Of Dreams" it not surprisingly sounds very similar to "Fly Like An Eagle", an excellent, if not classic record. As Miller says himself, he's a craftsman.

"I know how to make records, produce records, sing lots of parts, and make this little thing that's music."

Miller knows how to fuse simplistic devices to maximum effect and isn't happy just to continue making the same record year in and year out.

For instance, on "Fly Like An Eagle" he seemed at pains to avoid lead guitar overkill, instead mixing the rhythm guitar right up front, almost to the extent where it comes on like a solo instrument at times.

"I got really tired of playing lead guitar. My old hero Eric Clapton pretty much made most of those statements. Now it's one size fits all. It's your obligation to play lead guitar in harmony now because your licks aren't good enough by themselves. It's all been done. It's like the trumpet in the Forties.

"On 'Fly Like An Eagle' I was more interested in using a synthesizer than a guitar and I found a real simple one that I could operate that had stops on it instead of wires and that I didn't need a degree to work out how to turn it on."

Part of the reason for Miller's visit to Britain is to find a suitable place to come and play. He visited Hammersmith Odeon but wasn't impressed and after his experience at the Rainbow a few years back when his PA blew up ("The roadies were having seizures", he chuckles) is less than keen to return there. "I don't want to play anywhere unless it sounds good. I don't want nobody paying six bucks to see me play unless it sounds good. This time I play Britain I've got to bring my gear in and show you people what I do, what I've got up my way, so I figure I'm talking about between sixty and a hundred thousand dollars to come over here and do it and I'll be damned if I'll spend that kind of money and come to The Rainbow.

"I have to get my production together. I can't just say, 'Sure I'll go to New York and play Madison Square Garden, I've got my Music Man amp and gee I hope the PA works.' Which is pretty much the way we always did it before.

"You have to understand when I go and play a concert I'm competing with Led Zeppelin, Chicago, Frampton, Pink Floyd, ELP. That's like Walt Disney productions."

He raises his voice like a barker at a fair:

"Send over two million dollars of lasers!

"I'll probably be taking my first real production out in the fall."

Surely you're not going to come on with the old dry ice, I grin.

"Yeah, I'm really tempted to bring back the strobe light," he says with irony. "I don't know what I'm gonna do man."

He chuckles.

FINALLY, Steve. You're obviously very business conscious. Would you do it if the business wasn't there?

"You can't pull it off for 20 years unless you're into it. If it was a totally socialist state and I had the choice of playing my guitar and making records for my dinner, sure."

And now in his early thirties, he doesn't feel threatened by younger guys (a *de rigueur* question these days, wot?)

"I know 11 chords on the guitar, man. I can't read or write music. If I was going to feel threatened I'd be threatened all the time.

"I have a lot of confidence in my ability to make records, to write songs, to put a band together, my taste. And I developed that over a period of years. There were times in my life when I was threatened by everything. I was just a rat like everybody else trying to get through.

"There are a lot of other big groups that feel threatened. I feel like I can make music for the rest of my life. I might not sell three million albums and be the sweetheart of all the 14-year-olds in the world, you know or whatever it is.

"I've been doing it for 22 years now (Miller is fond of these kind of raps, but they're good copy). Most guys you meet started playing lead guitar when they were 17 years-old and they're 23 and they're making a million dollars and they don't know what the fuck they're doing.

"They think they're rock 'n' roll stars.

"I guess I'm a rock 'n' roll star in the eyes of America right now 'cause my name is everywhere. But you know, man I live on a farm. I go fishing. I ride a horse. I don't function very good whan I'm going to bed at four o'clock and getting up at one. When I'm at home I get up early and I sleep about six hours.

"That's not the most glamorous life in the world. I go through periods when I don't feel like doing anything. I get so sick of record contracts, of touring.

"The idea is to organise it so I enjoy doing what I'm doing. I work probably five times harder than anyone I know. My projects are just unending . . ."

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It's called "Class Reunion," and we think you'll agree that this finally puts Delaney in a class of his own.

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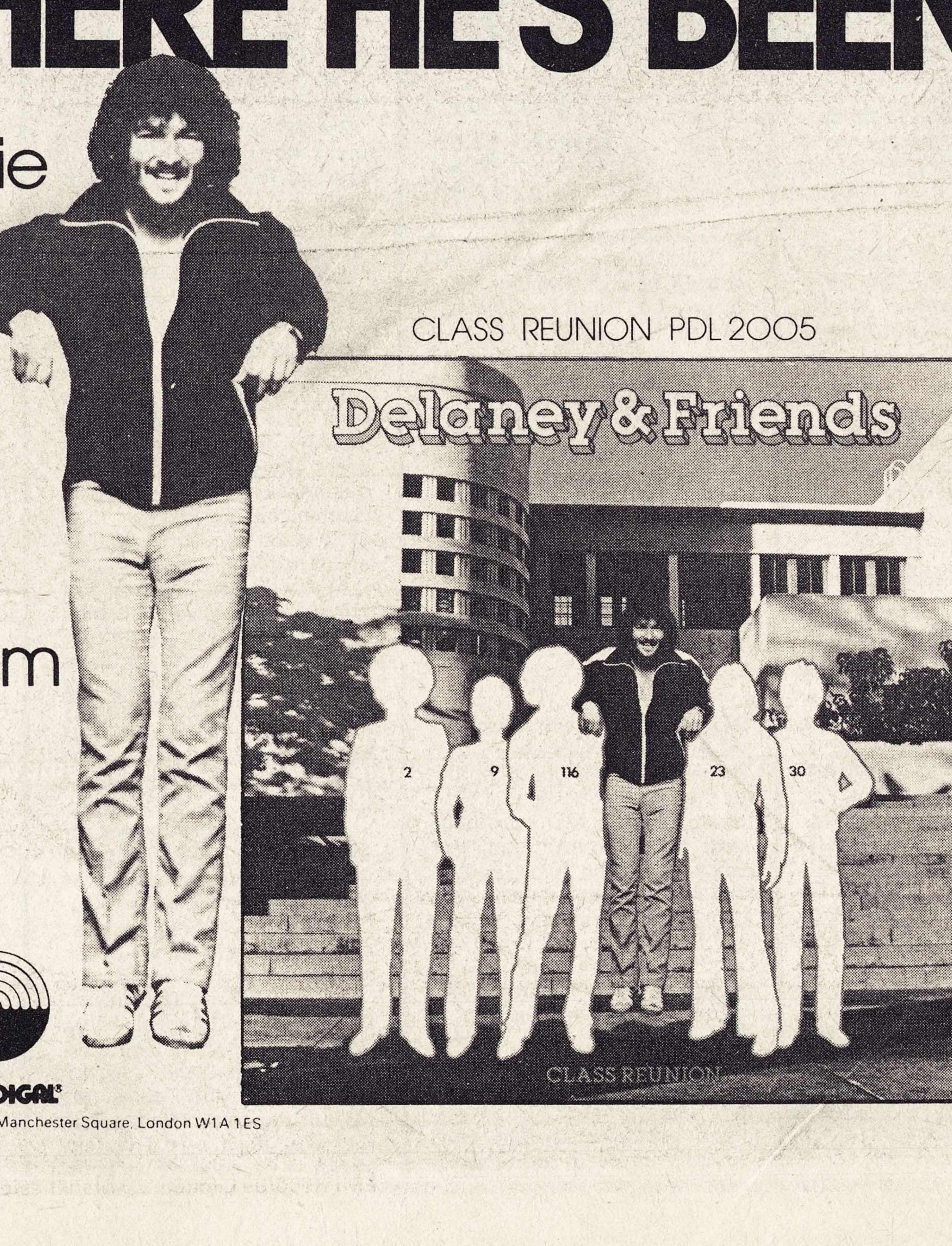

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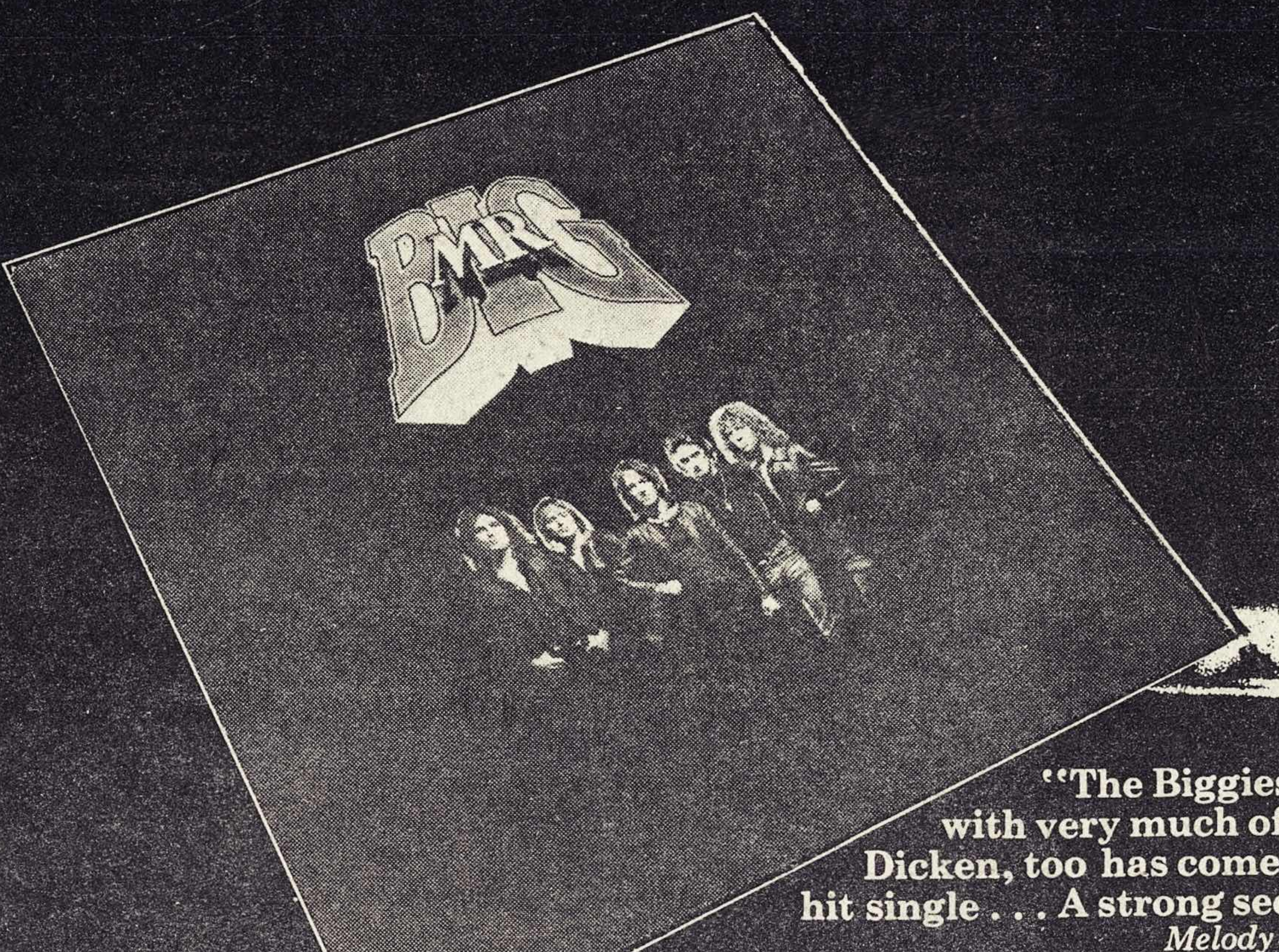

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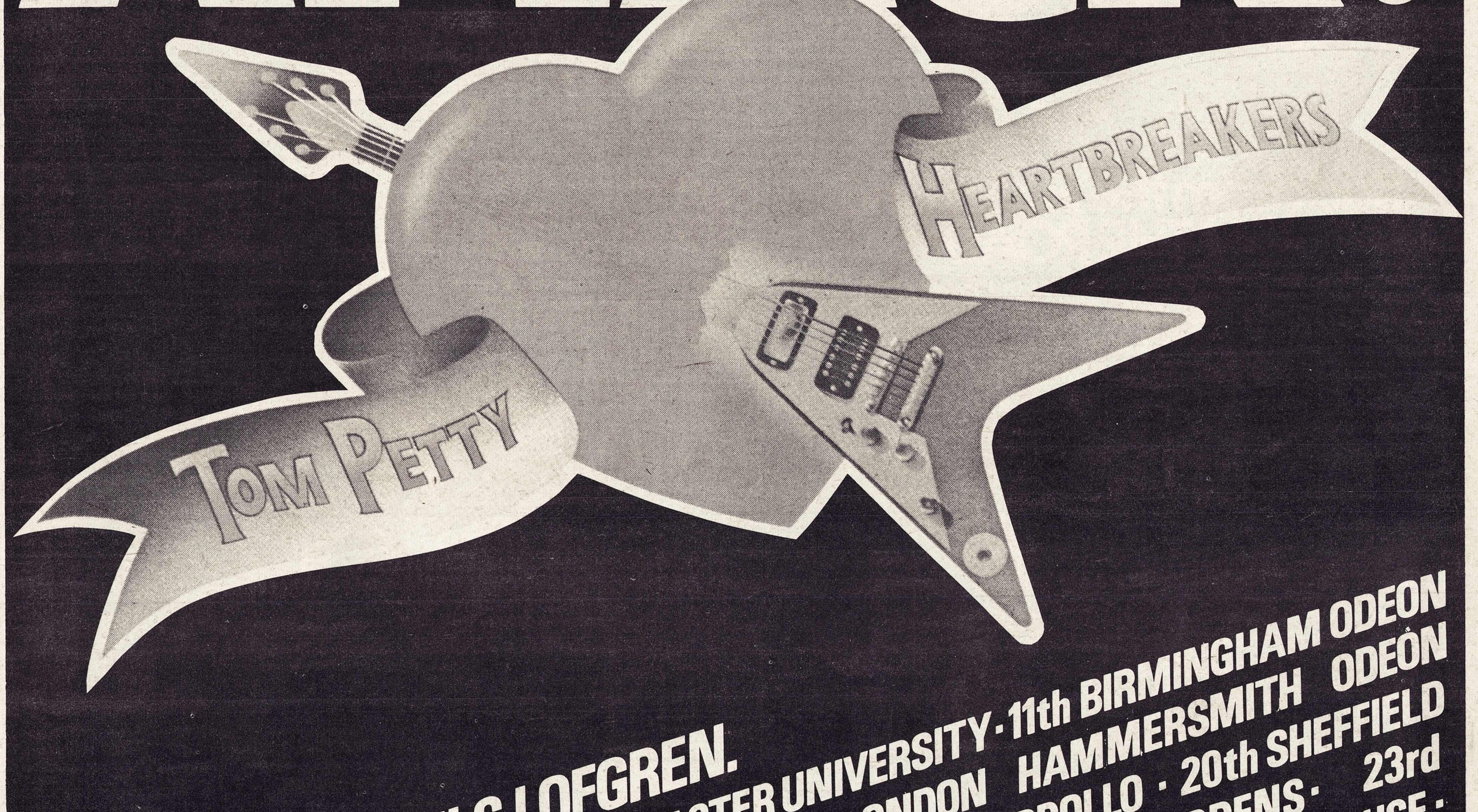

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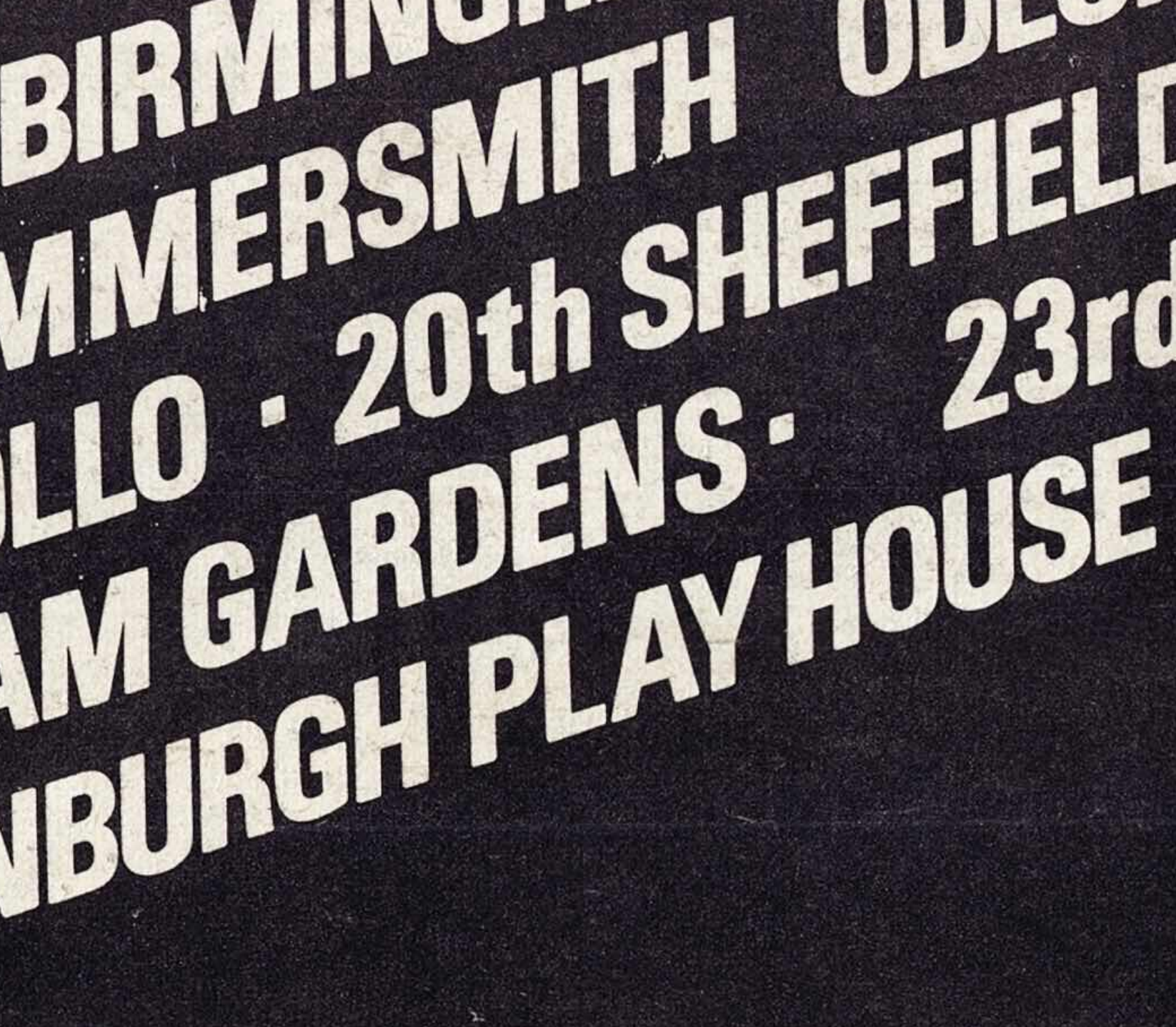

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THRILLS

NO FEET ON THE EURO-PIANO...

J. L. LEWIS

ON THE Eurovision song contest (BBC) last Saturday no one played the piano with his feet, his ass, his elbow or his knee.

On "All You Need Is Love" (LWT) that followed it, Jerry Lee Lewis committed all those heresies with relish.

Why, that ole boy even stepped right up on to the keyboard and played that piano with both his feet.

If Jerry Lee had seen the Eurovision show, he'd have recognised the enemy right away.

A man of great insight, he always has known the enemy.

And one enemy he spotted before many other people was Elvis. The Elvis who went into the army and had his hair cut and came back out tamed and ready to oblige. The King of Rock 'n' Roll who Abdicated.

"He started to sing like Bing Crosby," said Jerry Lee. "I think he let the music down."

The surrender of Elvis left the way clear for more enemies. All those squeaky clean, socially acceptable, manufactured teen idols. The stooges of the fat cats. The pawns of the big money men.

"The charts seemed full of Bobbys," recalled Jerry Lee. "Bobby Vinton, Bobby Vee, Bobby Rydell. Thank God for The Beatles. They came along and cut them down like corn before the scythe."

But sad to relate, that victory has proved a short lived one, at least on this side of the Atlantic. The Beatles are gone. Indeed, Paul McCartney has gone the way of Elvis.

The scythe has passed to shakier hands, and the corn is as thickly clustered as ever.

The Eurovision Song Contest is full of Bobbys. In spirit, if not in name.

A fantasy world of clean-cut, deferential, bright-eyed young people, all eager to please their ageing patrons. All as safely sanitised and neutered as Hugh Hefner's pin-ups.

Four Irish persons opened the show and set the tone. Resplendent in Marks and Spencer's funky chic, they took the Brotherhood of Man as their visual and musical model. Their song was called "It's Nice To Be In Love Again", and it's hard, really, to think of more impotent word than "nice" to apply to love.

Dream Express, the Belgian entrants, were more of the same, and favourites with the bookies to win. Their song, "A Million In One, Two, Three" suggested the imperfect grasp of English that's evident in some of Abba's songs. They failed to make the top three.

The most sophisticated effort came from Silver Convention, on behalf of Germany. A seductive little disco shuffle, "Telegram" was as expertly constructed as we've come to expect. Naturally, the juries gave it the cold shoulder.

A little too classy for its own good.

In many ways, the song that won represented the contest at its lowest ebb for years.

"L'Oisea et L'Enfant" by Marie Myriam, from France, was just the sort of drab, ponderous ballad that passes for pop over there. The oiseau in question will surely prove to be a turkey.

The Swedish entry, "Beatles" finished last with two votes. It was only in 1974 that they won the contest with Abba's "Waterloo".

NONE OF this music is meant to entertain the big cigars who promote it, as you could see only too clearly from the cutaways of the audience.

The recurrent expression on the faces of the ancient moguls (and their young companions as well as Sir Charles Curran, presenting the prizes) seemed to be one of unrelieved tedium.

Hence, the horror expressed over the possible intrusion of politics into the proceedings. Mr Bill Cotton, who organised things for the BBC, felt strongly that entertainment and politics should never be mixed. (But, Bill, stupefying the masses is a *political* act).

Mr Cotton's view is not one that ever commended itself to William Shakespeare or Charles Dickens, but then the word "light" could hardly be applied to their entertainment, as it is to his.

Equally, it's not likely to be an opinion supported by Alex Haley, whose brainchild has been boosting the ratings on Sunday evenings.

In the event, politics just tiptoed in, very politely, and left a gentlemanly calling card. But it didn't escape the sneers of Mr Pete Murray, who was employed as commentator.

Of the Portugese musical director, whose song praised the revolution, Mr Murray commented: "You might expect him to conduct with a rifle, but he won't".

Since the revolution is now the status quo in Portugal, this remark amounted to rather more than the customary jibe at fringe lefties, and hopefully, due note was taken by the Portugese.

Of Schemetterlinge, the Austrian act known for their political harangues, Mr Murray said: "A real bundle of fun, this lot."

IN FACT, Schmetterlinge had the last laugh, even if their song didn't get the votes. "Boom Boom Boomerang" was the title, and the work itself proved to be just the sort of jokey parody of the Eurovision style that you've always hoped for.

"Ding Dong, sing the song," they warbled. *"Kangaroo, boogaloo, didgeridoo."* And, in case you missed the point, they had a visual message too. The front half of their stage outfits were the obligatory funky chic, but when they turned round, they were sporting fat capitalist pin-stripes.

Behind every toothpaste grin lurks a calculating entrepreneur.

Which brings us to Ms Lynsey De Paul, who turned her song "Rock Bottom" into a somewhat unpatriotic comment on the state of the British economy. This was no more profound than the knee-jerk reflex of a tax exile, and was happily beaten.

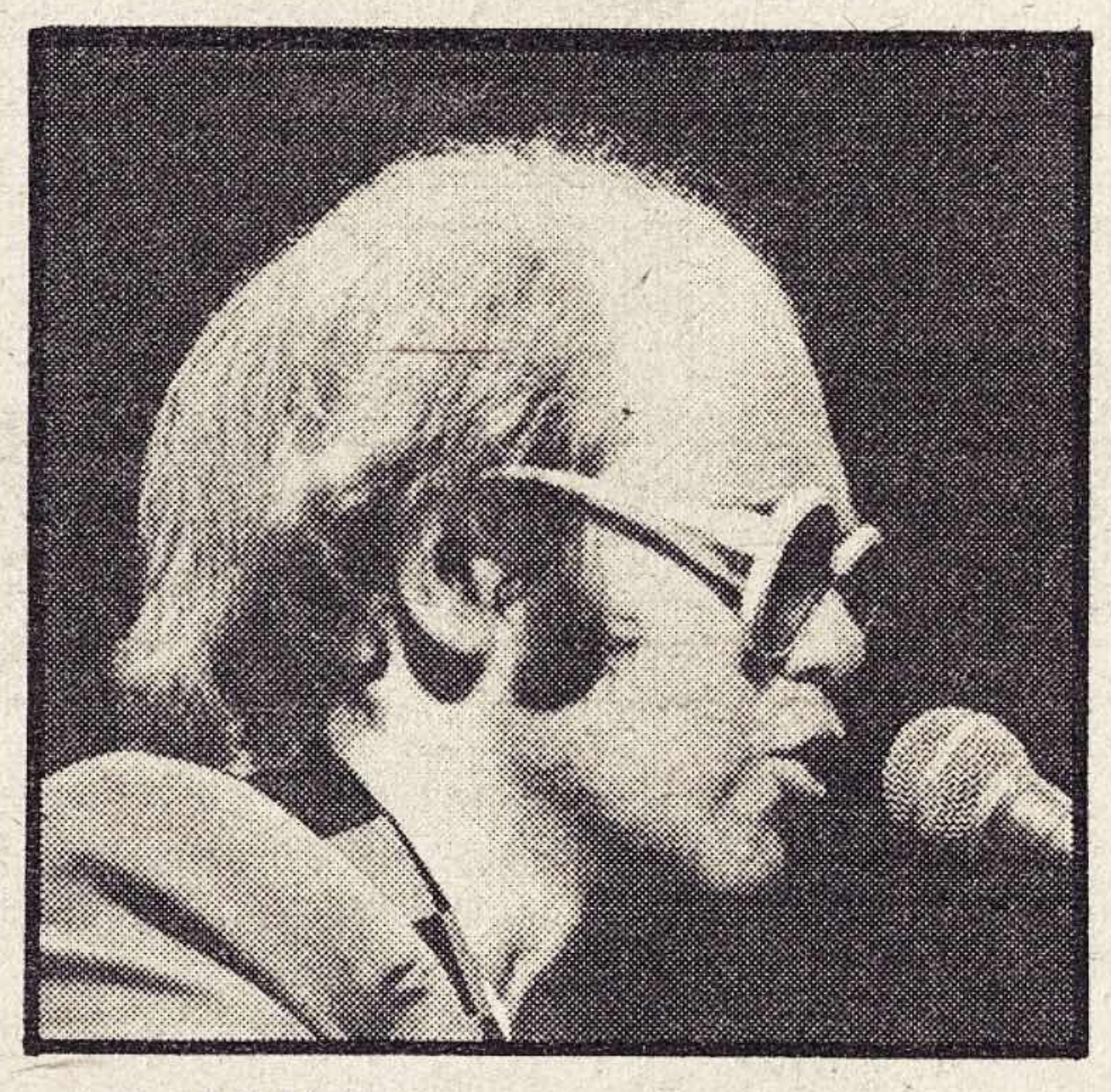
Presiding over the proceedings was the '70s answer to Katie Boyle, Ms Angela Rippon, who was inexplicably got up to look like Gary Glitter's Mum.

Ms Rippon displayed her musical acumen when she introduced the cabaret turn, Mr Acker Bilk and His Paramount Jazz Band. Her opinion of Mr Bilk: "A really great jazz musician."

Someone should introduce her to ole Jerry Lee. A really great concert pianist, that guy.

☐ JOHN BELL

ELTON/BRENDA JAM SESSION AXED


E. JOHN

SOURCES CLOSE to the Queen report she is "awfully upset" that her loyal subject Elton John will not after all be able to issue a "Jubilee" album.

Elt had been hoping to record one of last week's live Jubilee shows and put out an inexpensive set as a gesture of goodwill towards "Jubilee" and fans. But the plan was kiboshed when his music publisher refused permission.

"Unfortunately Mr. Dick James, who has won the Queen's Award For Industry during the last three years on the strength of my record sales, won't let me put it out," he told the *Evening Standard's* James Johnson waspishly, adding that he was , "Very upset."

And his manager John Reid tells me that, personally, he's !!!!! not to mention &£/?, because "you want to do something constructive," and then Mr. James won't let you . . .

. . . and now, with godlike impartiality, we turn to Mr. James' organisation for their comments.

And, according to a spokesman, find them "mildly upset" by Elt's comments.

The withholding of their permission they characterise as a simple matter of requesting Elt to stick to a contract, agreed at Midem in January — that no LP material should be released in between the appearance of his last album, "Blue Moves", and the eagerly-awaited "Greatest Hits , Vol II," due on October 1st.

The charitable aspect of the album, they say, was not stressed particularly when the proposition was made to them — although "It mightn't have made much difference. Elt agreed to no albums, and that's that."

Moreover, they "take great exception" to Elton's remarks about the Industry Award.

"We have a great respect for him — in fact Dick James backed him long before he reached success — but we think our other writers, who include Roger Cook and Roger Greenaway, Al Stewart and Don Black, would be outraged to hear that they haven't had a share in helping us to win the Award."

As for implying they're not behind the Queen in her big year, that's the unkindest cut of all.

"Dick James has been largely responsible for compiling a Jubilee Songbook of popular songs from the last 25 years, which is to be put out by the Music Publishers' Association, with all profits going to the Queen's Jubilee Trust.

"He was asked to organise a record on similar lines, but other major record companies wouldn't co-operate."

And the parting shot?

"There's nothing to stop Elton putting out a "Jubilee" EP or single, y'know."

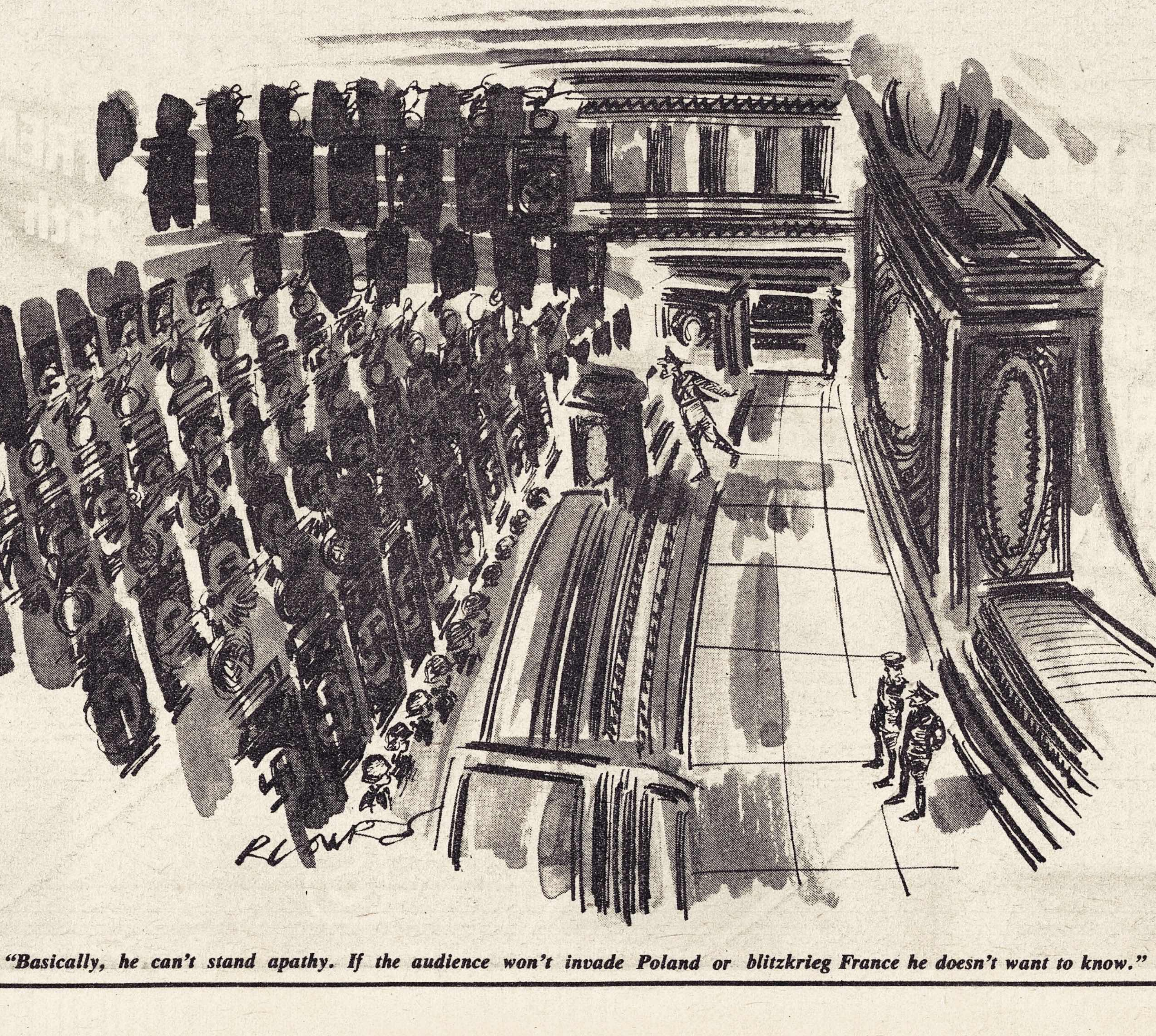
Howsabout it, John Reid?

"How can you do a cheap single? Elton can't do a tour of these solo shows for his fans, so the next best thing to offer would have been a reasonably priced record of one of this week's performances."

Would "jubilee" vit?

KATE PHILLIPS

LOWRY



"Basically, he can't stand apathy. If the audience won't invade Poland or blitzkrieg France he doesn't want to know."

R.A.R. COLLECTION FOR 'ISLINGTON 18'

UNSAVOURY THOUGH some of it may be, pretentious though other parts may be, the exhilarating thing about rock in '77 is that it's back on the offensive, back on the, uh, street. From Tom Robinson to The Sex Pistols, rock's rediscovered passion.

And there's also Rock Against Racism: the organisation raised its clenched fist for the first time last summer as a response to Eric Clapton's Powellite diatribe (for which he later apologised). Seeming tentative, even slightly silly, at first, RAR has now progressed to the point where it can put £700 on the line to hire London's Roundhouse, as it did the Sunday before last for a goodtime hoedown starring Carole Grimes.

RAR laid on a strong expenses-only bill — in order of appearance: African dance troupe Steel & Skin, punk rockers The Adverts (replacing an illness-stricken Generation X), theatre group Cartoon Clowns, reggae merchants Aswad, and finally the redoubtable Ms Grimes with '60s beat star Paul Jones on harp and Hendrix's old sidekick Mitch Mitchell on drums. The whole thing wound up with an all-in jam featuring the Grimes gang and Aswad and members of the 1200-strong audience.

Until the accounts are sorted out, RAR man Andy Mingay told us, they won't know if there's bread to spare beyond day-to-day administration (and the inherent propaganda of RAR's existence). But one immediately effective development was a collection which raised £110 for the rather comically titled Islington 18 Defence Fund.

Who, you may ask, are the Islington 18?

The story: in October the police swooped on a number of suspected muggers, some allegedly identified following the Notting Hill Carnival riots ot the summer, others charged with alleged offences in Wood Green and the Seven Sisters Road. Seventeen black Islington youths (known as The 18 for some reason) are now on trial at the Old Bailey charged with things like "Conspiring to rob persons unknown of amounts unknown on a date unknown."

Whether they are right or wrong in their belief, the defence is treating it as a race trial.

The onus is now on the police to prove these charges to a jury of five blacks and seven whites — a jury selected only after the defence had rejected no less than 103 potential jurors before the trial's commencement on April 26, most of those rejected being white.

We believe that seven of the accused, all of whom were aged between 14 and 19 at the time of arrest, have been held in custody since October while awaiting trial, although our attempts to confirm this and other background information from some legal authority — the youths' local Islington police, the arresting Caledonian Road Crime Squad, the Police Press Bureau, the Old Bailey Clerk of the Court — were fruitless.

Eventually we got confirmation from the Islington Community Law Centre, who said the unusual aspect is that such young suspects should be detained for so long. All 18 were originally inside; about ten of them have since been released "in dribs and drabs." They've been in Ashford Remand Centre.

The Old Bailey trial seems to be having its share of problems, with the seventeen separate defence lawyers — some white, some black — beginning to squabble, and it seems certain to keep them all at it for at least three months.

Whether the Islington 18 are innocent or guilty is a matter for the court to decide.

Rock Against Racism may or may not have backed the wrong horse. But the organisation's involvement is definite proof of a renewed social conscience in rock, and its presence is welcome.

● RAR also has its own slim but visually excellent fanzine, *Temporary Hoarding,* featuring an RAR poster with Clash pix and lyrics, a collage poster featuring Bowie, Hitler, Marley words and so on, full lyrics of Tom Robinson's "The Winter Of '79", and a Dave Widgery exposition of racism. Price 20p from Rock Against Racism, Box M, 6 Cottons Gardens, London E1.

☐ PHIL McNEILL

CAROLE GRIMES at the Rock Against Racism gig. Pic: Steve White.

'SCHIZOPHENIC' CULT HITS THE USA . . .

FOR THE last 18 months, Tim Finn has been hiding behind a full-scale Mohawk Indian haircut, shaved way above the ears in a crazed short-back-and-sides. It's a 24-hour-a-day commitment to his band.

"We were pretty nervous and inhibited on stage at first, hopeless really. We started wearing costumes initially as an attempt to become performers — something to hide behind probably."

Finn is lead vocalist of Split Enz, the New Zealand band whose approach to stage presentation has so far garnered plenty of interest from the press, but, as yet, few record sales. I was talking to Finn over breakfast in a New York hotel, while the muzak slowly poached our brains, after watching their gigs in Boston and New York last month.

The band's costumes, their most distinctive feature, were designed by their percussionist Noel Crombie. "His main idea was to make the seven appear as one . . ."

Splitz Enz on stage are like a seven-way schizophrenic split. When any one member is not playing (and it's rare for the whole ensemble to be playing simultaneously), his body goes dead on him. He looks around to see how the other "parts" are doing, then lurches and convulses back into life as if a puppetteer had pulled the strings at the appropriate moment.

These quasi-catatonic actions have already given the band a cult following in the States, where they like a strange show.

There is something compelling about S.Enz. Their music is curiously strident, with occasional strange dischords. Lyrics contain disorienting twists: *"Well you wouldn't know me from a bar of soap"* ("Sweet Dreams") or *"The rats are crawling up me back/It can only mean you're not coming back"* ("Lovey Dovey").

Everything they do is carefully realised, though perhaps overdone. In future, they intend to make their arrangements simpler.

They play a bizarre mixture of '30s camp and '70s heavy metal, with an undertone of off-key tastelessness which enables them to include a spoons solo in a song about someone's dead wife. None of this would work at all if they weren't such good players — though they also find they have a need for audience response. In this respect, they prefer American audiences.

"If they like you, they yell and jump up. Whereas if anyone did that in New Zealand, he'd be stared at . . ."

SPLIT ENZ grew up in New Zealand, trying to make sense of a culture that lacks any kind of genuine focus.

A New Zealander

"Everyone's fairly comfortable over there — no-one's too poor or too rich. But what can you do? For people who want to become involved in the arts, the only channel open to them is to become teachers.

"There's loads of young people at university just wallowing — lounging around. It's better than being in a factory."

But this middle-class listlessness didn't suffocate Finn and Philip Judd (the band's guitarist, though he is at present resting from the ardours of gigging, and concentrating on writing new material; his place has temporarily been taken by Neil Finn, Tim's brother); they were energised. "There was an intense period of about six months when we stayed indoors the whole time writing."

Being in Auckland meant that they never had the opportunity to see most of the world's top rock bands. Even now they haven't seen them, because most of their time in Britain and the U.S. has so far been spent working. "We've always been on the outside looking in . . ."

It's one of the problems of coming from not just a remote country, but also a small one. There are only three million people in New Zealand (half of whom are resident in Auckland), and that's not quite enough to support an arts scene of any depth.

"Lots of people involved in the arts just go, you know. And people say, 'the brain drain', that sort of thing. There's lots of playwrights and artists and poets, but they're all so frustrated they just leave eventually. It's a pity in a way because it's a good, fresh, young country . . .

"Leaving the country was a big step financially and emotionally — but we didn't miss it really. At the moment it's a good place to visit, but not a good place to be. For a band, it's hopeless. There's nothing. No-one records there."

Another New Zealander

FINN IS not enamoured of the fact that people are often comparing the band to Genesis, Yes and Roxy Music. "I don't actually like Genesis or Yes or Roxy — well, I like Roxy . . ." He quickly corrects himself; after all, it was Phil Manzanera who produced the band's debut album, "Mental Notes". "We're in our own little niche really."

They appear onstage as pierrots, but even so their performance has none of the overbearing seriousness and 'significances' of some so-called 'progressive' bands. I asked Finn how it felt, being singer in a rock'n'roll band.

". . . particularly after a gig, I suppose it's a lot to do with the ego thing, coming off stage, having driven quite a lot of people wild, you go to a party or something, you don't walk into that party as Joe Bloggs off the street, you walk in as a rock'n'roll musician. And girls are looking at you, and guys are eyeing you with respect. Might as well have a bit of fun socially. It's a bit of a game really, I suppose . . ."

☐ MILES

POWER CLASH AT THE ROXY

AGAINST A background of apparent serious disagreement amongst its management, the London's Roxy has changed its policy of being a totally New Wave venue.

On Saturday April 23, Siouxsie of the Banshees opened their set by announcing that this was the subterranean Covent Garden club's 'last night'. And ex-manager Andy Czezowski claims that around the same time he was being thrown off the premises.

So . . . how did it come to this, so soon? Let's flashback . . .

At the tail end of last year the 50-year old Austrian owner of the Roxy, Rene Albert, accepted the offer of a three-month contract at £350 a week from Polish Andy Czezowski and his two partners, German Ralph Jedaschek and North England black Barry Jones. "He didn't really understand what he was taking on," claims Czezowski. "The first gig we set up was a one-off with Generation X on December 14, and the contract came into effect on the first day of 1977, with the Clash.

"Then as the Roxy began to take off the rent was upped to £600, which we couldn't afford.

"We renegotiated the contract so that Rene would take the money from the bar and we would take the money from the door, out of which we would also pay the band and staff."

The club's financial problems were greatly increased by two robberies, one involving a break-in and the other an apres-gig stick-up by a crew of hoods masquerading as cops.

The next stage, according to Czezowski, was that Rene Albert brought in an ex-partner called Reiner to help run the club.

Czezowski claims: "After we'd poured our money into the club, after we'd done the ground work and got used to working eighteen hours a day, Reiner was brought in and said he wanted to see the Roxy used seven nights a week."

Czezowski was of the opinion that it was impossible to book an unbroken run of New Wave acts into the Roxy — and Reiner's idea was to do it through an agency as opposed to the personal contacts which Czezowski had used.

"We'd kept the whole thing very loose, because we were working with kids who had little or no money, poor equipment and transport, and it seemed the only way to run things."

Meanwhile, Czezowski had been busy recording acts for the "A Live Night At The Roxy" album, including Eater, The Adverts, Buzzcocks, The Boys and Slaughter And The Dogs. Although he claims that he is now being denied access to the club, the live album will be released, on the EMI or Harvest label, and distributed by EMI).

Czezowski says he is determined to continue working in the New Wave, having worked too hard for his vision to drop it now.

"All the places that wouldn't book the bands a year ago, like the Nashville, the Marquee, Dingwall's and the 100, want them to play there now," he declares. ,'Yet *we* were the first people to put on all the New York acts. We were the first to give breaks to a lot of British bands. We were the first New Wave exclusive venue. We worked two years, got into debt — and then someone else comes in and creams off all the profits."

After talking to Czezowski, *Thrills* contacted Rene Albert for his side of the story. And Albert claims that he found Czezowski 'impossible' to work with, and that he "promised the moon."

"Andy said the punk-rockers needed a home in London and that it would be profitable for me to give them one . . . I reduced the rent twice for him."

Did you know anything about punk-rock before your association with Czezowski began in late '76?

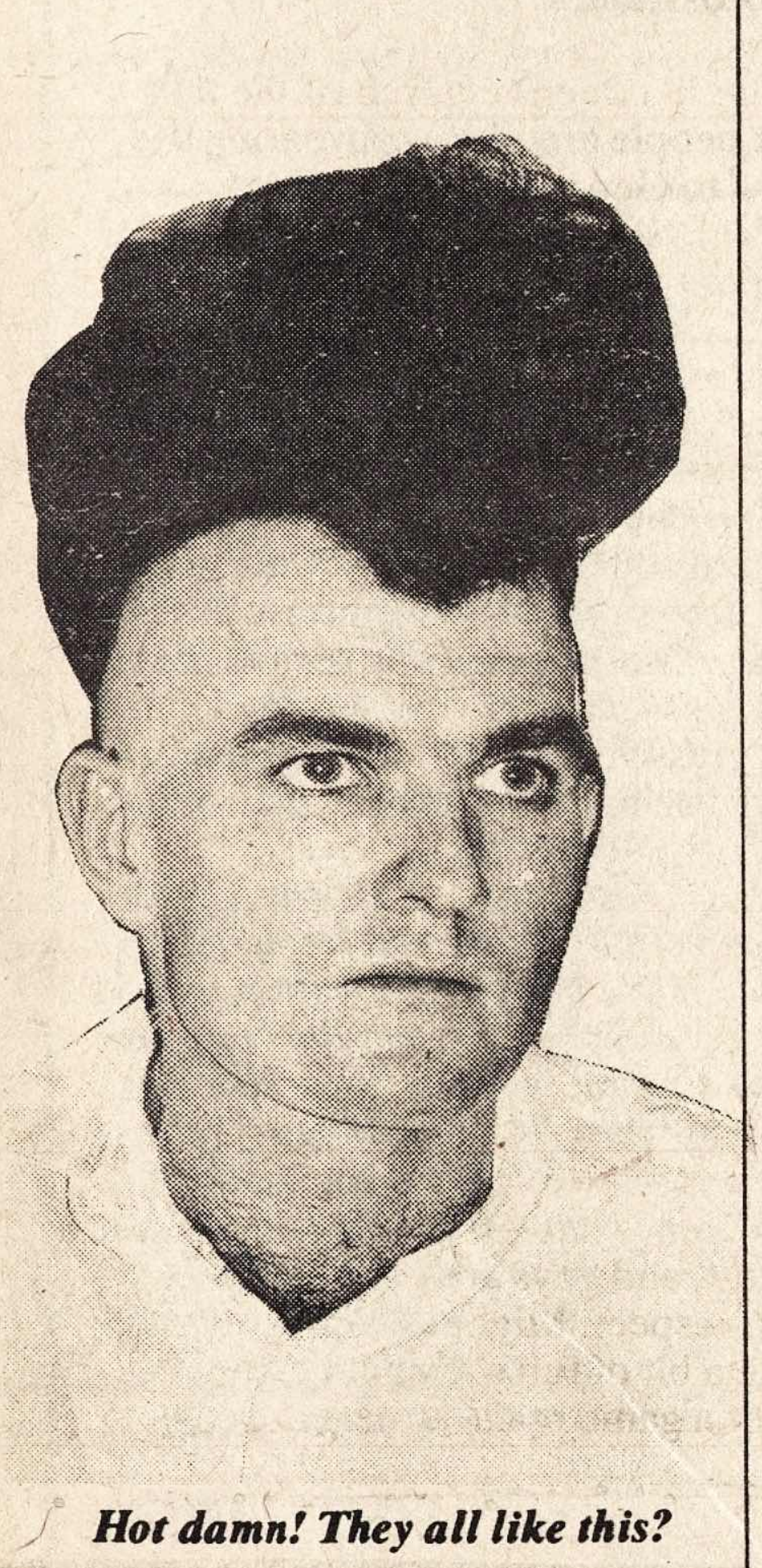
"No, but I have always found the punk-rockers most pleasant people, and have seen no signs of their violence as described in the press. I want the Roxy to continue as a New Wave venue on Fridays and Saturdays. And when the club's open on Mondays and Thursdays, to keep those nights for a disco or rock 'n' roll night.

"I am hoping to sign an agreement today or very soon with a gentleman called Kevin St. John who will run the club for me."

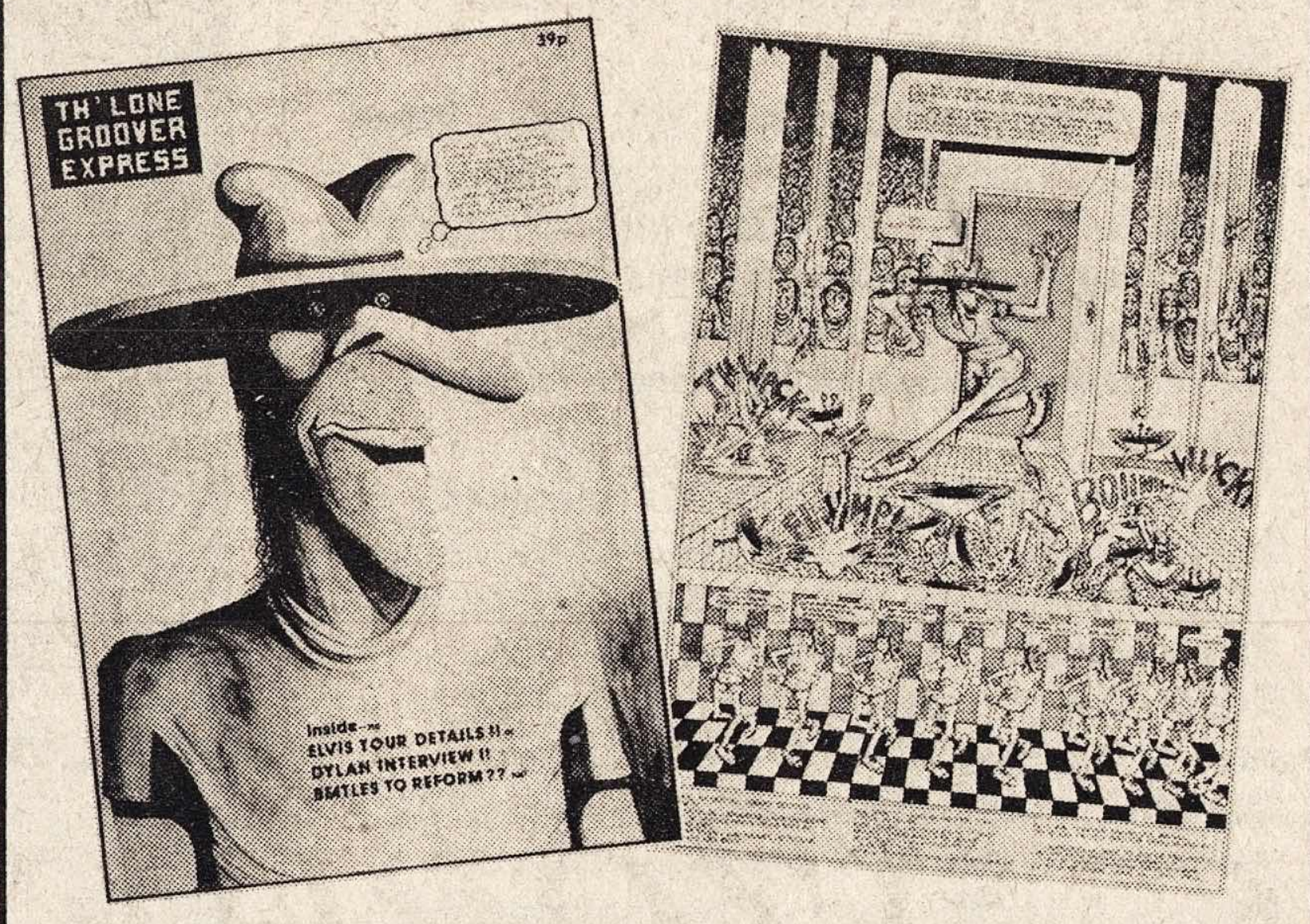
And what was that you called punk-rockers?

"Charming".

☐ TONY PARSONS



Hot damn! They all like this?



LASTO GASPO!

WHO IS this rancid, paranoid figure with th' scraggy beard and th' orrible green leather jacket, mumbling viciously to himself about how everybody hates his nasty little rodentoid guts?

Well, it isn't Tony Benyon, that's for sure. Tony Benyon is a tall, startlingly handsome man with the physique of a Hercules, the face of an Adonis and the sheer physical grace of a Volkswagen. He just has this terribly poor self-image, which is why he sends that miserable little whiner round to our offices to cadge work and/or drop off the finished rat-scratchings.

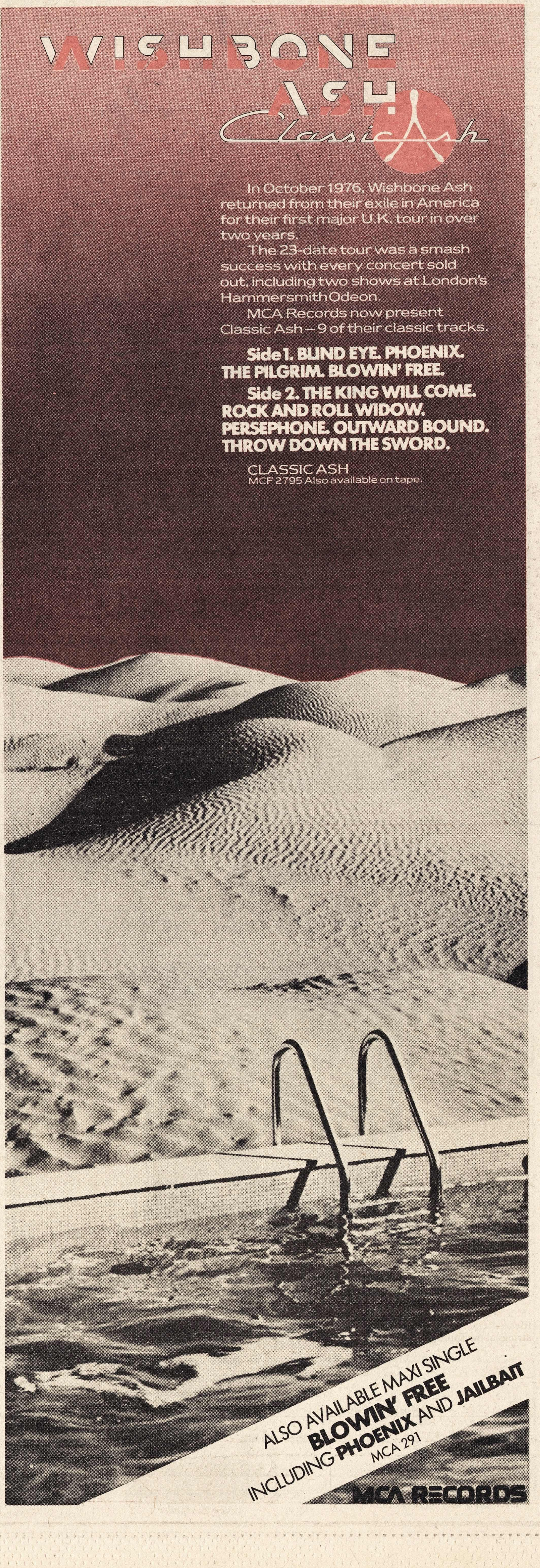
The latest thing the Benyon surrogate delivered was a brand new copy of Th' Lone Groover Express, the first-ever publication devoted to that contemporary folk hero, th' Groover, and conceived entirely by th' maestro himself, Benyon. It's priced at 39p, exceedingly good value considering that it includes reprises of two of Benyon's greatest hits — "Dummy" and "Festival" — plus a whole load of previously unchronicled adventures of the Groover hisself.

Hours of fun for all the family. Copies — which are selling out quickly — can be obtained from:

Bona Torsos, 18 King Street, Ilkeston, Nr. Derby, Derbyshire. Cost 39p, plus 6p postage (25p if you live abroad). Postal orders made payable to Bona Torsos.

Anyway, apart from its quality, you should all buy it because Benyon is a wonderful warm human being.

We just wish he'd stop sending round that snivelling little creep, that's all.


WISHBONE ASH
Classic Ash

In October 1976, Wishbone Ash returned from their exile in America for their first major U.K. tour in over two years.

The 23-date tour was a smash success with every concert sold out, including two shows at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

MCA Records now present Classic Ash – 9 of their classic tracks.

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MCA RECORDS

FATS DOMINO

The Fats Domino Story

Vol.1
'THE FAT MAN'

FATS DOMINO
The Fat Man
THE FAT MAN·
SHE'S MY BABY·
CARELESS LOVE·
ROCKING CHAIR·
GOIN' HOME·
GOIN' TO THE RIVER·

Album UAS 30067 Cassette TCK 30067

Vol.2
'AIN'T THAT A SHAME'

FATS DOMINO
Ain't That A Shame
AIN'T THAT A SHAME·
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME·
DON'T YOU KNOW·
ALL BY MYSELF·
YOU SAID YOU LOVE ME·
DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY·
FATS' FRENZY·

Album UAS 30068 Cassette TCK 30068

These two albums are the first in a series of releases which chronicle the amazing recording career of 'The Fat Man' himself. They take his unique musical achievements chronologically from his first hit in 1949 – 'The Fat Man' – through to his last recordings for the Imperial label in 1962. Each album features 16 tracks, all the original version and in mono, and with extensive sleeve notes and recording details.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

FEELGOODS, with John Mayo second from right.

'I AIN'T BOVVERED' — NEW FEELGOOD'S BOLD CLAIM

"I'VE NEVER seen the Feelgoods live," says their new guitarist, John Mayo. "So what you say about me feeling the burden of replacing Wilko won't be as heavy as you imagine . . ."

You've never seen Wilko? That pallid bug eyed visage as white on white as a dead goldfish projecting from a buttoned up black Burton's shirt making Telecaster machine gun runs?

"I saw him on the telly," John says. "But that's all. I move around a lot on stage, but I do it in *my* way, not Wilko's. Look, I ain't bovvered about taking his place, I'm just loving being in the band and looking forward to the tour and getting a chance to play . . ."

Biographical data: John Mayo comes from Essex. When he escaped school-daze at 16 he became a printer's apprentice. But this was inevitably blown out when the local band he was in at the time (all his previous bands, like 747 and Halycon, have been with neighbourhood mates) were too far out on the road for Mayo to make it in for the start of the morning shift.

During our talk at the record company lig to promote the Feelgoods' new "Sneaking Suspicion" album he strikes me as an unpretentious type of geezer who should fit in with the personalities of the rest of the band — although abrasive character clashes usually inspire output of a higher quality. Lew Lewis reckons he's a great guitarist.

"George Hatcher introduced me to the Feelgoods," John says, referring to the Anglo-Redneck he used to jam with. "We rehearsed together and it went great so I got the gig . . ."

You'd never run into them before that?

"No. Not until Wilko went after their German tour finished."

He's unable to tell me anything about Wilko's attempt to get the material he had written from the new Feelgoods album (which Wilko, of course, features on) and is silent when it comes to the reasons for the split, parrying my questions with remarks about the band's future, as opposed to its past.

'Feelgoods? I've never seen 'em . . ? — JOHN MAYO.

All I know is that a short while ago the Feelgoods without Wilko would have been unthinkable. I wish John Mayo the best of luck. I think he's gonna need it

☐ TONY PARSONS

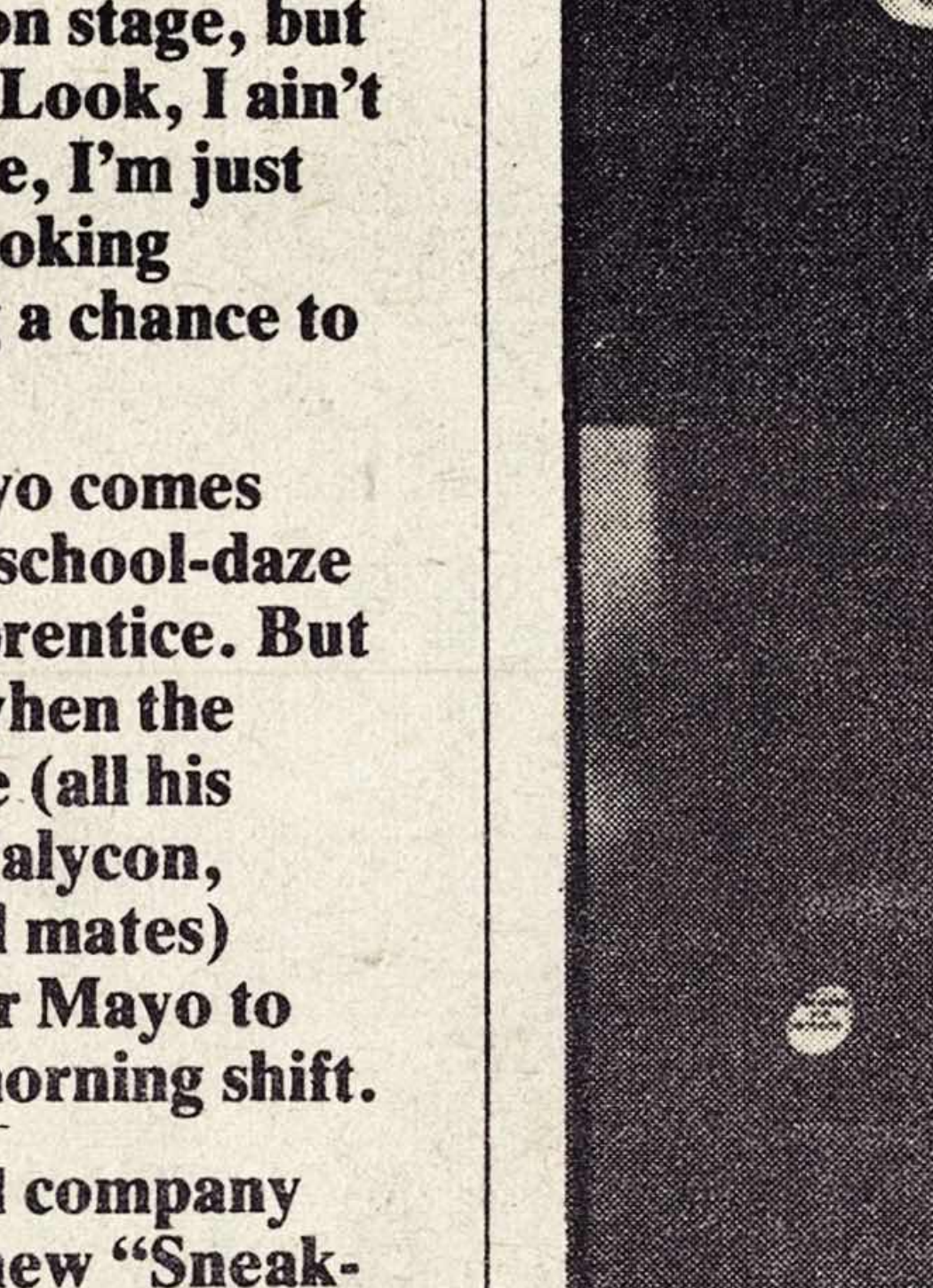
("Sneakin' Suspicion" is reviewed on page 33)

FINDIN' YOUR WAY IN THE USA

AND NOW a little something for every rock-/r&b/blues fan who's planning to visit the States in the hope of finding live action. You think that's easy anyway? Well, it ain't necessarily so.

Unless you've done your own research on previous visits or cultivated knowledgeable friends in all the right places you're liable to waste all your time and spending change without seeing so much as a halfway decent gig. But with this slim volume in your tucker bag you'll be one jump ahead of the lost and lonely.

Arising out of Charlie Gillett's *Honky Tonk* Sunday lunchtime radio show on Radio London, it's basically a list of venues and the kind of music you're liable to find at each, laid out by city or wider geographical area depending on available info.


HONKY TONKIN'
A GUIDE TO MUSIC USA
RICHARD WOOTTON AND CHARLIE McKISSACK

As it's been put together by two of Charlie's mates, largely using information supplied by, and aimed at, "the average Honky-Tonker", in this first printing the venues are naturally mainly those that feature the kind of music played on the programme — as catholic a variety as you're ever likely to hear anywhere, so who's complaining.

Already, though, wider tastes are catered for (country, jazz, punk/new wave) and if the publishers get the feedback they're hoping that the next edition will be as comprehensive as an *NME* gig guide (!?)

It's worth having even if you can't afford to get to America yet — don't you know that half the fun is planning the trip. Send your 50p (incl. p&p) to Richard Wootton, 21 Melbourne Court, Anerley Road, London SE 20.

INCLUDES:

- (No More) Love At Your Convenience
- Damned If You Do
- My God
- It's Hot Tonight
- Lace and Whiskey
- Road Rats
- Ubangi Stomp
- You and Me
- I Never Wrote Those Songs

Mr Alice Cooper

"It had been a long, hard night.

A typical night in the life of a private dick. (I only go public at orgies). Now it was eight o'clock in the morning. All over the city people were waking up to another ordinary day. I needed a drink, a shave and a shower. What I didn't need was a dead body in my apartment. I was lucky– I didn't have one. All I had was Roxy – Big Roxy – looking like she could chew the top off a bottle with her eyelid.

She stood holding the poker. I stood holding my breath. I watched as she turned up the stereo, hoping to hide my screams. It was the latest from Alice Cooper. He was doing enough screaming to wake the dead. Instead, he woke the local constabulary. They came round with a warrant for his arrest. I told them to leave Alice and take Roxy. But they took the album instead. They're not as dumb as I thought."

THE OUTSTANDING MYSTERY DISCOVERY OF THE DECADE
LACE AND WHISKEY
ALICE COOPER
LACE AND WHISKEY

100 YEARS OF RECORDED SOUND 1877 1977

ALICE COOPER 'LACE AND WHISKEY'
Available on Warner Brothers Records and Tapes K56365

PROMOTION ... ELTON?
IT'S DEE DAY!
IT'S DEE DAY!
Kiki Dee is the album Out today!

ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID ?

MEDIA ICONS have always been the icing on the rock and roll cake. Personalities whose voices are seldom heard, but whose visages stay firmly esconced in the public retina merely by smiling for the correct ground-glass sphere and spreading their flesh tastefully over the correct calibre of glossy paper.

The 50's had golden-haired Heinz. The 60s was the Golden Age of the Professional Pretty Person, most of whom made one record before sinking into the quagmire of receptions and redundant recording contracts. They were Famous for being Famous.

Kiki Dee is a wholesome mature edition of aforesaid media hype, through no fault of her own. By the very nature of our society and of rock and roll, all girl singers are media hypes, their images carefully constructed around a sequence of costume changes rather than chord changes. The content is not important; the form rules O.K.

Always the bridesmaid, never the blushing bride. The title of Kiki's starcrossed Motown album "Great Expectations" seems to have summed up her whole ill-fated career. In October 1976 she said: "It's all or nothing this time!"

Well, there was one huge hit single avec Elton John — but apart from that it's been nearer nothing than all. Glossy fashion spreads, Capital Radio's *Hulabaloo,* giving away champagne on the Gerald Harper show, the *Daily Mirror* Pop Club and modelling T shirts for *Record Mirror.*

When Kiki signed with Rocket in 1973, she saw it as an escape from touring the Australian outback with a stripper as her supporting act, singing cabaret to Northern scampi-freaks, being passed around like a well-wrapped time-bomb.

Seems like everything John Reid touches turns to platinum — with the exception of Kiki Dee.

Confront her with the reality of her exploitation-to-no-avail in Rags of Mayfair and she's graciously apologetic and far too nice to have been in rock for 14 years (most people are totally horrible after 14 days in the business).

"I did those things because they were necessary at the time. I didn't enjoy them, but I didn't mind them and it would have been silly to be snobbish about it. I just want to get so involved in the music that I don't have time to do that kind of thing."

Noble sentiments, but growing a trifle weary now. From image-games with Fontana to disorientation and alienation at Motown —"They didn't know what to do with me"— to imminent ease at her friend Elton's record company and a string of singles which didn't make the Top 10 —"Lonnie And Josie", "Hard Luck Story", "I've Got The Music In Me", "How Glad I Am", "Once A Fool", with the exception of the stunning "Amoureuse", which should have proved the turning point in Kiki's casualty career.

Quo Vadis, honey?

"I'm going to America for a few months to get a band together. I'm *not* going there to evade taxes or because I don't like England.

"I would never leave England for good, it' the only sane place in the world. All I want to do is form another band, and I think America would be a good place to do it."

When you broke up the Kiki Dee band in '75, you said you found it hard to be a leader.

"I never wanted to be a leader, you see. I don't play an instrument, and I felt bad about going on and telling them how to play theirs. I just wanted them to play what they were happy playing, and it didn't work out."

Last year you said being a woman was no problem. Maybe you could have given orders if you'd been a man.

"No, because my personality would have been the same. I just don't like giving orders."

Maybe you've left it all a bit late. Don't you wish you were 16 again? "No, because I've always been very unhappy and mixed-up until two years ago. I had a lot of things to work out."

Maybe you did too may drugs. . . ? (At this point, P.R. lady Jenny Halsall makes a mental note never to let me near one of her artists again.)

Kiki smiles: "No, not any more."

Did you ever?

"If you're a man you're allowed to get more wrecked, but if you're a girl and you have to be onstage in five minutes, you have to look after yourself. Drugs make me really weird, but I do tend to drink quite a bit. Wine, and I like vodka, too."

Kiki eyes my double Smirnoff but sticks prudently to soft drinks.

"I couldn't go onstage drunk, because I'd just be falling all over the place."

What kind of audiences do you attract? "I don't think I appeal to very young kids — they want to find their own heroes, like I did when I was young. But at the end of a gig, people often come down the front and dance around."

The thought of a multitude of Cortina-owners pogoing frantically to the sweet strains of "Amoreuse" struck me as slightly hysterical, but I ask Kiki if the fans don't ever call for Elton.

Oops. Indiscreet question. Kiki smiles: "Well, now and then, but not often. When I was supporting Elton in '74 this really hardened fan of his hissed at me 'You better be good!'. It was just the same in Bradford, when people would say, 'Eh up, lass, sing us a song' through a mouthful of scampi and chips."

This leads us into a fervent class rap with photographer David Steen. Kiki tells me; "You should meet my Dad. You'd really hit it off."

Roots time, kids; Kiki's dad is a militantly-inclined Bradford mill-worker. Kiki worked in Boots for three months after leaving school.

"It was quite funny, really. Me and this other girl would just go along every day and giggle at people. But I was always the odd one out. I never got into the whole working class thing of marrying early, because I had the trauma of coming to London at 16 and knowing no one to cope with. You know, there's a lot of things that need changing and if I could help I would."

You could play benefits.

"Yes, I will. When I get myself sorted out, I'll do that. If I was in one place long enough, I'd vote. But it never happens."

It never happens. Kiki Dee's latest album is smooth, sweet and professional. Kiki Dee is almost the nicest girl I've ever met. But like she says, it never happens.

☐ JULIE BURCHILL

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

"LIKE A BEATLES reunion." That's how *NME's* Paul Morley described the scene at Manchester's Band On The Wall club recently when The Buzzcocks were joined onstage for three songs by their ex-lead singer Howard Deveto.

Deveto yelled that he was "dusting off the hat", referring to his disillusioned "retirement" statement of a few months back: "What was once unhealthily fresh is now a clean old hat."

Samuel Beckett will be pleased to hear that the extraordinary Deveto is now contemplating releasing an EP of spoken excerpts from the works of Samuel Beckett (Sam being responsible for *Waiting For Godot* and the other weird offerings). The EP will be on Deveto's own New Hormones Records, the label he co-owns with Buzzcocks manager Richard Boon and Music Force stalwart Martin Hannett.

Paul Morley, meanwhile, has crossed the barricades to produce an EP for The Drones. Called "Temptations Of A White Collar Worker", it will be released at the end of May on the band's own as yet unnamed record label.

Ever get the feeling you're living in the wrong town?

☐ PHIL McNEILL

Agfa has 2 new cassettes worth listening to

New Agfa Super Color
High dynamics at low cost – a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library and a thumbslot for easier opening.

New Agfa Carat Ferrum + Chrom
The new high-quality cassette based on dual-layer technology that gives an unsurpassed performance: an upper chromium layer with optimum properties for recording high and highest frequencies and a lower layer of iron oxide for first-rate reproduction of low frequencies.

AGFA-GEVAERT
AGFA SUPER COLOR HIGH DYNAMIC 90
ferrum+chrom 90
AGFA CARAT
AGFA-GEVAERT Made in Germany HIFI DIN 45 500

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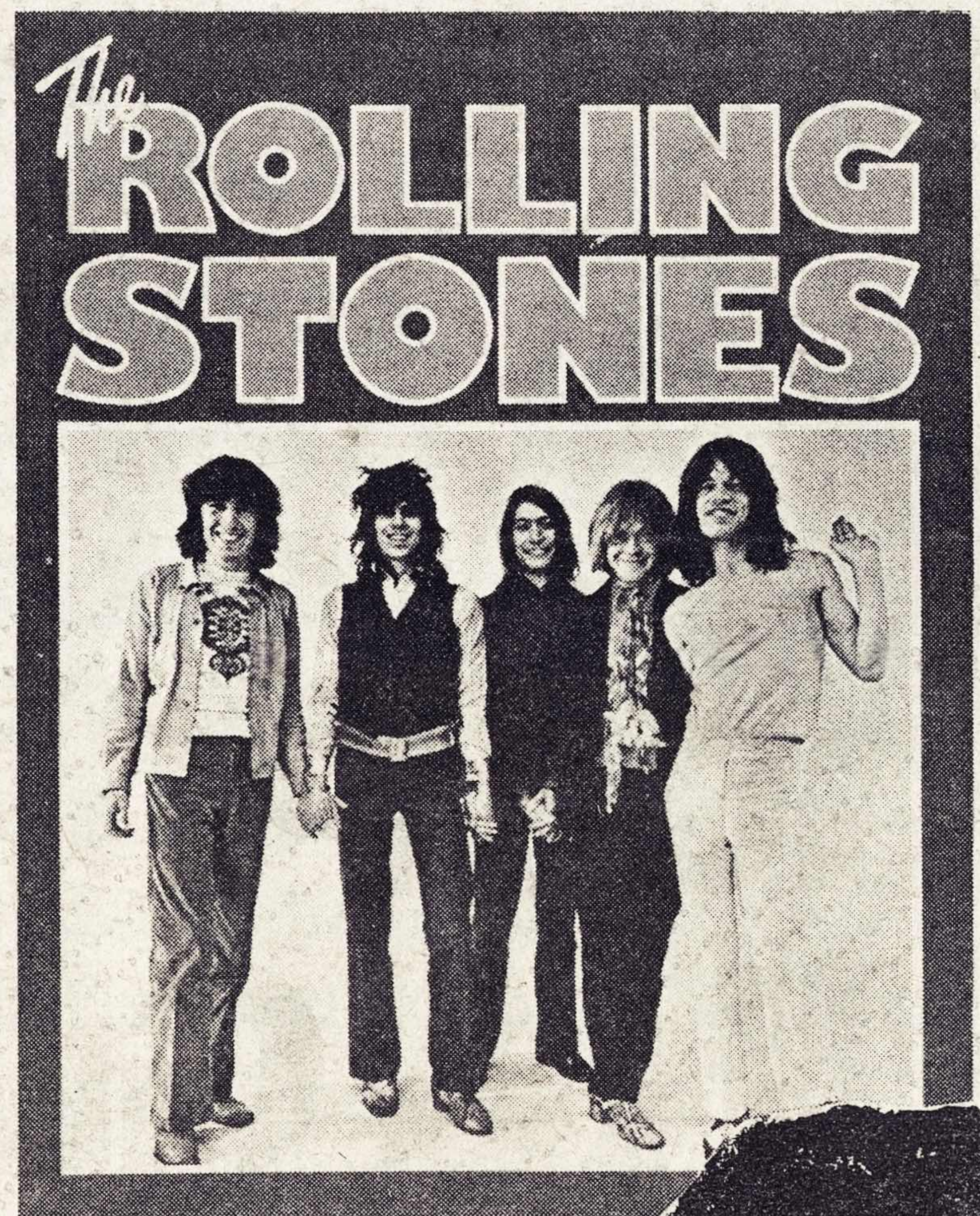

Jeremy Pascall £1·99

The turbulent, controversial, violent and tragic history of 'The Stones' is related in this book. The death of Brian Jones, the affair between Jagger and Marianne Faithfull, the drug arrests are some of the stories that have kept The Rolling Stones in the headlines – those and the fact that to many the group is the best rock and roll band in the world.

Published by The Hamlyn Group
Obtainable from W. H. Smith, John Menzies, Boots and leading booksellers.

Proof that the monster exists.

WOULD YOU BUY A USED MONSTER FROM THIS MAN?

NOW ASSUMING that you all want to study some more on that already much-studied question, The Existence Of Nessie, where are you going to look for your information?

In a paperback book, price say 60 or 75p, illustrated? Maybe you never read books, though? Ah, but I'll bet you watch telly, price nothing if you don't pay the licence. Or maybe listen to the Home Service, sorry, Radio Four?

Or would you — think carefully now — would you go out and buy *Alex Harvey Presents The Loch Ness Monster Eyewitness Accounts,* price £3.99 from K-tel?

Alex hopes you will.

Alex himself isn't available for chit-chat just now — his back still hurts — but his management company were happy to give us the lowdown. Seems this new venture is an experiment to gauge the effectiveness of a record in imparting knowledge, since "books are becoming obsolete, aren't they?"

Can't help hoping they're wrong, myself, but let's leave the Future of Literature out of this and concentrate on the Nessie Tapes. They worry me rather. Not by shaking my faith (or otherwise) in The Beast's existence; because the 'eyewitness accounts', like all the others I've ever heard, are just beautifully insubstantial enough to leave one believing exactly what one wants to, as is quite right and proper. It'd be a sad day for Britain if we ever found out The Truth.

No, what bothers me is whether the record accomplishes anything that a book or a TV film couldn't do better, or at least, more economically. A question both boring and obvious, but unavoidable, especially when, in the words of a K-tel executive, "this is most expensive single album we've ever put out."

What you get for your £3.99 is a series of interviews between Alex and Loch Ness locals — the Father Prior of the Abbey at Fort Augustus, the laird's wife, a professional monster hunter who's camped by the lake — all of whom reckon to have seen Her.

They're all very sincere about it, if not very convincing (that's just my opinion, mind you). In fact the whole project, from home movie type interviews with background noises and sudden clicks and clunks, to the accompanying booklet, which purports to be a diary kept by Alex, in a round schoolboy hand, of the crew's activities, is conducted in a very earnest spirit, redolent of a BBC Schools Programme, or of Alex in the guise of Young Scientist of the Year.

Even his co-narrator, Richard O'Brien, who's a veteran of the *Rocky Horror Show* and does the factual bits, comes across like one of those nice young men you hear on telly in the mornings.

Like I said, it worries me. Is it supposed to be Entertainment? After all, Alex can't help imbuing almost anything he has a hand in with a certain charm — but is that enough to make you want to listen to this basically factual stuff more than once?

How many radio progs would you pay £3.99 to hear?

Or is it Information? And if so, in spite of the booklet and the gatefold map of the loch, aren't we getting an awful lot less that the slenderest volume would give us?

"It's a talking point," the man at K-tel told me. "The sort of thing you might put on at a dinner party instead of more music". That's what they hope, anyway: they reckon the album has immense 'novelty value'. And how valuable is that? Well, that's what they don't know — yet. I gather that they're producing the album, rather than Alex's own company, Mountain, because it's felt that they, with their wide organisation, scope for advertising etc, can handle this kind of experiment best.

Ah, that's what the album is: Experimental

"We're making certain tests with the product, to read consumer reaction", says the man; meaning that the album is at present only on sale at one or two places in Scotland, and that no massive advertising campaign has yet been planned — largely, it seems because Alex is out of action.

So is Alex the big selling point, or is Nessie?

Or are they, perhaps (look at the picture) one and the same?

☐ JACQUES COUSTEAU

CASH'N' CARRY...

CHRYSLER UK are apparently concerned about the unreasonable influence Johnny Cash music has had on certain workers at their Linwood plant near Glasgow.

Security officials suspect that employees may have hatched a plan to rip off car components — inspired by Cash's record, "One Piece At A Time". The songs about an assembly-line worker who steals one car part at a time until he's able to construct his own vehicle.

At the moment Linwood security are checking their computer to discover whether body panels or other components are missing after it came to their attention that a top secret prototype engine had been stolen.

The engine was for their new baby car, the Chrysler 424, and not surprisingly the company are worried that one of their employees will be driving around the streets in the motor before it has even been officially unveiled.

The theft of the engine, a cumbersome piece of machinery at the best of times, is still somthing of a mystery.

"We've never had an engine stolen before", a spokesman said. "It's a big thing to get past all the security checks. We think we'll track it down."

Rumours that security are checking the record collections of all Linwood personnel are completly unfounded.

However, Glasgow readers are requested to report to the company should they spot anybody dressed in Chrysler overalls carrying a conspicuous parcel under his arm and whistling a Cash melody.

Curse you Johnny!

☐ SHAW TAYLOR

IGGY POP
CHINA GIRL
PB 9093
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From the chart album 'The Idiot'
PL 12275
RCA

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SNEAKIN' SUSPICION
c/w Lights Out

New Single
Released May 13th
UP 36255.

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Friday	13	**BRACKNELL** Sports Centre
Saturday	14	**CRAWLEY** Sports Centre
Sunday	15	**WOLVERHAMPTON** Civic Hall
Tuesday	17	**NORWICH** St Andrew's Hall
Wednesday	18	**IPSWICH** Gaumont
Thursday	19	**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Odeon
Friday	20	**MALVERN** Winter Gardens
Saturday	21	**SALFORD** University
Sunday	22	**COVENTRY** Theatre
Tuesday	24	**DUNSTABLE** Civic Hall
Wednesday	25	**GRAYS** State Cinema

Keep your eyes peeled for the album

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

GIRL TELLS OF EAGLES HORROR . . .

PLAYING SUPPORT under any circumstances is no fun. Preceding The Eagles at Wembley Pool and trying to woo an audience who largely don't know you from Adam is doubly harrowing.

For Valerie Carter those difficulties were compounded by the fact that her first solo album "Just A Stones Throw Away" hadn't even been released in the UK yet. Indeed, the night before I saw her things had sunk so low that she returned to her hotel room and indulged in a few tearful transatlantic phone calls to friends in L.A. to restore her wilting self-belief.

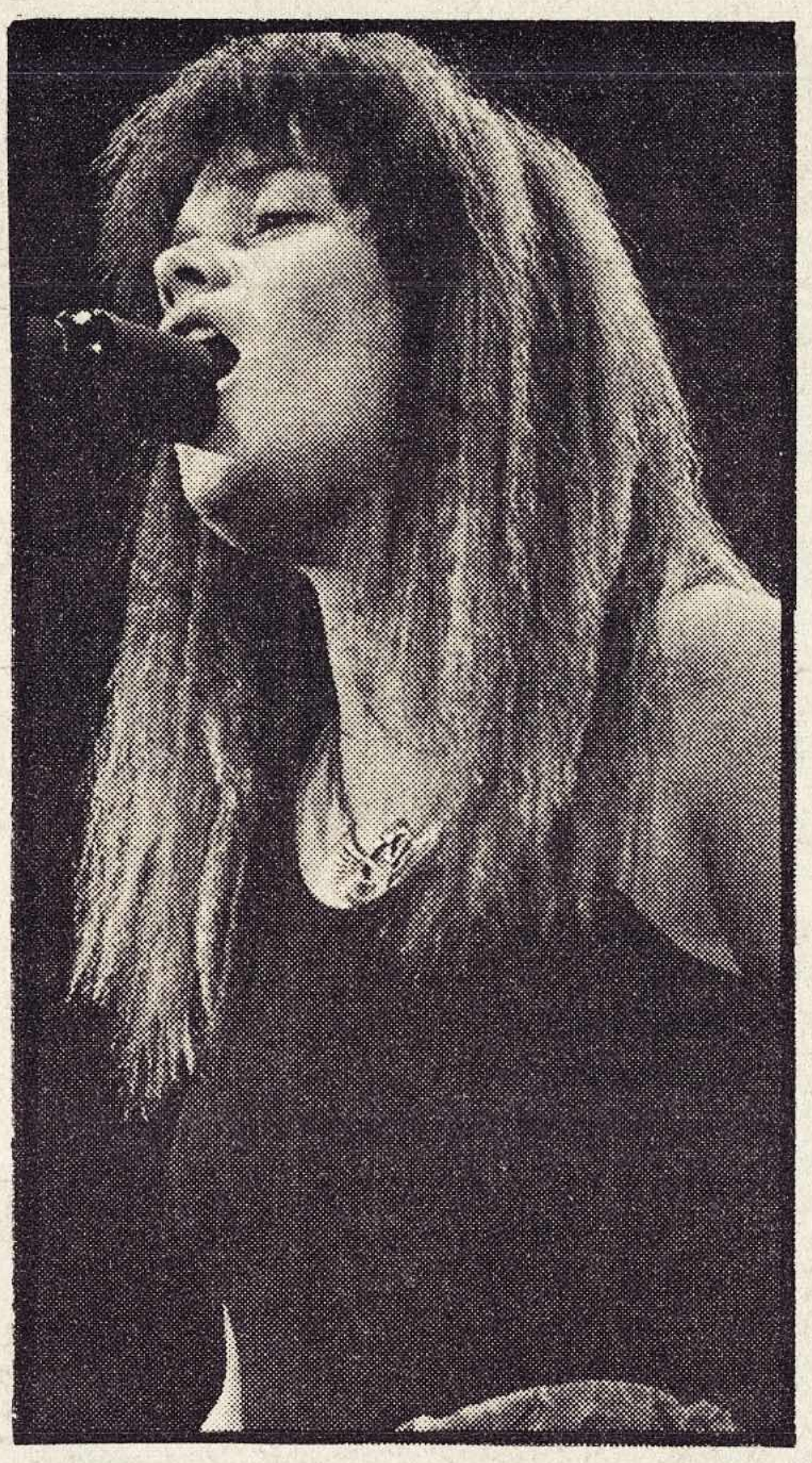
"When I introduced the last number I heard a few people cheer. That really hurts."

In the dressing room at Wembley, with her last London set behind her, she presents a rather more vulnerable aspect than the oddly sassy stage come-on would lead you to expect. The slinky little black number that had bog-eyed a few males near the front is replaced by something a mite more pastoral. She smokes nervously and fidgets with a glass of wine while she trots out the early life and times number for my benefit.

Born in Florida and raised in a variety of Southern states, she only discovered music with her adolescence.

"I met a man with a guitar. And I started off doing Simon and Garfunkel tunes . . . things like that. Then I moved to New York and worked in a bar doing numbers between the belly dancers. That lasted about seven months. Then I moved to San Francisco and met up with Bob Cavallo, who became my manager, joined a group and made an album for A&M."

The group was an acoustic trio called Howdy Moon and the album was produced by Lowell George. It was never released in Britain and it's pretty much a stiff. Indeed she visibly recoils in embarrassment when I produce a copy I've brought along with me and begs me not to show it to anyone.



Ms. Carter — more than just a bankable face.

"The whole thing just didn't work. It was done too early on and we just weren't ready. It was like having to do a recital after your fourth week on piano lessons."

Indeed the only remarkable thing about this extremely dull record is the appearance of her own version of a song called "Cook With Honey," only the second song she ever wrote and something of a small melodic masterpiece that Judy Collins had some success with a couple of years previous. Ms. Carter met Ms. Collins at a dinner party at the latter's house, and ended up singing songs round the piano. When called upon for a song she sang the only two she had.

"I only knew four chords and 'Cook With Honey' was written with two of them. I looked round at Judy when I'd finished and she was crying."

The song ended up on "True Stories And Other Dreams", was a moderately successful single, made a little money and put her name about. Back in California Howdy Moon broke up and she started to build a solo career, augmented by stints a backing singer, and began writing songs with Lowell George, another client of Bob Cavallo.

"He's just a great inspiration to me . . . he's the only person I can write with."

"Back To Blue Some More," the moody high point of her album, has words courtesy of Lowell George, tune by herself and arrangement by Bill Payne. Her live version is solid and convincing enough, if lacking the atmospheric flow of the album take. Her four-piece touring band is basically a white chicken funk outfit made up of one Butch Sandford on guitar, Mark Olsen, late of Rare Earth, on keyboards and sax, Curtis Teel, no longer sporting the tux that used to accompany him on gigs with The O'Jays, on bass, and the only black member, Sam Cox on drums.

All things considered they did well to hold the attention of a reasonable proportion of the audience.

"A Stones Throw Away" came to be when Columbia president Bruce Lundvall saw her picture and reasoned that even if she couldn't sing, she certainly had a bankable face. Lucky for him that wasn't all.

"So I made a first set of demos — and they were stolen. I chased the guy all over Malibu Canyon in my station wagon. He lost me."

Most of the early songs were thrown out. George Massenburg, of Earth, Wind and Fire fame, was brought in as producer and songs were gathered from various friends and associates like Maurice White, percussionist from E, W & F, Ron Koss from Detroit's Savage Grace, and one bizarre collaboration between Lowell George and someone called Ivan Ulv who was a patient at a San Fransico mental hospital. The latter song is called "Ringing Doorbells In The Rain".

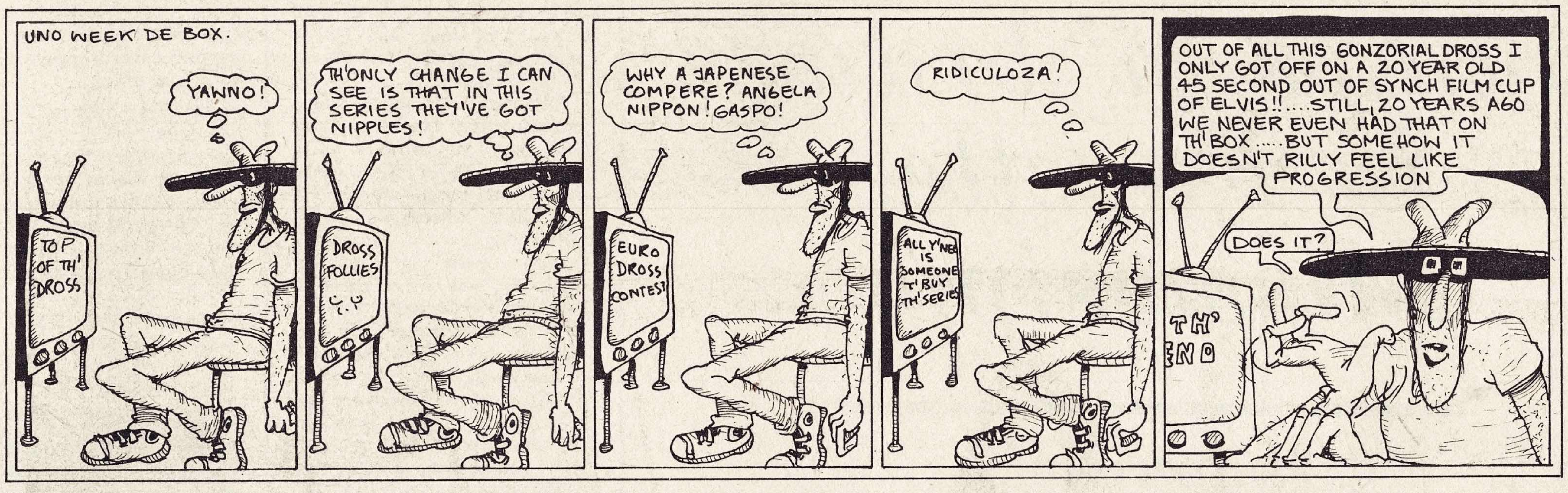
The result is an album of excellent songs that only knits together stylistically with great difficulty. This she admits; the L.A. supersession ambience did take over at times. She even allows that there is one musician credited whom she can't remember at all.

The new album is already under consideration. "I've got about three quarters of four songs written . . . I shall use studio musicians and the same producer again if I can." But this time she wants to keep the thing tighter and more personal.

And on her return to Britain she hoped to do gigs a little more intimate than the Nuremberg of the North Circular.

☐ DAVID HEPWORTH

BENYON: The Lone Groover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EURO DROSS CONTEST
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Bumps 'n' bruises in Fayette, Mississippi

On tour with JOE TEX

By CLIFF WHITE

THE SUN burns out of a clear blue sky like in all the best travel brochures; the air is warm and moist and heavy with the smell of the bayou. We're motoring northwestwards out of New Orleans on Highway 61. Our CBS host is at the wheel, photographer Joe Stevens is in the back recovering from last night's party and I'm getting one elbow tanned while munching fresh strawberries. It's a hard life.

Baton Rouge flashes by on our left as we veer north towards Mississippi, but before crossing the state line there's time for a break at St Francisville. This is the heart of plantation country and the first of several townships exploiting one side of local history — the white side — as preserved in the renovated and open-for-inspection stately homes of the south.

A guided tour of the mansion ("Y'all come again now. Have a nice day") and a quick flip round its grounds (no sign of picturesque slaves' quarters having been preserved) then we exit via the souvenir shop. "Yessir," says the elderly white woman, wrapping me a $15 ($15!?) map, "them darkies sure had a way of expressing themselves."

"Kunta Kinte, madam," I reply, from the safe distance of about 4,000 miles.

Onward into Mississippi, Joe at the wheel now, the sky turning ominously dark, and all along the roadside . . . corpses. Not strange fruit though — just furry bodies of all shapes and sizes. An alsatian here, a possum there, a moggy over there, and even . . .

"Jesus!" exclaims Joe. "Look at the size of that one. Do they have bears down here?"

Suddenly we're navigating instead of motovating. Navigating as on water, tons of it, crashing straight down on us like steel rods dropped from a great height onto tin plate. Fortunately we're almost at our destination.

Aquaplaning through Natchez we tack to the right and soon berth outside the Evers Motel in Fayette, Mississippi. *Evers* Motel? Not by any chance related to . . . ah, but it is. It's owned by Charles Evers, brother of Medgar, the civil rights crusader who was assassinated in these parts in 1963.

"So what's it like in Fayette these days?" Joe quizzes the one white face in the place, a guy who works for Evers and, for some reason that escapes us all, is getting loaded at his place of work, on his day off, amid the regular black clientele.

"It's O.K. up this end" he opines, loud enough to be heard all over, "but you don't wanna go down to *niggertown*". Exit one polaxed photographer.

Meanwhile, I've negotiated the mud-brown sea twixt lounge-bar and the chalets, been informed that we've just driven through the edge of a tornado, been amazed to find The Goodies on local TV and been delighted to find Joe Tex stationed a few doors along the porch.

He's just as pleased that we made it, been watching for us all day, why don't we come on in out the rain?

It's the invitation I've most been looking forward to since leaving Heathrow. In my book Joe's one of *the* greats. He doesn't seem to get acknowledged as often as contemporaries like James Brown or Otis Redding but for several years he ranked alongside them, not only renowned for his vocal charm and dynamic stage act but more importantly, because of his unique asset, for his songwriting — a mix of wry humour, perception and moralising that produced a string of immediately indentifiable hits during the second half of the sixties, released in Britain on Atlantic.

Joe's just as you'd expect, and like I'd hoped he'd be, from seeing his pix and hearing his records. In looks, he's perhaps a bit fuller in the face and generally more heavy set than during his hey-day on Atlantic; bearing, in his middle years, a slight resemblance to the late Freddie King. Joe's a fit, more refined figure though; still remarkably unravaged by the passing years.

His personality is exactly the same as on record. A bubbling sense of fun, a zest for life I guess, permeates everything he says — even when he gets to rap about his religion (Islam) and its relevance to life he's neither sanctimonious nor overwhelming. For Joe it's so obviously right that the presumed conflicts between his beliefs and life on the rock 'n' roll road just don't exist.

It's all reality, that's what he deals with, as laid out in the amazing diversity of his 22-year-long recording career.

More of that in a minute, for now we return to the lounge about three hours later. Joe's reaching the climax of a great set (briefly reviewed last week), the audience are modulating right on his wavelength (natch, 'cause it's an all-black party except for the three of us, the guy at the bar and one other) and it's bump time.

What you've got to picture is it's Saturday night in a rural community. Everyone in town who can afford the entrance fee ($5 to see Joe Tex? A bargain at twice the price) is decked out in his/her finery and having a ball. No blase cynics here. The legendary Joe Tex has finally come to Fayette; *parrr-teee*.

After about an hour of hits, raps and much goodtiming, Joe and his band drop into the familiar opening riff of "Ain't Gonna Bump No More (With No Big Fat Woman)". Suddenly it's no longer just a catchy bit of disco product, it's a wickedly accurate run down of a night such as this. Big fat women are up there bumping. Indeed, a big fat woman has fallen back off her chair and crashed helplessly like an upturned tortoise at my feet. The song is the moment is the song.

There's $25 prize money for the bumpingest couple to survive the crowd's cheers and jeers; much ribaldry; a winner is chosen; the set comes to a riotous finale. Several years on from his last really big success ("I Gotcha") Joe Tex has used a crafty mix of Miami rhythms to jump right up to date, while retaining every glorious bit of his unique talent for good-humoured portrayals of life's little ups and downs. The show was a smash.

BACK AT the chalet he explained how "Big Fat Woman" came about, all the while laughing and demonstrating the story so that the entire interview became like an extended private performance of his stage act. Or rather, vice versa. On stage he's just a musically accompanied version of his private self.

"I've been dancing on stage, clowning with chicks in clubs, and big fat women have knocked *me* over. But it never dawned on me to write about it. Then when we were rehearsing down in my home, getting ready to go to Nashville, one of my cousins, Andrew McDonald is his name, an elderly guy in his late 50s/early 60s . . . he stopped by the house.

"All we had was music. We took a little George McCrae riff and mixed it with a bit of KC, you know, and I was trying to think of some lyrics. So he stopped by with a six-pack of beer and he was drinking and listening to us rehearse when he said (drops into down-home delivery), 'I sure like dat beat dem boys playing dere on that toon, that remind me of the bump, that'd make a good ole bump toon, Joe'.

"He said, 'That remind me of when I was in Houston last Sat'day night. I's down there and this ole big fat woman come snatched me up and bumped me. I only weigh 'bout 140/150 pounds and she was over 200, come bumpin' me and knocked me over the table and knocked my beer on the floor'.

"And the band laughed but I was busy trying to think of some lyrics so I wasn't really paying attention. When the band stopped playing and laughed I asked him, 'What'd you say that was so funny?' He told me, 'Oh, I was just down in this club . . .'

So I asked him when did this happen? He say, 'Sat'day'. And this was like three days past Saturday. So I thought, "Three nights ago . . . I was in a disco . . . and I wanted to bump'. I said go ahead and talk, what else happened? And while he was talking I was writing. And everything in the song is what he said. I had to re-arrange the words to rhyme but the lyrics is actually about what happened.

"I haven't seen Andrew since we cut the record but now it's a hit he'll come see me when I get home and probably have his hand out, saying, 'Joe, you put my story in your record, give your cousin *the change* boy, yeah!"

The only flaw in the anecdote is that the record's credited to Joe's long-time producer, Buddy Killen, and a certain B. L. McGinty. However, it demonstrates the point that Joe likes to write from life, even on unashamed dance records, normally the least lyrically inspired form of music. Outstanding stage act apart, Joe's main strength has always been his writing, as once summed up by Nik Cohn, who likened Joe to a soul Chuck Berry.

"He writes his own material, halfway between country and blues, softer and subtler than most soul. His songs are folksy little sermons. Most of all he enjoys doing spoken monologues, extended debates on the state of the world. Or, more particularly, on man's responsibility to woman. He has great greasy charm, much wit and inventiveness and he's funny, he really is. He obviously enjoys himself. It just isn't possible to hold out against him."

TACKLING JOE about his songs it turns out that nearly all have been inspired by genuine characters or situations, some that have involved him personally but mostly built around eavesdropped snippets of conversation.

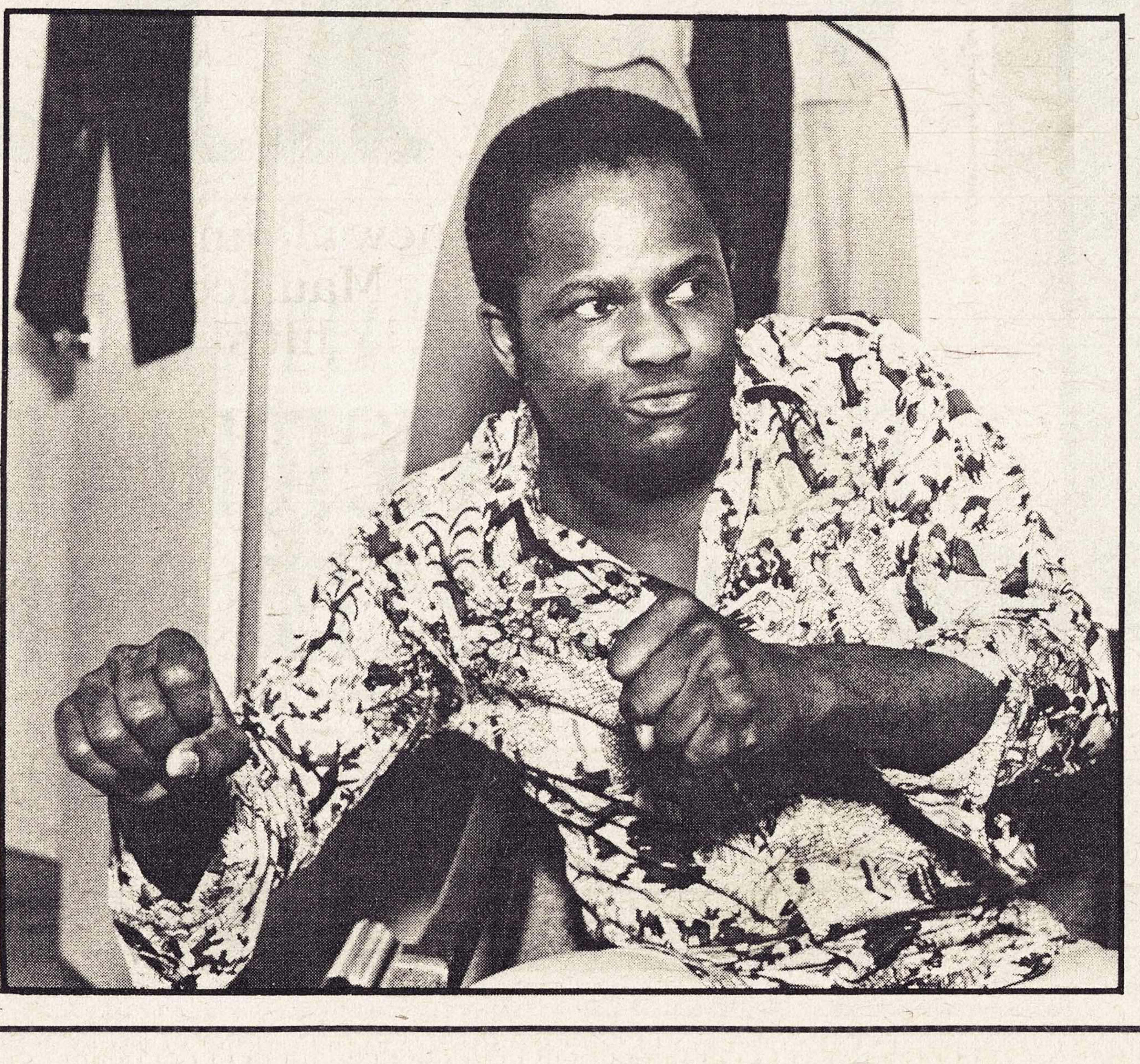
"I spend over half my time observing people, all kinds of people; this is where I get my material. I even got it down to a fine science; I know where to go to get material for for certain kinds of songs. Like that old expression, birds of a feather flock together: if you want a real sad story, a bluesy thing, you go 'round a bus station. And you don't have to talk to nobody. I just go and sit over in the corner and listen to 'em talk. Bus station or train station, you can get some sad stories man.

"Now for gossip material; a barber shop, beauty salon or pool hall. If you want to get your rap kinda songs, your hip kinda songs, you go 'round a pool hall, where the cats think they know everything.

"They're talking that jazzy jive and what their whores are doing and everything, you know. Laundromats if you want to find out who's messing with somebody else's husband or wife. They be washing their clothes and talking about somebody they saw with their best friend's husband last night.

"For the more serious kind of things, if you want some philosophy with a lot of wisdom to it, talk to old people, especially in the south. Go 'round the elderly people, grey hair, sitting on their front porch; man they can tell you all about what the Lord wants you to do.

"And most of my comical things come from drunks; your



Pix: JOE STEVENS

EVERS
MOTEL
AND
RESTAURANT
LOUNGE
RESTAURANT

winos and children. I done narrowed this thing down man, I *got* it."

NOW IT occurs to me that a few of you toddlers out there may actually be unaware of the subject of our lesson today so I guess a bit of background gen is in order. Alas and lackaday, there's only room for the bare bones, which fit together like this:

Joseph Arrington, born in Baytown, Texas, in 1933; grows up listening to country music and R&B; travels to New York circa 1954/5 where he wins talent shows as Joe Tex. Also writes his first claim to fame but foolishly sells it to Otis Blackwell.

"I had written a song called 'Fever'. I was staying at a place in New York called The Braddock Hotel, on 125th Street and 8th Avenue. I was behind on my rent so I sold the song for $300, not knowing who was gonna record it. About two months later Little Willie John came with it and it was a smash and I could have killed myself.

"The music idea came from '16 Tons'; that's the basic idea where I got the melody. I just had some words on paper so they said, 'We just can't buy no words, give us a little tune.' On the spur of the moment I said 'Put it to "16 Tons" man and give me the money so I can pay my rent'."

Song also a smash hit for Peggy Lee and later recorded by all and sundry. Meanwhile Joe's just about paid his rent, been signed to the same label as Willie John (King Records) and recorded several sides without much success.

But he's popular in New Orleans so moves there and befriends James Booker who takes him to Ace Records (1958-60). Several more releases, mainly imitating the likes of Little Richard and Fats Domino, flop before he gets his first song in the charts via James Brown, who records "Baby You're Right". Starts recording more 'soulful' material, incorporating preaching-style raps; has modest success with good sides on Anna and Chess.

He's signed by Nashville song publisher Buddy Killen who founds Dial Records specifically for Joe. National success eludes them for three or four years until the Muscle Shoals recording, "Hold What You Got", smashes to the top in late '64/early '65.

"That song was really written for me. At the time my wife was pregnant in Baton Rouge and I'd been in the business for ten years without much success and I was seriously thinking of quitting — my wife and my career. I was thinking about going back to find my childhood sweetheart in Texas. And I was turning all this over in my mind on the way to record in Muscles Shoals and God was telling me, 'Joe, just hold on to what you

■ *Continues page 23*

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Deniece Williams

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The new album
produced by Maurice White
features the hit single

'Free'

Album 'This is Niecy' CBS 81869
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No.1

CBS

JOE TEX

■ *From page 21*

got.' It sounded good so I wrote it down.

"When we'd cut the four tracks that we'd gone to record we had some time left and Buddy saw my bit of paper and said, 'Let's record it.' I finished the main part of the song in the studio and the rap was made up as we went along. We cut six or seven takes and each time I said something different.

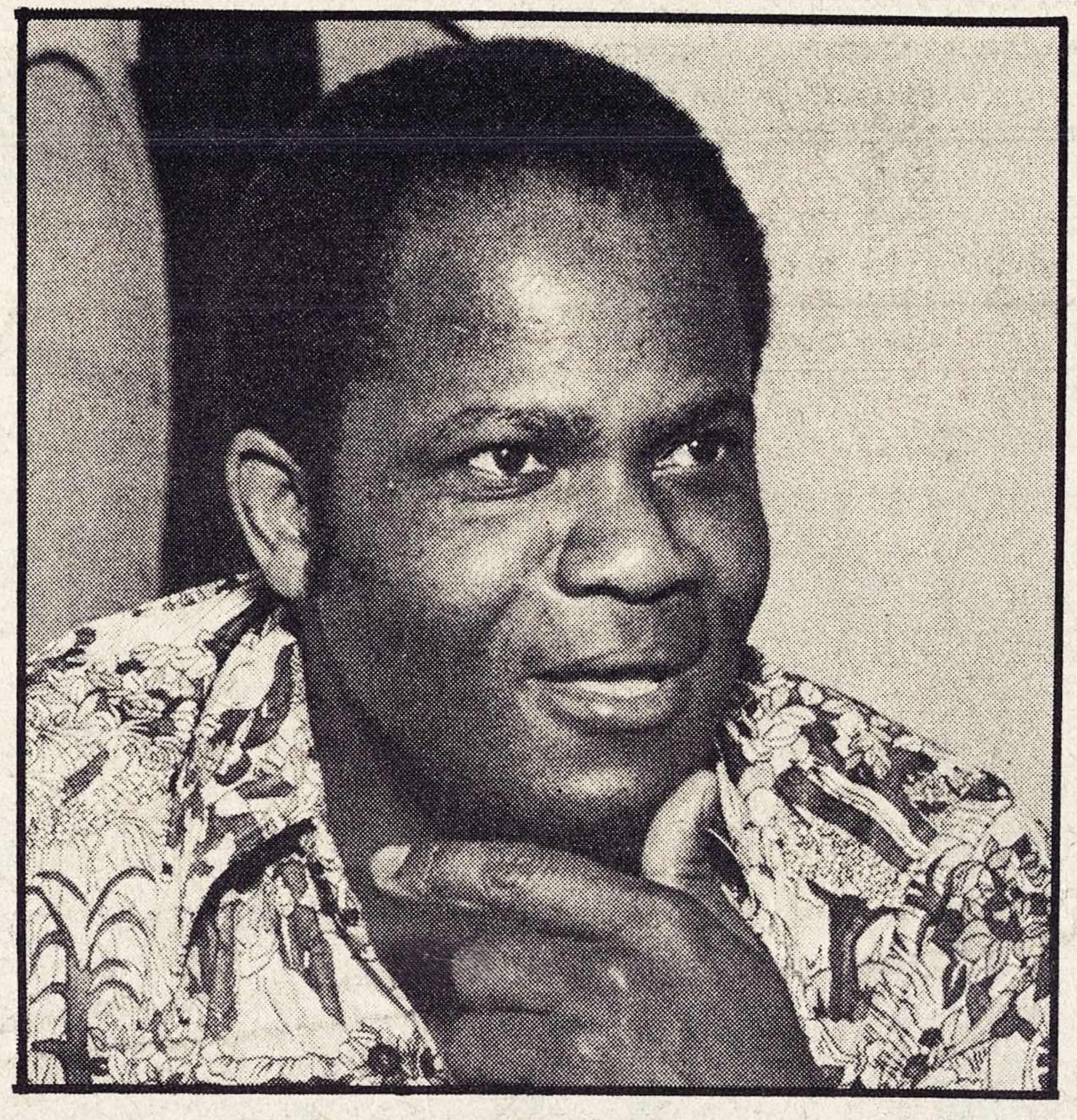
"It was coming up to Christmas you know, so for the music we wanted something appropriate. First of all I put it to 'Silent Night' but that was too obvious. Then I got it. You know what 'Hold What You Got' is? It's 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty'."

The end of the feature approaches; we have to cut the narrative short. Suffice to say that "Hold What You Got" catapulted Joe up among the soul stars and introduced a run of about 25 hits, nearly all from his storehouse of wit and wisdom. "You can't imagine how I felt man. My son was born on December 6, '64, and the same month I finally hit paydirt."

DURING HIS five or six years among the big names Joe became a Muslim and began dividing his time between show-biz and God's biz, at first simultaneously then in alternating shifts. When he wasn't in the charts he'd be away from the limelight, preaching and fund-raising. Which is exactly what he was doing when Killen negotiated the deal with Epic that's turned Joe's life around once more.

But throughout his changes he's kept writing nifty little cameos of life's funky sides. For instance on "I Gotcha" he played the sneaky lecher seducing a young innocent, and that was cut after his first heavy trip on religion. Finally, I wondered, did he have any trouble balancing and relating the different sides of his life?

"The only thing I can say is that it's all reality; I don't handle fiction too well. Stuff like getting the little girl to sneak behind the house, that's real. Every man or boy at one time or another has either done that or wanted to do it. I would rather face the truth than deal with something further down the road. You gotta come back and face it eventually anyway.



"I guess I just been blessed with the ability to go from one extreme to the other. That's the way God's creation is. In making you a fullgrown human being God will take you from one extreme to the other and test you. You have to be able to deal with life on whatever level you're on.

"Like for me, when there's no hits I settle into that and accept it because that's not going to last forever. That's a test, when you're down low . . . no money, no gigs, whatever. When things are going good, your bankroll is heavy, everybody is healthy, steak and champagne on the table, that's also a test. To see if you can handle it.

"It's like a ship on the sea, rocking from side to side. Are you gonna crack up, blow your brains out, go on hard drugs, or are you gonna be man enough to weather the storm? It's all a test. If you pull through God says, 'O.K., I'll put you back on dry land, you're a man now'."

Next time you think you hear thunder rolling just keep in mind that it's probably just an Almighty disco night. *He's* obviously a bump fan.

Take some crackle out of your pop.

To produce an LP costs thousands of pounds.
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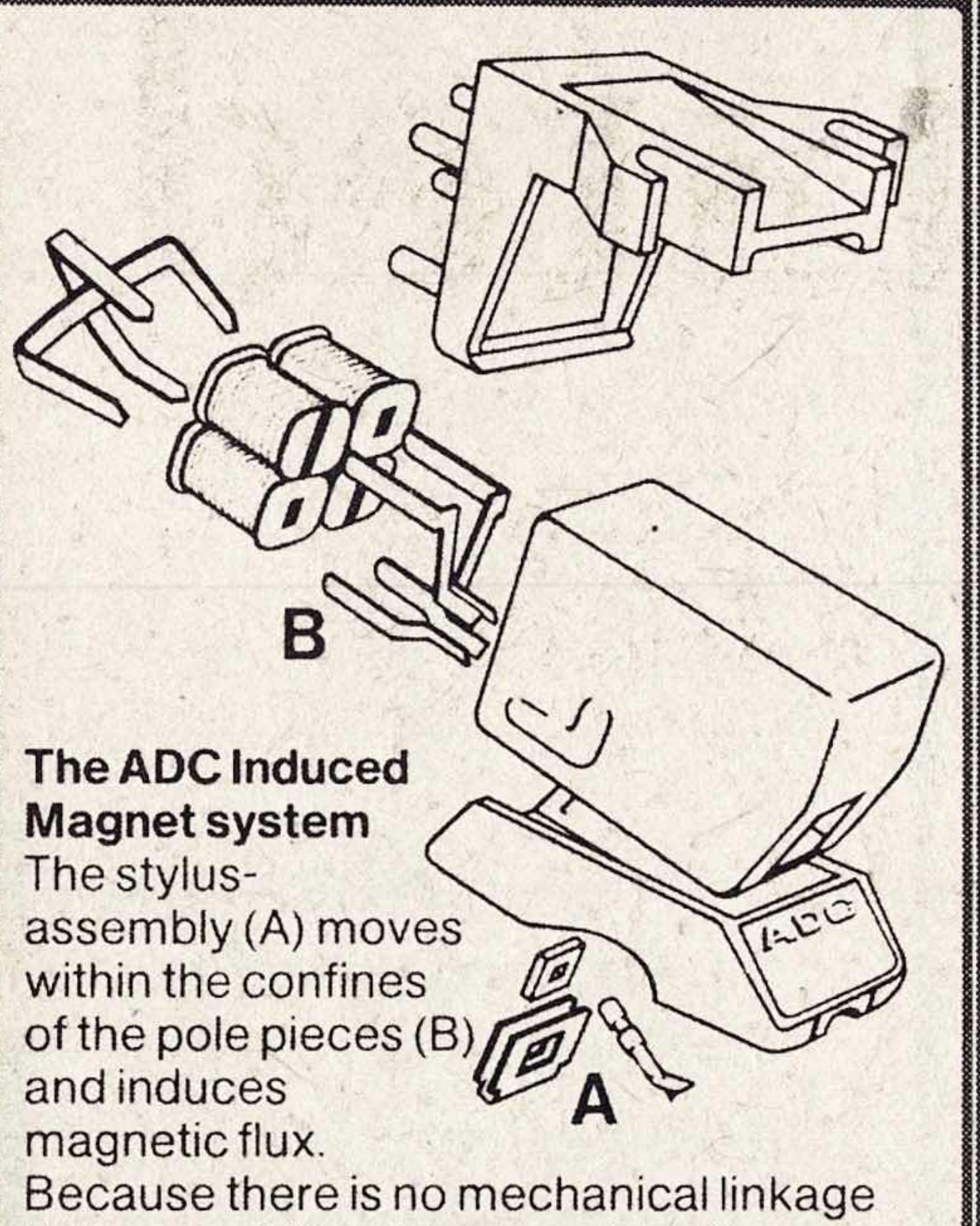

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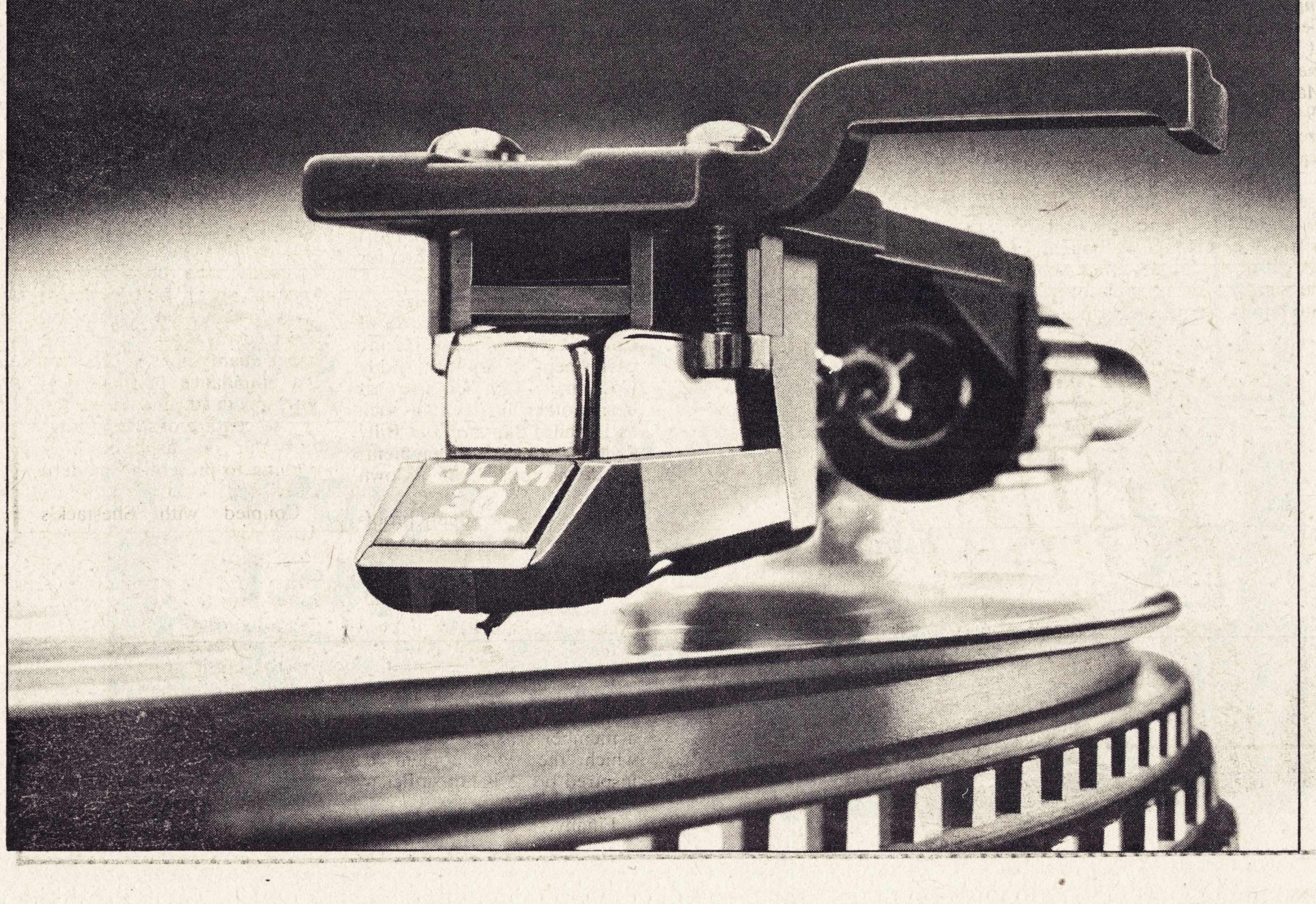


One morning I called Dylan and asked him what he was doing.
"Eating a piece of toast and listening to Smokey Robinson," he replied.
"I'm going to have to leave the band," I said.
"Okay," he said.
"See ya," I said.
"Okay," he said.

BACKSTAGE PASSES — Rock 'n' Roll Life in the Sixties

Al Kooper with Ben Edmonds
(Stein and Day)

AL KOOPER's in just the right position to write a split-level memoir of '60s rock: he never got to be so big a star that his memoirs would be totally about himself, but he got into enough different scenes and encountered enough true All-Time Greats to be able to provide an extraordinary cross-section of the musical events of 1959-1969 in the U.S.A.

You want inside the Brill Building and its environs at the turn of the decade? You want Zimmerman scam that covers the classic "Like A Rolling Stone"/Newport. Festival period? You want to know how Blood, Sweat and Tears came to be and how they ended up the way they (bleccch!) did?

You want to know all kinds of stuff that's so esoteric and so trivial that you didn't even want to know it?

Let Koopertours take you there!

Over the years, Kooper has had a long and productive career which has been tangental to those of a lot of other people who are a lot more famous and — come to think of it — a lot more *interesting* than he is. Which is why the account of Kooper's Progress from The Royal Teens to Bob Dylan to the Blues Project to Blood Sweat and Tears to CBS staff producer to Mike Bloomfield to solo artist and all round all purpose rock megalophrene hardly ever flags.

Edited and occasionally interrupted by Ben Edmonds, the book was compiled from memorabilious taping sessions — though Edmonds emphasises in his introduction that Kooper isn't some dunced-out schnurdo babbling away to himself in a corner, and that he hasn't ghosted it, not to mention assuring the reader that he's "one-on-one with Al Kooper."

With some trepidation, one notes that he appends the suffix "Good Luck" to this announcement.

In the text, Kooper comes over as a likeably obnoxious wiseass. In real life, he has been known to come on as a plain ol' *ordinary* obnoxious wiseass.

The style is an agreeable balance between witty and snotty, conversational and coherent. The quotes on the back include "The most interesting and amusing rock 'n' roll book I've ever read" (Elton John said that) and Most interesting and humorous" (Brian Wilson said that), so what can I do other than add a languid *yea* to the extant accolades?

For gossip hotlix, vital trivia for instant *Zigzag*-upmanship and a bunch of great pictures (particularly the Dylan stuff), you can't beat Koopertours. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

In fact, I'm going again next year.

Charles Shaar Murray

MYSTERY TRAIN

Greil Marcus
(Omnibus)

PROBABLY the best book ever written about rock," claims the cover blurb. That, of course, is arguable, but it certainly has the loftiest ambitions of any book yet written about rock.

Marcus has chosen four artists — Randy Newman, Sly Stone, The Band and Elvis Presley — and has tried to examine, with a pervasive understanding not usual in rock writing, the wider cultural implications of their music.

At first glance those musicians seem an odd choice. Why not the Beatles — or Dylan?

Because, according to Marcus, what those four have in common is that they all have at some time described, contributed to, refuted or simply broached a sense of American identity. They have all run into problems with their individual searches for a sense of place — those problems, the results in their music and the difficulty of defining American identity are the main concerns of *Mystery Train*.

There are moments when his ambitions run away with him; some of the connections made are tenuous, and you feel that he is looking so hard that he's bound to find what he wants — but for the most part, his perception is acute and thorough.

The book is divided into four chapters, with an introductory chapter dealing with Harmonica Frank (a spirited country blues singer whom Sam Phillips recorded in one of his early attempts to find Elvis) and Robert Johnson, both of whom Marcus considers rock 'n'roll precursors. There is also an entertaining and detailed discography that would be fascinating reading even without the rest of the book.

Marcus has been writing about rock for almost a decade, originally with an underground paper in San Francisco and later with *Rolling Stone* and *Creem*. In the hands of someone less capable this book could easily have been a lot of heavy-handed nonsense, but his lively, witty and authoritative style prevents that from being so.

The weakest part of the book is the chapter on Randy Newman. Even though Newman's songs (or "sledgehammer ironies" as Marcus calls them) do evoke a strong sense of American tradition, in the context of the book he isn't very important, and Marcus

SIDESWIPE

ROCK
READING
MATTER

One nice Jewish boy meets another — plus drunken Texan. (L/r): AL KOOPER, BOB DYLAN, DOUG SAHM (1966).

Is it significant that Dylan graduated on the same day that Lord Kitchener drowned?

seems unsure of what he wants to say about him.

The remaining chapters, however, do not suffer from any lack of focus. There is a long, compassionate examination of Elvis' career and the forces at work when he began recording (musically and otherwise, there were more than you might expect).

The Band are an obvious inclusion. Their music is rich with a timeless folklore tradition, and Marcus conveys that richness and its importance to an American identity without letting his admirations for The Band get in the way of his conclusions.

The part of the book that best illustrates what Marcus has tried to do is the chapter on Sly Stone. He examines the whole bad-ass black outlaw myth, from its beginning in the folklore character of 'Staggerlee' through to Superfly and other current variations. Then he goes into what it meant to Sly and how Sly did an about-face with the release of "Riot Goin On", not only refusing to play his part but trying to show how hollow and repressive the myth is anyway.

That, like the rest of *Mystery Train,* is a highly personal view that goes well beyond the scope of most rock books, and even if Marcus' ambition sometimes get a little pretentious, it's still a refreshing change.

Paul Rambaldi

THE ILLUSTRATED ROCK ALMANAC

Compiled, written and edited by Pearce Marchbank and Miles. (Paddington Press)

I AM writing this review on my birthday. I flick open the relevant page of the book to discover that on this auspicious day the first television interview took place in 1936, the *International Times* 14-hour Technicolour Dream was held at Alexandra Palace in 1967, that Hugh Hopper of Soft Machine fame was born in 1945 and that J. B. Lenoir, great bluesman, died in a car crash in Detroit in 1967.

This book is a fund of such useful/useless information guaranteed to entertain all lovers of such trivia. Although it's called the *Rock Almanac,* the subject matter spills over into books, sport, drugs, pirate radio, politics, anything in fact which can be welded into the overall concept of Rock Kulture.

The idea of arranging all this information on a day-to-day basis is an intriguing one which should keep astrology buffs and fact freeks busy and could add a whole new dimension to hip chatter.

Did you know for instance that Pete Townshend, Eric Burdon, Alma Cogan, Ho Chi Minh and Malcolm X all have or had birthdays on May 19th?

That "Sgt. Pepper's" was first released in England on the same day that *Superman* was launched by Action Comics (also the birthday of Marilyn Monroe and Pat Boone)?

Is it significant that Bob Dylan graduated from Hibbing High School on June 5, the same day that Lord Kitchener drowned?

Or that Billy the Kid was shot on the same day that Marat was assassinated?

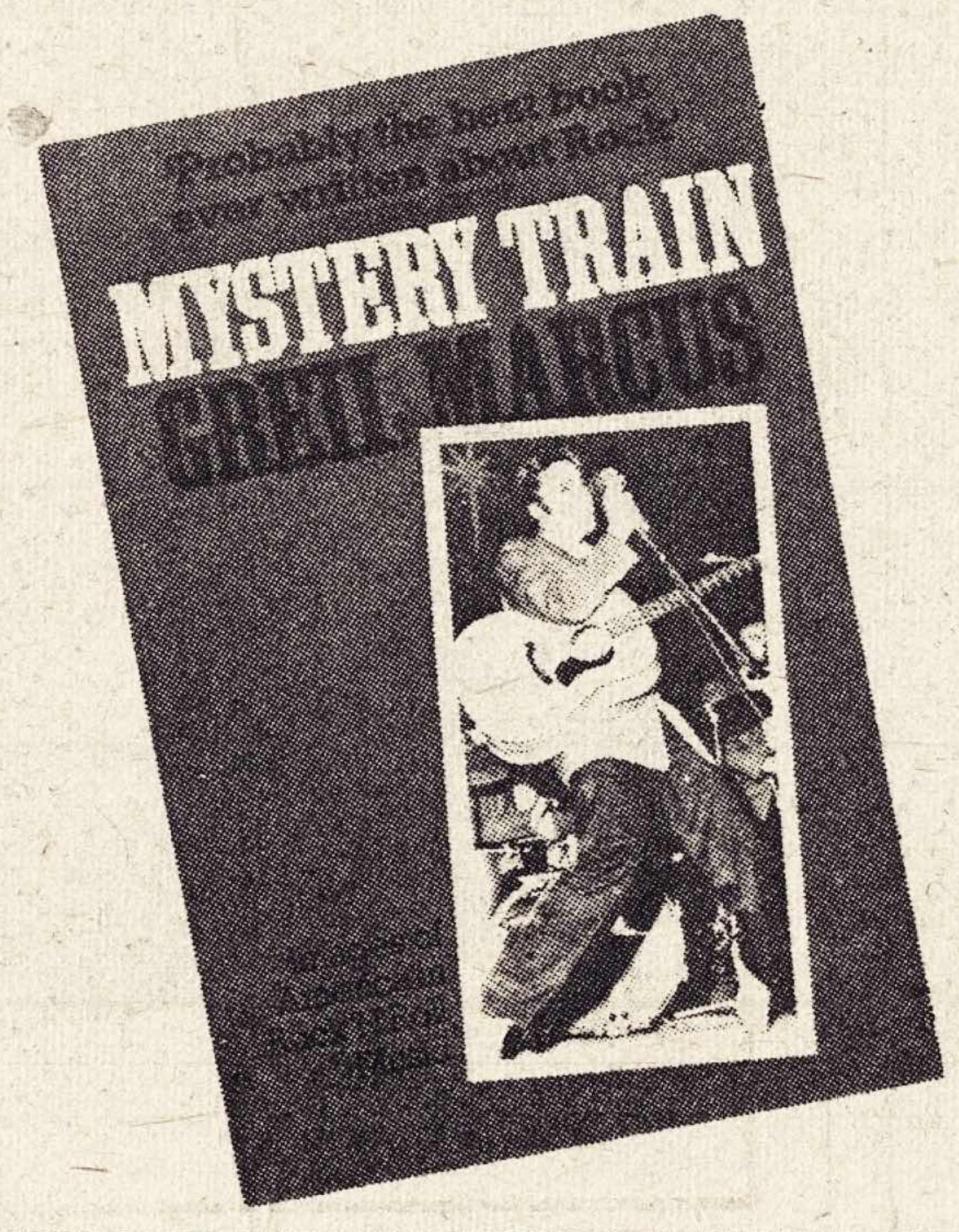
Or even that *Ready Steady Go* was first launched on the same day that Sharon Tate and friends were cut up?

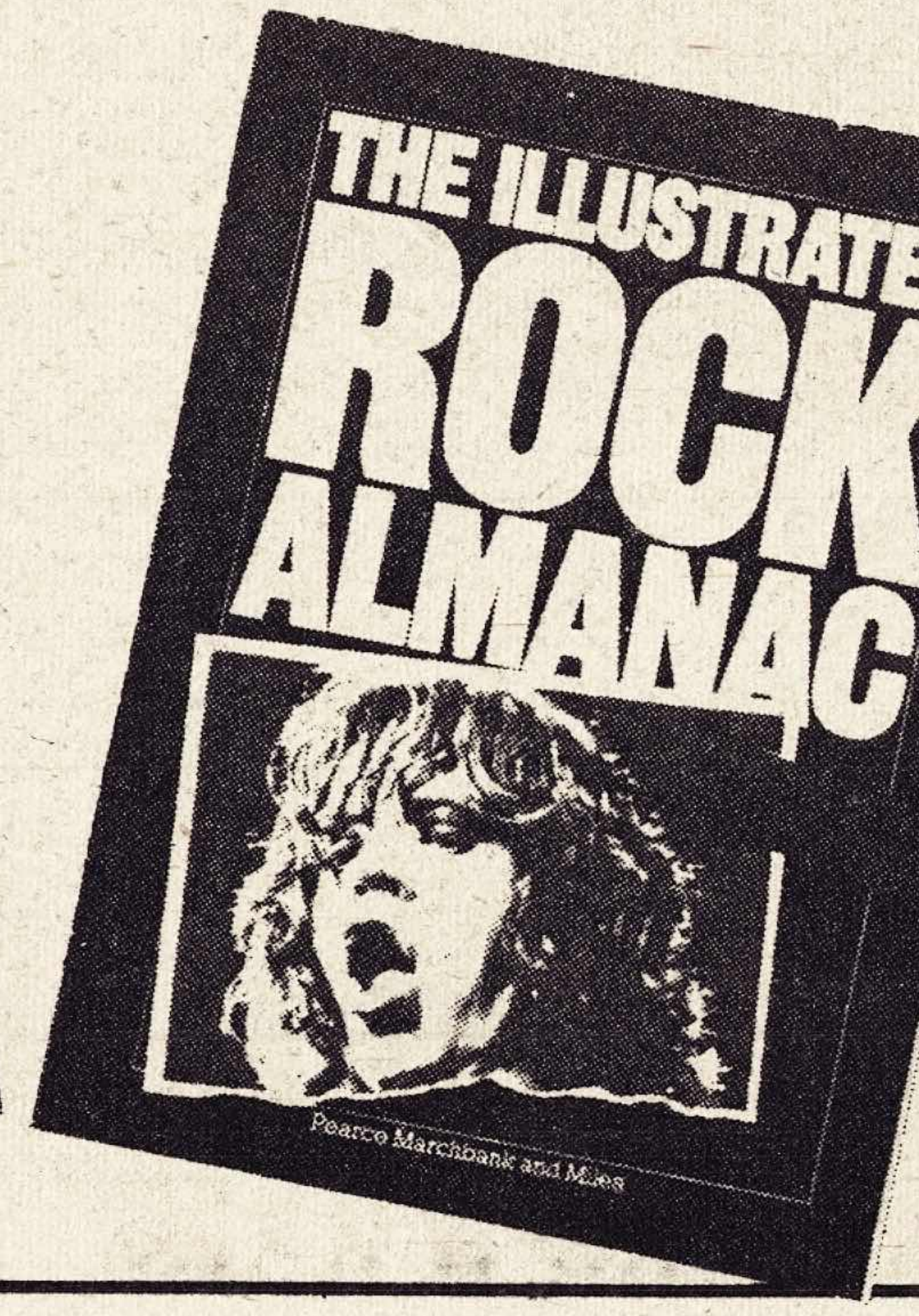
Who knows? *(Gee, I thought you wuz gonna tell us. — Ed.)*

The strength of the book is that most of the information is interesting and the fully-illustrated layout is excellent, with a mass of unusual pictures and ephemera such as John and Yoko's marriage certificate and the FBI "Patty Hearst Wanted" poster.

My biggest criticism is that the book doesn't have an index, so if you want to use it for reference as opposed to a browse, you can't. With that remedied and with updates in future editions (like all the punk information) this could easily become a wacky standard work.

Dick Tracy





THE HISTORY OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

Ritchie Yorke (Methuen/Two Continents)

THIS PARTICULAR history of rock 'n' roll was originally written as a script for a series on a Toronto music station (probably similar in concept to Radio One's *The Story Of Pop)* and has, I believe, been successful on that level.

No doubt the addition of a soundtrack makes a world of difference. The script on its own is, I'm afraid, of scant value.

Yorke tackles the rock era year by year (1955-1975) presumably to make satisfactory intersections for a radio series, though such divisions are of little use in explaining the development of the music.

Also Yorke has given a political backdrop to the musical events. Unfortunately, his hip slang is not really appropriate when used in a political context ("Spiro Agnew avoided criminal action by copping a plea with the justice department and quitting his gig").

Moreover, out of his juxtaposition of politics and rock music, he sometimes conjures moments of absurd bathos. Thus, the year of Kennedy's assassination: "1963 was a heavy year for the new generation, and the most successful year thus far for female vocal groups."

There are other failings.

He seems to know little of Eddie Cochran, and in any case keeps calling him Eddy Cochrane. This can be set beside other mis-spellings such as Lynnard Sknnard and Billy Swann. In one magic moment, the 'e' is missed off his own name.

These may be simply proof-reading errors, though no less blame-worthy for that. In any case, the blame for identifying the year of Bob Dylan's motorcycle accident as 1967 and not 1966 is nobody's but the author's.

There are other minor errors (Graham Gouldman was never a member of The Hollies) for which the odd moment of inspired prose is not sufficient compensation.

Finally, one paragraph describing Elton John's activities in 1974 on page 168 turns up again, slightly rewritten, on page 173 to describe John's activities in 1975. Yorke's deadline difficulties are cruelly exposed.

I'm sorry. This is a superficial book, badly written.

Bob Woffinden

THE COUNTRY MUSIC ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Melvin Shestack (Omnibus Press)

THIS BOOK'S problem is that it isn't cool. Melvin Shestack is obviously a man who *loves* country music — which is fine — but when writing an encyclopaedia he ought to have dampened his ardour and steered a little further away from the kind of wide-eyed prose that has branded Nashville fanzines and record company publicity blurbs since the year dot.

You know the sort of thing: "Handsome, home-loving Wesley Saddle, one of the brightest stars in the Nashville firmament, is a man you've taken to your hearts in a big, big way" — and so on.

Shestack, it must be emphasised, isn't *that* indiscreet, but he could do with toning down, right from the very first entry in his 200-odd alphabetic list of artists — ACUFF, ROY, which starts.

"The King is what they call him, and though there are a couple of pretenders to the throne . . .etc . . . His sceptre is a fiddle bow . . . etc."

However, once you get used to wordy style things improve quite dramatically. Drawing on interviews from various publications, personal meetings, PR material and anecdotes from country fans, Shestack injects some fascinating chunks of human interest into his biographies.

The entry on hip Texan outlaw Willie Nelson is a case in point — as Shestack recalls:

"The first time I saw Willie Nelson he was dressed in pleated slacks and a Perry Como sweater, his hair almost in a crew-cut. He stood under a papier mache arbor and sang a Christian hymn."

On facts, this 375-page, large-format softback is hard to fault. Although first published in the US back in 1974 it still doesn't miss out on many major artists, and gives comprehensive biographical details.

It doesn't go right overboard on old-timers, and the new wave of artists (Nelson, Kinky Friedman, Kristofferson, Dolly Parton, Waylon Jennings etc.) is reasonably well represented (although David Allen Coe is a notable absentee).

The discography at the back, however, is not much use — consisting only of a list of records by major artists available in 1974.

Finally, the book's visual appeal, once you've opened the cowboy boot-decorated silver cover, is almost nil. The paper quality does not present the abundance of black and white pix to advantage, and the fair percentage of side-partings and hair oil displayed does nothing to present a "modern vibe."

Coupled with Shestack's dated style the book's appearance gives you a decided feeling that you're about to study an artform that's long been a museum piece — instead of the brash, colourful artifact that country music in fact is.

All in all the flaws are very regrettable — since there really is a lot of life and love in *The Encyclopaedia of Country Music's* pages, once you get past the barriers.

Jack Scott

Discover a new Dolly Parton!

NEW HARVEST ... FIRST GATHERING
Dolly Parton

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Winners of the MM FOLK BAND OF THE YEAR award, Five Hand Reel are recognised as one of Britain's leading electric folk bands. They are one of the very few bands who have managed to fully capture the real spirit of electric folk, yet remain true to the traditional roots. The sheer quality of their performances guaranteeing them an appreciative reception wherever they go.

For A' That
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RCA

SINGLES

Sensual Sinderella "sends" Steamed-up Scribe

I'll give her five, says TONY STEWART

SINGLE OF THE WEEK
HEART: Dreamboat Annie (Arista). One of the most welcome surprises of our last Readers' Poll was that you good people voted Ann Wilson one of the best vocalists, and her group Heart a promising emergent band. Though I had my doubts about them as a stage act when at the New Vic last year (although I did drool over the spectacle of Ann as rock's sensual Cinderella), on record they are excellent.

"Crazy 'Bout You" accurately illustrated their intelligent imagination as an exciting rock outfit, and now Arista have wisely released the title track of the album which houses the other single as well. "Dreamboat Annie" (what an appropriate title) is a particularly thoughtful song based on Nancy Wilson's brisk acoustic guitar work with a gentle undulating rhythm underneath, while above Ann sings the main melody with pure sensitivity.

And on a week when there is such fierce competition for this high accolade in the column I should like to remind you all I'm as crazy bout this track as I am about Ann's physical splendour.

RE-RELEASED SINGLE OF THE WEEK
P.P. ARNOLD: First Cut Is The Deepest (Immediate). Not only does Ms Arnold have the rare distinction of having put Keith Emerson firmly in his place when he was a member of her backing group The Nice, but she can sing the knickers off practically any other female vocalist you care to name. A hit ten years ago P.P.'s soulful reading of the Cat Stevens classic is *still* powerful enough to blunt the finest diamond stylus, and it contains such intense emotion it easily burns a large, gaping hole right through Rich Rod's comparatively tame version, now high in the charts.

But even in '77 the excellence of this record's production and the brilliance of the arrangement, a superb synthesis of rock instruments, brass and strings, is staggering. Quality like this is rare, and P.P. never made anything as good again, but she has the ability, and should be dragged away from the Small Faces and a record company should invest money and faith in her talent.

UNRELEASED SINGLE OF THE WEEK
STEVE WINWOOD: Time is Running Out (Island). Although this record is not on sale it's worth reviewing simply because it is proof that Winwood's proposed solo album is not merely wishful thinking by Island or the music press. Of all our contemporary musicians it is almost criminal that Steve, who is undoubtedly one of the most talented, should never have paraded his considerable abilities on an album of his own. Indeed, with the Spencer Davis Group, Traffic and even Blind Faith he was the musical mainman, but his versatility was always to some extent tempered in a group format. When *Rolling Stone* reviewed the Average White Band's second album they lamented it could so easily have been a direction Traffic could have successfully explored. True, but a closer parallel for Winwood is really with Stevie Wonder. Now, on this limited edition single with the simple funk rhythm provided by Rebop on congas and the Willie Weeks — Andy Newmark bass and drums team, he is at last exploiting his own potential and working hard and well with guitar, organ and clavinet. Admittedly it's not the best song he and Jim Capaldi have written, but he sings it well, and although his voice is more subdued than usual it hasn't gone unnoticed that the vocal phrasing has more than a passing resemblance to that on the SDG's "I'm A Man." And on the flip there's an instrumental version of basically the same song, with Steve experimenting further with synthesisers. Winwood solo is now an encouraging reality.

TWO DOUBLE SIX THROWS
NILS LOFGREN: I Came To Dance (A&M). Forget the lean meanness of his face and the general vibe projected that he's the original punk kid, because Lofgren writes and performs the best pop (repeat *pop*) music that's blessed the '70s. From the album of the same name, this is an uptempo and strongly melodic cut, probably the most commercial of all the tracks and a song that so accurately represents this aspect of Nils' talent. And the lines *"I'm not Bob Dylan but I never miss a beat / I ain't no philosopher I dance in the street"* sums up his approach. A big, big hit!

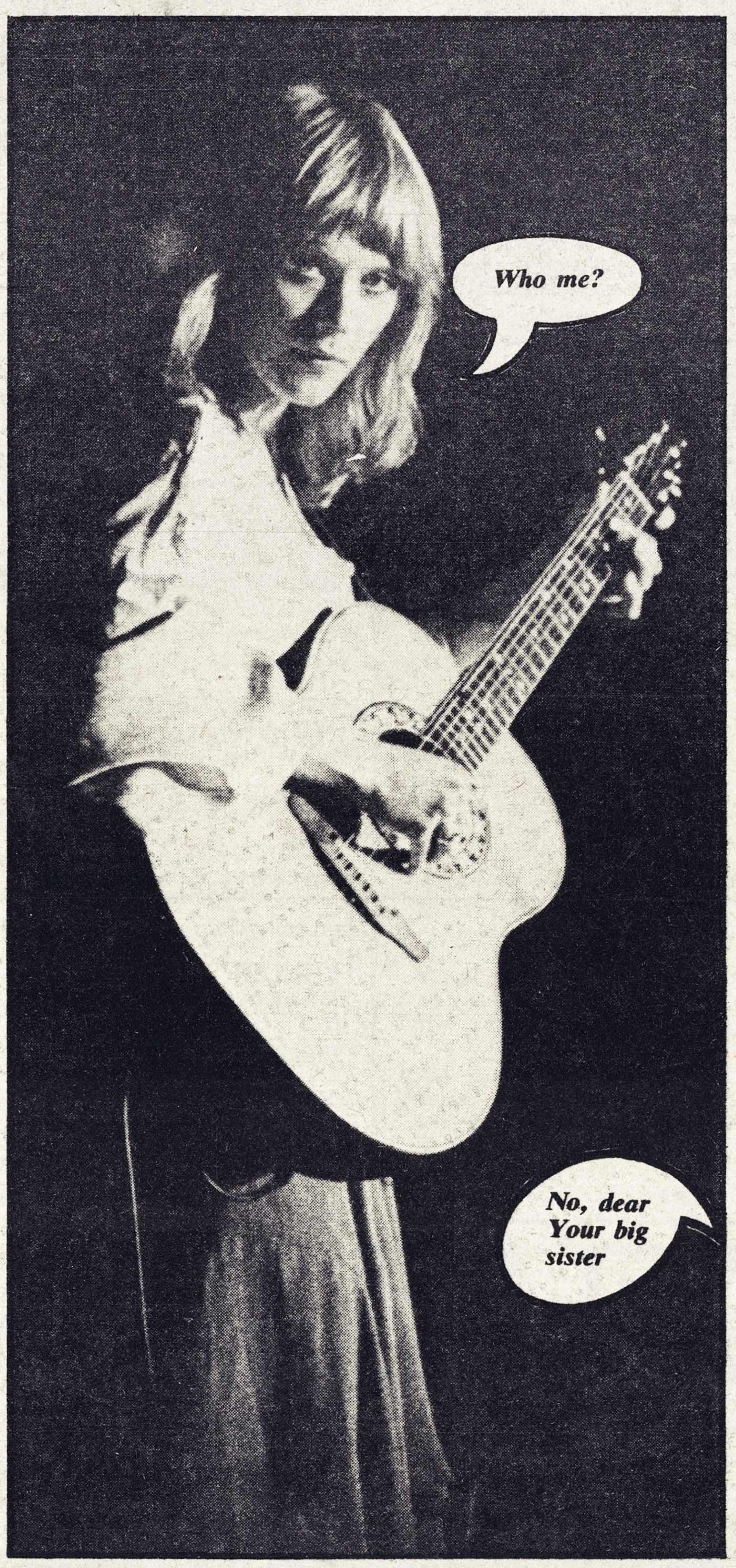
FRANKIE MILLER: Be Good To Yourself (Chrysalis). Quite simply the song is dynamite. The band crank along with all the feel of a Stax rhythm section and Miller lays to bed the best vocal I've heard him use for a long, long time.

STARZ: Cherry Baby (Capitol). An American trash band that has something in common with Kiss and Aerosmith (other than the same manager and producer respectively) and rumour is that when the dreadful Kiss "develop" musically these boys will step forward to take their place. Some future, eh? But by that time they may have ideas of their own, because this single has already cracked the US Top 30, and in style they seem to have aspirations towards the kind of music Boston and Kansas play so much better. From their second album, "Cherry Baby" is ragged-arsed but honky rock 'n' roll.

RACING CARS: Ladee-Lo (Chrysalis). Taken from their debut album "Downtown Tonight" this track is the most obvious follow-up to their hit "They Shoot Horses Don't They" earlier this year. Similar rhythm, same tastefully lazy vocals, exemplary instrumentation . . . In other words, the quality and style "Horses" projected, which is my main complaint. The Cars' talent is considerably broader and, because their record company decide to play it safe, the singles public is given a comparatively poor carbon of the first hit when there is better material on the album. Mind you Heads, Hands and Feet did it all five years ago, but then we can't all be innovators . . . like (fanfare please) Weather Report.

WEATHER REPORT: Birdland (CBS). Regrettably there's no chance of this single being a hit, but who *really* cares? It's still worth bringing to your attention because of the fine musicianship of this ambitious band. As "Birdland" and the flip "The Juggler" both show, their music is not just a daunting exercise in instrumental indulgence, but a lesson in control, taste and grace. And if this mention encourages you to check out their catalogue, then they couldn't ask for a greater compliment. At least they haven't compromised their principles, which is more than you say about this next lot.

THE STRANGLERS: Peaches/Go Buddy Go (UA): Double-A-side from the most commercially successful New Wave band. "Peaches" owes more than a little to the R&B story raps the Downliners Sect were playing just as competently 15 years ago, and you might possibly have heard Chuck Berry steaming through a repertoire that contains at least half a dozen numbers like "Go Buddy Go". Still, that really doesn't matter (does it?) because the New Wave are more concerned with *principles* and rattling the bones of Rock's apathetic elite. Good luck to 'em. But ripping off the old timers' material to do it strikes me as being as pointless as dragging a moribund body off its death bed and then beating it over the head with its own mattress. Inject new ideas, not old formulae! More alarming is the fact that they've made a special pressing of this record for the Beeb to play and changed certain *offensive* words for more innocent ones. For example "clitoris" magically becomes "bikini". So how can anybody destroy a system they presumably despise (and of which the Beeb has such frightening control) when they meekly conform to a redundant code of attitudes? Perhaps all The Stranglers want is airplay so they can have hits and become rich and successful. But are they really more interested in fame than *principles?*


Who me?
No, dear Your big sister

NANCY WILSON of HEART (by MURRAY CLOSE)

VALERIE CARTER: Ooh Child (CBS): Bad news travels fast in this biz and unfortunately the word is out that poor Valerie was way out of her depth supporting The Eagles at Wembley (See page 19). All is not lost, because this is certainly a respectable single release. Although her vocals are delicate she does manage to handle this beautiful little song well, which also features some finely restrained playing by Feat's guitarist, Lowell George. It might be worth checking out the album.

STEVE MILLER BAND: Jet Airliner (Mercury): By now it can't have gone unnoticed that this week's pile contains quite a number of rather excellent singles and Steve Miller has come up with an interesting cut from his forthcoming (and long overdue) album as well. Smacks of "Crossroads" in the opening guitar riff, but once settled down the band show all the fiery qualities which made "Fly Like An Eagle" such a memorable set. Biggest surprise stylistically, besides Miller dropping the elaborate synthesised effects which figured on "Eagle", is on the flip, "Babes In The Wood". I mean, did Horslips really infiltrate the sessions and slip in one of their Celtic melodies?

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: Telephone Line (Jet): During their career the ELO have made some of the best singles of the '70s, not least of all the wonderful "Livin' Thing", and yet they've worked with a style that is often blatantly derivative, particularly of the classics. Usually the magic of the orchestra in full flight, powered by some considerable muscle in the engine room, persuades you to forgive them for it, but sometimes their influences are so obvious some kind of comment must be made. And here they sound just like the Bee Gees. Still, that isn't exactly a major criticism.

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS: Baby Don't Change Your Mind (Buddah)/FREDA PAYNE: I Get High (On Your Memory) (Capitol): Two great ladies of soul reduced to making banal fodder for the hip young sceenies who clatter about discos on their platform shoes. And if this is the kind of demand they make on artistes of this calibre they have about as much musical taste as they do dress sense.

BLONDIE: In The Flesh (Private Stock): Blondie sounds like a lithping Twinkle, but probably recorded this naked just to get the right *sensual* edge on the song. Despite having a band who think they're as inoffensively cleancut as The Tornadoes, Blondie's own attempt to recreate '50s doo-wop is weak.

VAN MORRISON: The Eternal Kansas City (Warner Bros): If you're desperate enough to buy singles in the first place (and not albums), then forget about the dreadful A-side, and instead listen to "Joyous Sound", a cut that swings with at least some of Van's old flair even if he sounds a touch like Georgie Fame. "Kansas City" has the usual trappings of his style — brass and a sharp, jabby rhythm section — but the song is appalling and comes over as Morrison auditioning for a part in "Oklahoma". It's *not* too late to stop now, Van.

ROGER McGUINN: American Girl (CBS): Seems the worst thing an artiste can do is repay a tribute paid to him by another musician by covering the song himself. So here we have McGuinn struggling through Tom Petty's "American Girl" with all the usual nervousness afflicting his vocals. If I had as limited a range as Roger then my voice might shake as well. Of course this song closes Petty's own album, and I know which version I prefer.

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: My Wheels Won't Turn (Mercury): "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" was their first hit in '75 and then, unfortunately, we didn't see nothing again; until now. This is a down-the-line stomper (there is after all one in every singles pile), but healthily treated with a moderately persuasive vocal. No great strain on the imagination but if you fancy a wild romp across the dance floor this'll rattle dem bones for you.

THE USERS: Sick Of You (Raw): Finally . . . in *my* personal search for the New Wave band that would *definitely* be the future of rock 'n' roll I've encountered all sorts of problems. Even The Adverts weren't bad 'n' nasty enough for the accolade, and the most likely candidates of all, a group called XTC who claimed to be led by a guy described as "a nuclear-powered Syd Barrett", just weren't talentless enough. But today I discovered The Users. Remember the name, coz they're wild and crazy and made this single with dreadful sneering lyrics and a backing that sounds like an even-more-deranged Black Sabbath. Raw sent us a second copy of this record because they claimed the first was badly pressed, but I had a hard job telling the difference. So don't forget who told you about The Users first . . . me!

Superstardom For The Devil

NME dons crucifix and overviews the new Satan flicks.

SILVER SCREEN

The Eyes have it: Top right, Cristina Raines gets edgy in 'The Sentinel; Right: Burgess Meredith gets familiar; Below: Karen Black gets offended in 'Burnt Offering.'

The Sentinel (X)

Directed by Michael Winner

Starring Cristina Raines, Chris Sarandon and Burgess Meredith

"*The Sentinel* is intended to show what hell is like. And surely the more scarifying hell is depicted, the more people are going to strive for a place in heaven."

Attributable to the film's director, that glib statement is typical of a man who, over the past decade, has consistently proved to be a technically proficient purveyor of ephemeral entertainments *(The Mechanic, Death Wish* etc.).

However, if you consider a few *frissons* to be worthwhile returns for your quid, *The Sentinel* is certainly a better bet than last year's irritatingly po-faced *The Omen.*

Anyone who saw the "Satan Superstar" *Everyman* report on TV will know that not only is diabolism big box office, the film industry's current obsession with it is taken extremely seriously by theologians.

The Sentinel has been condemned by the powerful Catholic authorities in America as "disgusting, obscene, and a distortion of all Christian symbols." What they really object to is the physical incarnation of the Devil as opposed to the image of an unseen, impotent God. But parts of Winner's film can be fairly described as "disgusting".

Never one loath to jump on a bandwagon, Winner has slickly turned Jeffrey Konvitz's bestseller into a thriller which, whilst only remotely convincing, intermittently delivers the vicarious goods (something *The Omen,* for all its solemn grisliness, palpably failed to do).

The first few minutes are nothing so much as a compendium of other generic examples: thus, opening in Northern Italy (of *The Exorcist* and Iraq), limousines are seen parked outside a church (of *The Omen*) as a cabal of clerics contemplate Something Awful.

Their leader is Arthur Kennedy (of his identical role in *The Anti-Christ*), soon transported to New York's skyscrapered landscape (of *Death Wish*), where Cristina Raines is a successful model (of *Lipstick*) searching for an unfurnished apartment (of *Rosemary's Baby*).

Once it has been established that Ms Raines is not, as detective Eli Wallach suspects, merely "a poor, deranged girl" but an unsuspecting pawn in the battle between Catholicism (portrayed surprisingly unsympathetically) and Satan's minions (portrayed horribly vividly), Winner's economical style comes into its own.

Although he's still fetishistic about hard, sharp images and bright, shiny surfaces (and his penchant for zooms continues unabated), Winner has enough Gothic sense to milk the most from an apartment-block full of weirdos (including a bovine lesbian couple with a predilection for wordless masturbation); the heroine's bizarre sexual dreams; a truly nauseating murder by mutilation of a syphillitic body, and a whole slew of thriller-movie cliches (swaying chandeliers, clanging metal, footsteps in empty rooms, things that go bump in the night).

Poor Cristina Raines. She begins the film looking like a dark Faye Dunaway — similar finely-wrought features, high cheekbones, almond eyes and generous mouth — but gradually becomes increasingly wan as, popping depressants, her morbid fantasies consume her.

Crafty Old Nick has certainly come a long way since afflicting Poor Old Job with boils.

Monty Smith

Burnt Offerings (AA)

Directed by Dan Curtis

Starring Oliver Reed, Karen Black and Bette Davis

THE ONLY thing *Burnt Offerings* has in common with *The Sentinel* is the presence of Burgess Meredith. In Winner's film he's an eccentric old animal lover; here he's an eccentric old pederast in a wheelchair who rents out his somewhat dilapidated mansion as a summer home to suitable families.

In both movies, his appearances are colourfully brief but there, as I said, any similarity ends. For whereas Winner goes in for physical revulsion as a means to frighten his audience, Dan Curtis prefers to practice the noble art of spinetingling through mood and atmospherics. And the Devil, thank God, has got nothing to do with it.

The monster here is the House, which feeds off 'burnt offerings' (ie the people who live under its roof). The ominous music swelling on the soundtrack as Mom Karen Black, Dad Oliver Reed, Don Lee Montgomery and Aunt Bette Davis first approach the House immediately tips us off that All Is Not Right.

To be greeted at the door by a toothless Dub Taylor is about as welcoming as being met by Igor.

Once the family has been left alone with (sorry, in) the House, Curtis expertly generates a pervasive feeling of unease. The nervous, edgy camerawork (often from a curious, lower-than-is-usual viewpoint) is nicely contrasted with the luminous photography to create an intriguing, sunny malevolence and each edit works like a series of cumulative tics.

The ethereally tinkling piano adds to the finely balanced tension and it is left to various mundane inanimate objects to further tease the audience: like the huge collection of ornately-framed photographs depicting (presumably) long-forgotten ancestral faces, all with sinisterly staring eyes.

As Houseproud Mom cleans one of many mirrors, we catch her reflection and the intense concentration on her face implies she is being taken over by . . . by what? Ah, that would be telling. But in a subtly chilling moment, Curtis fleetingly freezes the frame on her staring eyes as a lap dissolve edit forces us to ponder matters anew.

It's a shame that this beautifully built-up atmosphere of menace, so carefully cultivated by Curtis, is somewhat dissipated at inopportune moments by Oliver Reed (in sneakers and steel-rimmed glasses, making a passable stab at a Yankee accent) rather irrelevantly remembering his mother's funeral and an evilly smiling, cadaverous hearse driver.

But, from the safety of the stalls, there's still much to enjoy. Even the boy is fairly unobjectionable (if a bit slow on the uptake) and Madame Davis strolls imperiously through the mansion as though to the manner born.

What a pity, then, that the overwrought climax is predictably precipitated by one of the dumbest actions a screen heroine has ever been required to make. Shut that door!

Monty Smith

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

JOSEPH ANDREWS (AA)
Boobs and spurs flash in bawdy Tom Jones style flic (Odeons-/Gaumonts)

FOOD OF THE GODS (X)
Amateurish, garish science fiction trash. No redeeming features.
(Selected ABC)

CARQUAKE (A)
Watch those windscreens shatter. See those bumpers bend.
(Odeons/Gaumonts)

ZOLTAN . . . HOUND OF DRACULA (X)
Yet to be reviewed horror comic. (Selected ABC)

THE SENTINEL (X)
Michael Winner creepo reviewed this ish.
(Selected ABC)

PROVINCIAL

ROCKY (A)
Italian Stallion still punching, still sweating.
(Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE SQUEEZE (X)
Tight, hard and heavy UK crime movie. Unseen by NME.
(Selected ABC)

HELTER SKELTER (X)
Manson family still cutting people up.
(Odeons/Gaumonts)

AIRPORT '77 (A)
Airliner sinks like a ton. So does the film. Reviewed NME 30.4.77.
(Selected ABC's)

SILVER STREAK (A)
Laughter on the rails. Reviewed this ish.
(Odeons/Gaumonts)

OUT ON the ABC runs are **Silent Movie, The Enforcer, Carrie, The Streetfighter, Super Vixens, The Eagle Has Landed, Cross Of Iron** (and lots of sex films).

THE GLASGOW Film Theatre in association with Radio Clyde are holding a series of In Person chat shows at the Theatre during May. Confirmed to date are Tom Mankiewicz (film screenwriter) (14th), Barbara Dickson (16th), Alan Stivell (19th), Dory Previn (20) Ann Todd (21). Tim Brooke-Taylor (23), Bill Martin (24) Gallagher and Lyle (25), Phillip Jenkinson (26) and Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd-Webber (27). Most of these will be accompanied by films. Admission £1.50.

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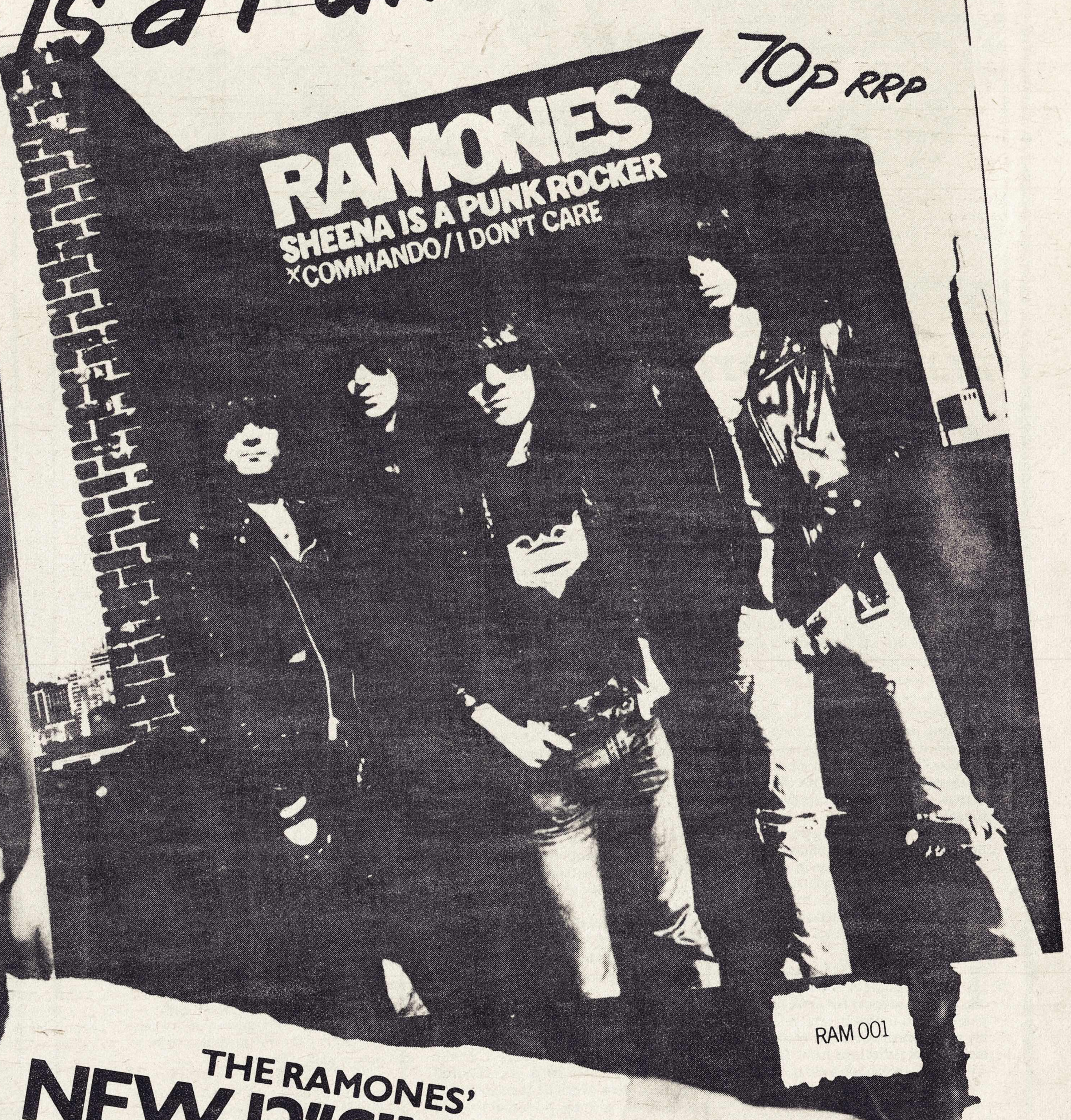

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May 26	Aylesbury, Friars Club
May 29	Croydon, Greyhound
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"ELP, the FLOYD — God, it's all so nauseating"

ONE THING YOU GOTTA HAND to Ian Hunter: the old bastard knows how to make an entrance.

I'm sprawled out in an ungainly heap — it started out as a half-lotus but then the wine got to me — on a pile of cushions on Mr 'Untah's living-room floor, juggling a glass, a cigarette and a piece of Brie cheese and listening to the last cut on the second side of The Subject's new elpee.

Fast double-take: Mr H has materialised behind me making like Clint Eastwood with a pair of rods that look just like the real thing. Classic cop-show pose — you know: *"Freeze!"* — and then, mock mock-casual: "Did you like the album? *This* is for side one and *this* is for side two . . ."

Takes a few seconds to percolate that (a) the local law wouldn't be crazy enough — not even in upstate New York — to let whacked-out English rock stars play with toys that go bang, especially when (b) they have a pronounced Sense Of Theatre.

IAN Hunter hasn't been seen on a British stage (or any other sort, for that matter) for close on two years. In the meantime, he released his second post-Mott The Hoople solo album "All American Alien Boy", which neither sounded nor sold like it was expected to despite the excellence of its content.

It was a difficult and uncharacteristic album released at a bad time for difficult and uncharacteristic albums, and it didn't exactly keep the name "Ian Hunter" on everybody's lips. Simultaneously, the regrouped Mott had soldiered on valiantly, but not even their mothers and best friends could have honestly said that *they* exactly strength-to-strengthed it, with the inevitable result that the old firm has fallen into a state of disrepair and disrepute.

So now Mr 'Untah is ready for a comeback of sorts with a new album entitled "Overnight Angels" which is far more rock and roll orientated than its somewhat — eh — *laid back* predecessor, and an eponymous new band also called "Overnight Angels".

"The last one was so slow that the other half of me — the half that does the fast stuff — must've been stockpilin' material 'cause I started writing rock stuff as soon as I finished that album. Plus it hadn't done as well as the first solo album.

"And then I wanted to be in a group again, because I'd been sittin' here for two years" — he gestures around his lovely home and its surrounding terrain — "and it's like what they tell you: you get a few bob and you get lazy and you relax and you sit in your big house in the country and you become a complete idiot."

Got dem ol' Homesick Tax Exile Blues again, mama . . .

"I love England. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for the absurd . . . see, I don't like silly things. I never have liked silly things.

"I was there for two weeks, right, and I was fortunate enough to see the TUC meet in the second week and the Liberal Party meet in the second, and they were two of the biggest heaps of shit I've ever seen in my life. It was disgustin'.

"I can't live in a country like that. At least they're criminals over here. I can understand *that,* but I get the English daily press sent to me and it's strictly for animals. The whole idea of it is to keep 'em stupid, and I don't wanna be kept stupid. Over here they leave me alone and I can do what the hell I like.

"I consider myself still to be a patriotic Englishman, but my loyalty's to the land and not to the people who're supposed to look after England. They're considerably less patriotic than I am. They make no effort whatsoever to look after England. From where I sit, the TUC just want to be the next government and the next capitalists.

"Music papers have this running argument in their back pages about exiles when I know for a fact that one of the biggest — and there's only two big ones — would move lock stock and barrel to New York if they could *tomorrow,* and the editor of that paper has told me that. They're running those arguments in their letters pages when in point of fact *they* want to be exiles."

LAST TIME we'd discussed the topic, we'd decided that it wasn't so much the *fact* of exile that numbered an artist as a schnurdo as the *style* in which he handled his exilehood, with the rider that moving to L.A. was a holiday and moving to New York was to work.

"New York is the biggest rock and roll place in the world. The air of it . . . but then, when I went back to London the last time, *it* was back in the air. I went out two or three nights with friends of mine . . . when I left England it was not in the air and that was what was killing me stone dead. I couldn't do anything. It was boredom. I didn't feel the strength to create there and I had to go where the buzz was.

"This time I felt very proud, actually. Owing to the English press situation kids don't really know what's goin' on, so they always resort to rock. They always resort to pure excitement and heroes, and that's why these new bands are coming up.

"I don't think there's much *music* in it, but there's only two factors involved in ace rock and roll, and that's music and excitement, and the fuckin' excitement is all there.

"It's like what I used to do. My whole trip was *hate* from the word go. I loved the excitement. I could *feel* it . . . it was just like when Mott used to do the clubs, but I got concerned with the *music* too, and I think you'll find that these guys will too. The original idea of me when I came into rock and roll was money and chicks, 'cause I thought I was ugly and I couldn't pull nothin' and I didn't have no money and I'd never *had* money.

"In '69, the day I joined Mott The Hoople I had seven quid.

"The whole idea was to get through the summer holidays without working in the factory. I thought the group was terrible, but they were gonna give me fifteen quid a week for three months. It just went from there, and somewhere around '72 or summat I suddenly realised that there was such a thing as music. This is gonna creep up on these guys as they get a bit older.

"And another thing they shouldn't do is . . . forget Rod Stewart 'cause I think he's a bit of an arsehole too, but don't slag Jagger off. He was the all time ultimate rock and roll dream.

"Every rocker goes into it for success, women, money and maybe to turn out some music along the way. Jagger did all of that.

"You can't knock people like that. They're only what these guys will ultimately become if they are totally successful, and if the only thing you can fall back on is knocking age, then you're below the belt. It's not needed. Not even in rock.

"It's not needed.

"My position when we started selling out on gigs around the country with Mott The Hoople was that I used to get fifteen quid a week. I had to pay eight quid a week maintenance to my ex-wife and two kids, so that left me seven pounds a week. I used to have to give Mott four quid for one room in the house that we used to have down the North End Road.

"So that left me three quid a week to spend, and I was supposed to be a fuckin' *star,* y'know . . ."

". . . so I reckon it's about even. In their early days rock bands always get ripped off, they're always starvin'. I reckon that's why the skinny look got to be so popular."

Hunter laughs behind his shades and reaches out for the wine bottle.

"THE ONLY THING I've got to thank the Sex Pistols for is that I've been into rubber for *years* and now they've actually got little girls runnin' round in rubber suits and rubber trousers. I'm comin' over to do some gigs and now it's all tailor-made.

"I won't even have to answer any adverts any more.

"I have to thank Malcolm McLaren for that. I went in there once and I thought, 'There's a place in Richmond, but it ain't as good as this!'"

Whatcha think of Johnny Rotten?

"He ain't worth talkin' about until he does something that interests me."

Did you hear "Anarchy In The U.K."?

"Yeah."

What did you think of it?

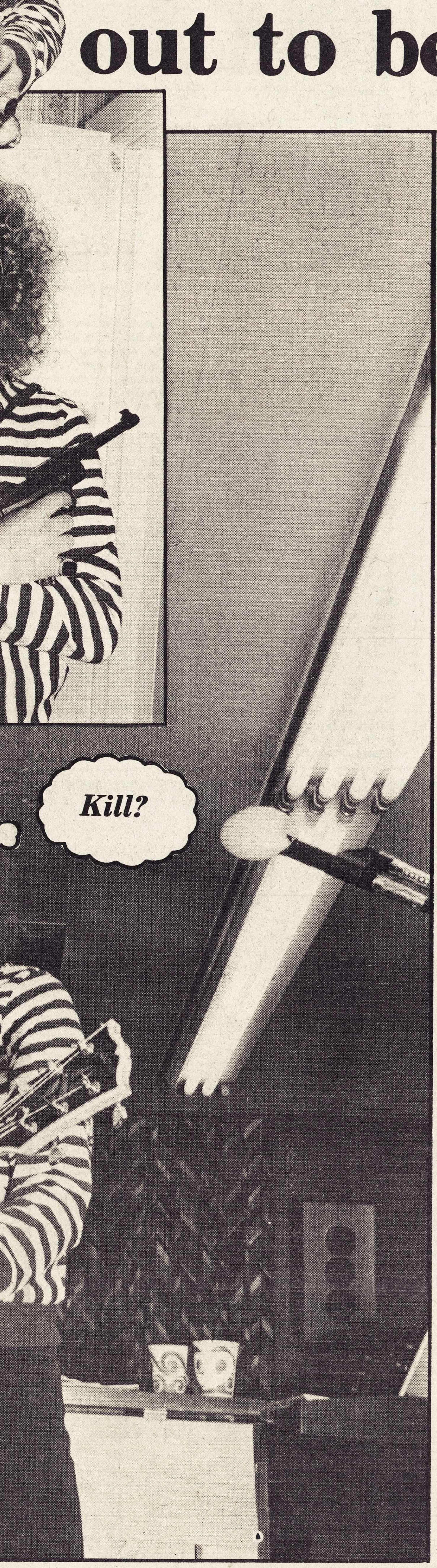
"Borin'. I mean, I know all about that. It's like tellin' the Americans that they downtrod the Indians. We know all that. It's old news. Whatcha gonna *do* about it.?

"We know that record companies are just *merchants.* We established all that years ago. The object of their exercise ought to be to sign with Stiff who've now got distribution with Island and who'll get their albums and singles out and get them hits if they're good enough.

"If they ain't good enough they won't have hits. You don't fuck around with institutionalised record companies, becaue all you get is what they got. I just think that the record companies who sign 'em are stupid and I think *they're* stupid.

Blah! Blah! Blah! CHARLES SHAAR M
(pix) duck as IAN HUNTER lets fly. (Th

Hunter
out to be



RAY (wurds) and JOE STEVENS
ne of the game is Publicity.)

". . . ELO? Completely boring. We'll kill 'em."

"The press is sorely in need of copy because there's nobody around who's any good musically, and politically it gives people something to think about. It covers up the fact that the country's in the shit and the fact that the music situation's in the shit, but the one thing it doesn't cover up is the fact that the excitement's there, it's real, it's total.

"There was other bands there — like the Stranglers, who did a *very* good imitation of the Doors. I liked them, I thought they were very good, but I'd never have called them punk rock. I'd've called 'em a very good imitation of the Doors.

"I'm glad it happened, because of that real excitement, and I felt warmth, too. This is the funny thing: I felt real warmth. I went into the Roxy and I felt at home, I felt totally at home. I felt great.

"I talked to one of them guys — the drummer out of some group — he'll remember who it was, but why whould I give him press space? — and I really liked it better than the Marquee or the Speak.

"I bumped into a lot of people I knew, second-time-rounders trying to make it on the third time round. I mean, you ain't talking about seventeen-year-old kids here.

"When I was young and on me own, I lived in the West Country and you really felt ill, you felt you were a nutter, and then if I'd been able to walk into a club like the Roxy it would've been *home.* There's a lot of people the same as me, and that facility's there now. I really felt it as soon as I walked in. I felt, Great, I can hang out here, this feels good to me,' which I never felt at the Speak, which I never felt at Dingwalls or the Roundhouse.

"That's a good club, man, if it makes you feel like that. Maybe I was just there on a good night, but I really felt like going there every night."

If you were living in London, *would* you go there every night?

"No, I wouldn't."

Why not?

"'Cause I'm a star. Stars only go there now and again."

IAN HUNTER has not changed. I don't know anyone in rock who has as clear an understanding of just how much *bullshit* the star trip is while simultaneously retaining such an obsessive interest in its mechanics and obsessive love of its glamour.

"When I come back and play I hope no-one's gonna come and look at me like 'Oh, *this* was one of *them guys* . . .", 'cause I don't feel like one of *them guys.*

"I got a good band 'ere, and I'm gonna *deliver.* We've been rehearsing, and it feels good. It don't feel *falsely* good just because I want it to; it really is good.

"We're doin' universities, and we'll be supporting ELO at Earls Court. I don't mind doing it. I could headline in London, I could headline in half a dozen places, but we'll support them in Europe because they're completely *boring* and we'll kill 'em unless they fuck us up on the PA system.

"They know that. They *must* know that.

"I don't even need their lights. I don't need *no* lights. Just give me a couple of spotlights and I'll do it. Just give me black and white — turn the lights off or leave 'em on. Black and white are the two most negative colours and they suit me *fine.*

"I've been rehearsing and I know what this band sounds like. I'm out to *kill.*

"Having said all this I'll probably get wiped off the ELO tour, but what can you do? I mean, am I supporting *and* supposed to be crawlin' up people's asses? I'm out to *kill* 'em.

"See I was never such a big superstar that I could afford to put on one of these big gothic extravaganzas — you know: Greg Lake I'm - the - master - of - the - guitar or Keith Emerson I'm - the - master - of - the - keyboard. God, it's all so *nauseating.*

"I always thought Pink Floyd were like that. They were lousy on stage so they had to resort to *pigs!*

"All you need to do is just go on and deliver. I really want to support in America too, because I could do fifteen dates in the Midwest, but what if I do fifteen dates headlining and the PA's not too good?

"I really wanna go on and fuck a lot of people about. I really wanna go on and *wipe* 'em. I'm really feeling very healthily competitive right now, which is how I used to feel when Mott were comin' up before. I thought I'd lost it, y'see . . ."

LOST IT? Listen, Ian Hunter's always felt at his best when he's been in a position to cast himself as a big-talking underdog.

"Forever on the way up" was how he described Mott in the '72 tour diary that became his *Diary Of A Rock And Roll Star* book, and if he feels too secure he gets complacent and lazy and starts blowing it.

Right now, he feels — quite rightly — that he's lost a lot of ground and that if he's going to get bigger he's going to have to go back one step in order to build up enough adrenalin / momentum / energy to get himself two or three steps further forward.

It was this attitude that caused so many rock writers and rock fans to feel protective about Mott, the way they'd feel about a scrappy mongrel mutt that wouldn't give up and wouldn't allow itself to be brought down.

The plucky loser always gets a bigger identification rush than the sleek, well-groomed Crufts' Dog Show prize specimen, and Ian Hunter — being not one whit less streetwise than he used to be despite his New York State mansion — is quite definitely hip to that.

In fact, if he'd been less streetwise he'd probably had gotten a right royal screwing at the hands of the business and be still living in Wembley.

Like Alex Harvey, Ian Hunter is a senior campaigner of street rock and roll, an old dog who *did* learn a whole bunch of new tricks as well as retaining a sure mastery of touch over all the old ones.

Hunter's music and his attitude towards it is what we used to call "punk rock" before the advent of the current usage of the term, but as of right now it'd be more accurate to say that what Hunter stands for and the way he handles himself is just rock-rock.

Hardcore rock and roll.

DOWN IN the rehearsal studio at his manager's offices in Dobbs Ferry — a small town between New York City and Hunter's spread in Chappaqua — the overnight Angels are assembled.

From left to right, please meet and greet . . .

On lead guitar, Earl Slick.

A Bowie alumnus and former leader of the short-lived and not overly successful Earl Slick Band, he's a trifle under the weather because he accidentally — well, that's his story, anyway — inhaled a bunch of paint fumes while doing some weekend decorating.

The bass player is a gent named Rob Rawlinson. I can't tell you much about him 'cuz I lost my notes, but he's got spiky hair (though it's long at the back and sides) and wears glasses. He's one of those no-nonsense firm-bottom bass-players who people bid their eye-teeth to hire.

On drums is Curly Smith, who used to be with Jo Jo Gunne. He looks oddly like Hunter's former colleague Mick Ronson, helps out on the backing vocals and plays his drums like he has some basic deep-rooted grudge against them.

Behind the standard-issue multiple-keyboard komplex is Peter Oxendale, who used to be with Jet, an ill-fated last-gasp-of-glam-rock band led by David O'List (ex-Nice and Roxy Music) and Andy Ellison (ex-John's Children), and featuring a bunch of people who used to be with Sparks. Jet were the support act on the Hunter-Ronson tour of '75, which is how he comes into it.

With Hunter fronting on rhythm guitar, they charge through the contents of their set-to-be as if they were working to a ten-thousand seater auditorium rather than a blank wall.

They play the material from the new album — and all I'll say about the album at this point is that it's characteristic but not predictable and that it contains a single that'll monopolise the radio all summer if the subject matter doesn't scare people off — plus oldies-but-goldies like "Roll Away The Stone", "Golden Age Of Rock And Roll", "All The Young Dudes" and "Once Bitten Twice Shy" with an irresistable combination of the poise, timing and professional savvy of Grade A rock and roll veterans plus the drive, hunger and rage of a band of starving, angry kids.

Slick's wife, the former Fanny bassist Jean Millington, watches approvingly.

I reckon ELO are cruisin' for the proverbial bruisin' and if I was them I wouldn't want Ian Hunter and his band within ten miles of my gig. Still, this is rock and roll and everybody takes their chances . . .

"If I get to be stronger than the band it'll just be 'Ian Hunter', and if things keep going the way they are it'll just be 'Overnight Angels'. It never bothers me. You get the power if you're big whether it's your name or if it's the group name.

"I never felt like Ferry does where it has to be 'Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music'. It never used to bother me. I got the power anyway.

"People used to shit themselves when I walked into the room. That's all the power *I* need."

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Masked Marauders: new evidence . . .

JUST TO put the record straight about The Masked Marauders — they were in reality The Cleanliness And Godliness Skiffle Band, who once made an album for Vanguard called "Greatest Hits" (SVRL 19043). The line-up was — if you're really interested — Annie Johnson, Hank Bradley, Phil Marsha, Brian Voorhees and Richard Saunders with Chicken Hirsch (of Country Joe And The Fish fame) on drums. By the way, Phil Marsh recently resurfaced in Bruce Barthol's band backing Country Joe when appeared here around a year ago. — **KEITH BICKERTON, Enfield, Middlesex.**

● Well, that's another case cleaned up by our forensic squad. And with Klaatu proving to be just another unknown Canuck outfit and *not* The Beatles, our only remaining investigations involve the Marie Celeste, the Abominable Snowman, the Bermuda triangle and the ingredients used in IPC coffee.

I REMEMBER that Mick Jagger was one of the back-up singers on The Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" — but who were the other celebs who appeared on the disc? — **JOHN BOWMAN, Bristol.**

WERE "MAXWELLS Silver Hammer" and "Octopus's Garden" released as UK singles by The Beatles? EMI claim to know nothing about them but I'm sure I can remember them being on *Top Of The Pops"* accompanied by some infantile cartoon. — **A CLOUGH, Newcastle Upon Tyne.**

I'M NOT certain, but I think Paul McCartney once recorded an album called "The Family Way". I've asked many Norwegian music shops about it but not one of them had the album for sale. Is it possible to order it from England? — **ROGER ANDERSEN, Bjorne Borstein, Norway.**

● According to Castleman and Podrazik's *All Together Now* listing, the vocal line-up on "All You Need" was Jagger, Gary Leeds, Keith Richard, Jane Asher, Marianne Faithfull, Patti Boyd, Keith Moon and Graham Nash. Neither "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" nor "Octopus's Garden" were ever given a British release as Beatles singles, though I seem to remember plenty of cover versions. "The Family Way" was a soundtrack album featuring music penned by McCartney for a movie starring John and Hayley Mills and Hywell Bennett. Released on Decca SKL 4847 in 1967, it has long since been deleted.

HAS BERT JANSCH had any of his guitar music published? — **DAN GARRON, Cambridge.**

● Apparently much of Bert's early stuff has been published by Heathside Music of 86 Marylebone High Street, London W1M 4A7, the guy to contact there being Graham Churchill, who'll provide full details. As for Jansch's later material — well, let's just say that any attempt to interest the lad in putting anything down has been met with total apathy on the part of Bert himself. All together now . . . "Get yer finger out, Bert!"

WHICH LPs by The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band are currently available? Please could you print the catalogue numbers if possible? — **SEAN FINN, Dublin, Eire.**

● The following Dirt Band albums remain in the British U.A. catalogue — "Uncle Charlie And His Dog Teddy" (LBG 83345), "Dream" (UAG 29850), "Stars And Stripes Forever" (USD 307/8), "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" (UAT 9801) and "Dirt Silver And Gold" (UAT 9802). Only one other Dirt Band elpee is available — on import only — this being "All The Good Times" (American UA 5533).

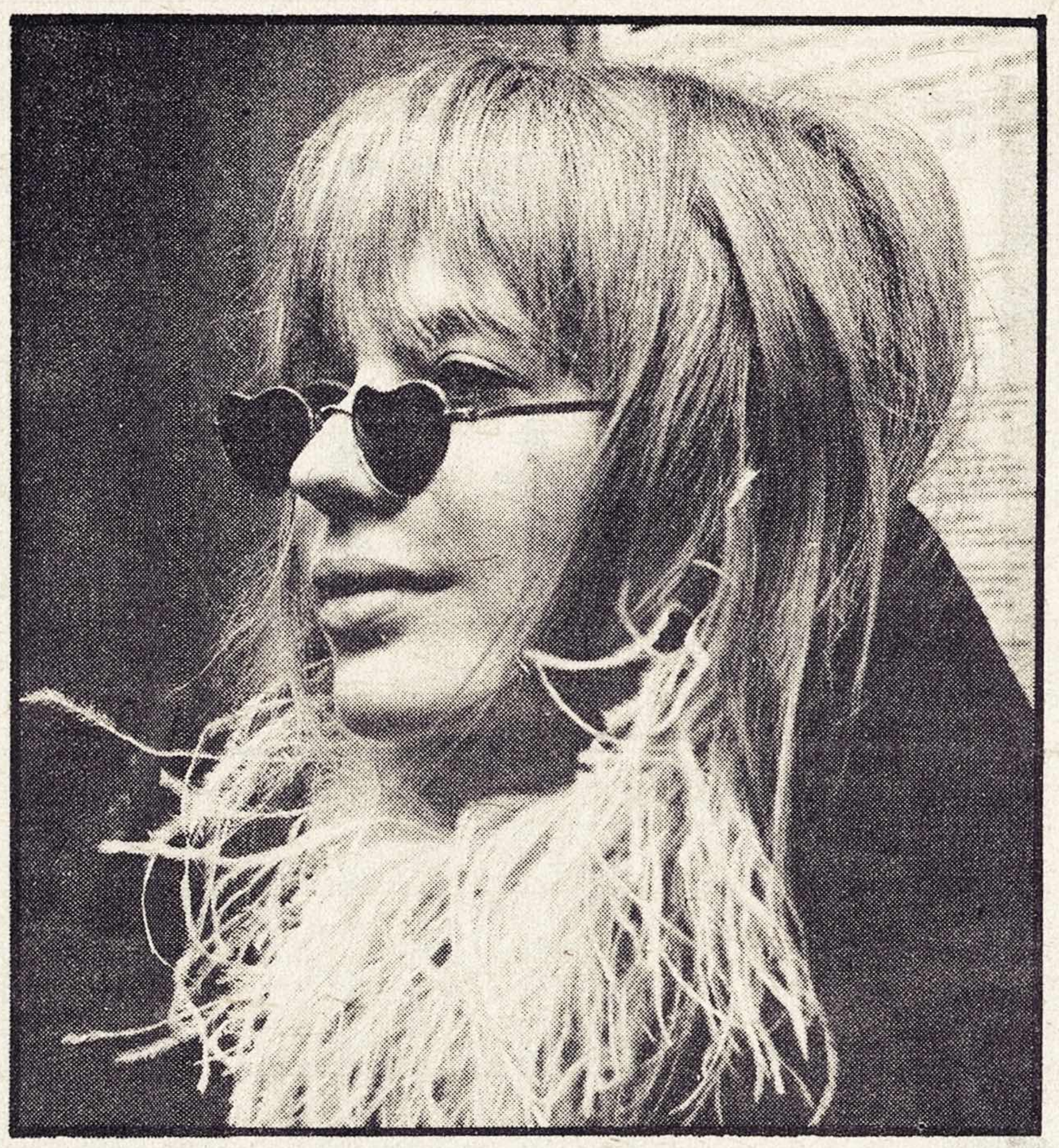
SOME WEEKS ago, *NME* reviewed an album called "The Humours Of Lewis Furey" and mentioned that Furey's first album is available on import only. Can you tell me the title of this disc and possibly supply an address where I can obtain it? — **NIGEL RANKIN, Odiham, Hants.**

ME AND many of my friends have been searching our heads off for the first Lewis Furey album. Could you tell us if it's still available and if so, where we can get it? If you can't, that's it for the Belgian department of the Fred Dellar fan club. — **JOS, Antwerp, Belgium.**

● Lewis Furey for superstar? Well, perhaps not — but if only to keep our Common Market comrades in order, I'll divulge the info that Furey's first album, mundanely titled "Lewis Furey" is still available in the States on A&M 4522. Any good import shop will obtain it for British customers — just tell 'em to obtain the disc through either Charmdale, Stage One or Parke Records. But as Jos obviously can't drop in at the local Virgin or Harlequin emporium, I suggest he drops a line to Bert Muirhead (of Hot Wacks infamy) who operates a mail-order import business from 14 Forrest Road, Edinburgh, EHL 2QN.

WHEN AND where was Neil Young born? Simple ain't it? Well — maybe not. I've tried everywhere to find this basic knowledge which I need to complete a report I'm compiling on early Buffalo Springfield. — **SHARYINNE METZEL, Dublin, Ireland.**

● If you'd have tried the Logan-Woffinden *Illustrated Encyclopaedia Of Rock*, page 251, you'd have learned that the one-time leader of Neil Young And The Squires was born in Toronto, Canada, on November 12, 1945. All boring info really and not half as mind-boggling as the fact that Jackson Browne is really a Kraut by birth, emanating from Heidelberg.



MARIANNE FAITHFUL: guested on "All You Need Is Love"

WHAT HAS happened to Starry Eyed And Laughing? They don't seem to be playing any gigs these days and their third album, though recorded, has so far failed to appear in the shops. In particular, could you tell me what S.E.A.L. bass-guitarist/singer/songwriter Iain Whitmore is doing as I consider him to be one of the finest musicians I've heard in years. — **PAUL FERRIS, Wootton Bassett, Wilts.**

● A quick call to S.E.A.L.'s Ross McGeeney and a subsequent chat over a couple of pints of cider revealed that Starry Eyed gig on, the line-up nowadays being McGeeney (lead guitar, vocals), Arthur May (rhythm guitar, vocals), Paul Turner (drums) and David Pomeroy — from West Virginia, no less — (bass, vocals).

No third album has been recorded, though three tracks — "Song On The Radio", "Saturday" and "Can't Help But Love Her" were produced by Flo and Eddie, two of these tracks appearing on recent S.E.A.L. singles. However, McGeeney says that he hopes to rectify this situation and have an album featuring the new line-up out by the end of the year.

Meanwhile Starry Eyed founder member Tony Poole is still writing material for the band, along with McGeeney and May, and occasionally digs out his 12-string for the odd session or two. Iain Whitmore currently is part of an outfit known as Kites ("A great band", reckons McGeeney) who've played dates at Dingwalls recently — and one-time S.E.A.L. drummer Mike Wackford can be located in the Coventry area where he's playing with a local band called Roses. And from the typewriter pounding going on in the next office, I can also reveal that Roy Carr, bongo player on the first S.E.A.L. album, is also gainfully employed at the present moment.

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PLATTERS

Is there a doctor in the house?

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY thinks the FEELGOODS might just need one . . .

DR FEELGOOD
Sneakin' Suspicion
(United Artists)

IN WHICH the best-laid plans of musicians and record producers gang horribly agley (or something of that nature, anyway).

Consider, if you will, the plight in which the Feelgoods must've found themselves when they set about recording their fourth album. They'd recorded their basic repertoire on their first two albums ("Down By The Jetty" and "Malpractice") and topped it all off with a triumphal live album which provided an epic summation of What They Were All About.

Unfortunately, "Stupidity" was so obviously the definitive Feelgoods album that they had no choice but to move on to newer pastures for their next recording.

If they hadn't, critics and public alike would've kicked 'em all around the block for Endlessly Repeating Themselves, Degenerating Into Self-Parody, Displaying Inherent Limitations And Inability To Progress Etc Etc blah blah blah.

On the other hand, whatever they'd come up with they'd probably have gotten castigated by the same people for Blowing It, Losing It, Failing To Cut It etc blah blah. The old damned-if-you-do-and-damned-if-you-don't double-bind squeeze play, all complicated by the fact that the band's composer-in-residence and major cult figure developed such an aversion to the prospective face-lift, its architects and the rest of the band that he chose this particular moment in time to do something that he'd occasionally threatened to do in the past: in other words, he pissed off, split, said bye-bye etc etc blah blah.

So the Feelgoods have a new album, a new sound and a new guitarist. And Wilko Johnson is Somewhere Out There planning a new band. He made his decision to quit during the recording of this album (the inclusion of Lew Lewis's "Lucky Seven" being the flashpoint) and implemented said decision once the album was finished.

Bearing this in mind, it would seem that the sullen, lacklustre performances on some of the tracks are the result of all the unpleasantness that must've gone down during the recording.

The catalyst for the Big Bummer would appear to be producer Bert deCoteaux, an American whose forte is disco music and smooth soul, who was picked for the Feelgoods assignment by singer Lee Brilleaux and manager Chris Fenwick. It'd be unfair to blame deCoteaux for the split, which must've been brewing a long time, but his style — and, indeed, his previous work — is so incongruous that the announcement produced a certain amount of incredulity as soon as it was made.

Prior to "Sneakin' Suspicion", the Feelgoods had never been *produced* as such: they'd simply been *recorded.* DeCoteaux has *produced* them — the end result sounding very different from previous records and performances.

The old sharp, choppy, barely-restrained-rage ambience has been smoothed, rounded and filled in: Lee's voice and Wilko's rhythm guitar have been thoroughly tamed and the old harshness is gone. The pace is generally slower and the songs are longer — some of them padded out with highly indifferent soloing by Brilleaux on harp and Johnson on lead — with the result that the bristling energy and ferocious cutting edge which was always the Feelgoods' principal stock-in-trade is produced right out of existence.

Simply in terms of raw excitement and energy level, something like The Jam's album (see below) slashes "Sneakin' Suspicion" into tattered rock and roll ribbons.

Raunchy, therefore, it ain't.

Contents: ten tracks, five of which are written by Wilko. He sings two of them: they're both among the better tracks. His vocals have improved tremendously since those toneless versions of "I'm A Man" and "Boom Boom", which bodes well for *his* future.

Generally, the stuff on the first side works best. It opens up with two Wilkompositions, the title track — sung by Lee — and "Paradise", sung by the man himself.

What ya think of it so far? New Feelgoods guitarist John Mayo (right) talking to NME's Tony Parsons.

"Sneakin' Suspicion" is a medium-paced stomper for people who can't dance to the usual Feelgoods fare, and it features Wilko on rhythm and slide guitars with a subliminal assist from Tim Hinkley on piano. It's a good song, and is performed with more enthusiasm than some of the other material, but the slower tempo and midrange-heavy production makes it sound sluggish, especially since the bass and drum parts are so unimaginative.

"Paradise" is a Feelgoodisation of The Yardbirds' impression of Bo Diddley. Wilko sounds uncannily like Keith Relf did when he sang Bo's songs, and the rubbery Leslie'd guitar at the beginning plays off nicely against the juddering, psychotic Telecastering that follows it. The lyrics are great.

"Nothin' Shakin' (But The Leaves On The Trees)" is a well-worn '50s chestnut, and it's probably the most successful of the borrowed songs, though it goes on a bit towards the end and Brilleaux's harp overextends itself more than somewhat. A sterling performance from The Big Figure on drums and a good, tough Brilleaux vocal, though.

Wilko gets his second vocal on "Time And The Devil", one of the few tracks where the overdubbing provides a genuine improvement to the track. Live it sounded like just another boogie, but the whimsical, melodic slide part makes all the difference. Wilko sings *"Time and the devil's gonna bring me everything I need,"* and I certainly hope he's right.

The side ends with "Lights Out", written by Dr John for Jerry Byrne back in the '50s. It's a frantic boogie along the lines of Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business", and it rocks along at a breakneck pace, only let down by a rather cliched solo from Wilko.

Side two kicks off with Lew Lewis's "Lucky Seven", the song which precipitated Wilko's departure from the group. Without wishing to be overly nasty to either Lewis or the Feelgood majority, it's hard to tell why they took such a hardline stance over such a mediocre song, since it's sinply a revibe of Chuck Berry's "Nadine" with a couple of extra changes added.

"All My Love" is one of Wilko's, and it's the lamest original on the album. Things aren't made any better by the totally limp and uninterested performance that it receives from the assembled company. At a guess, I'd say that it was recorded after the debacle, as was Willie Dixon's "You'll Be Mine", not one of his more celebrated songs. This version isn't anywhere near as good as the one cut by Little Bob Story last year on their "High Time" album.

From here we get into the album's best and toughest song, Wilko's "Walking On The Edge", a taut, driving exercise in paranoia with manically precise choppy guitar chording and Brilleaux' best vocal of the album and a spooky slide lead part. It's all about getting thoroughly twisted on the mind-altering drug of your choice and trying to get home.

Things are wrapped up with an efficient but uncommitted version of Bo Diddley's "Hey Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut." There's nothing basically wrong with it, but Brilleaux's harp solo goes on waywayway too long and Wilko doesn't sound like he's really into it.

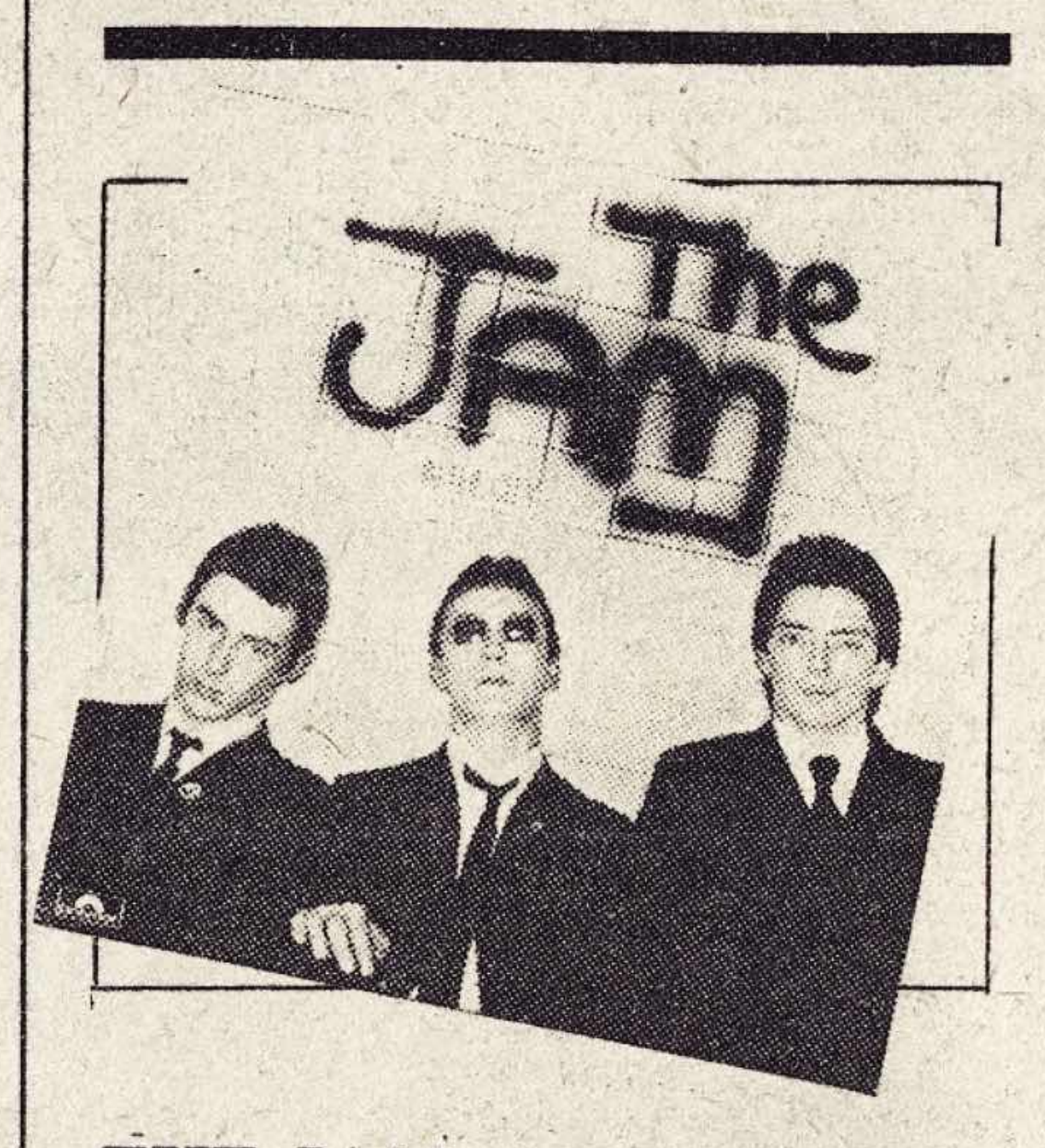
And that's it. A completely transitory album that's virtually obsolete before it's released, but it gives the new-look Feelgoods an opportunity to develop a live identity and for new guitarist John Mayo to get integrated before the band have to cut their next studio album. And that, of course, raises the vexed question of where the material is gonna come from now that the band have axed their composer-in-residence, and who's going to produce it and what's it all gonna be like.

I don't think the band themselves know all the answers to those questions yet.

This really ain't a good album, and it's a bringdown to have to say it 'cause over the last few years the Feelgoods have meant considerably more to me than most of Britrock. Maybe it would be best to just wish everybody concerned a lot of luck, because it looks like they're really gonna need it.

What a senseless waste of human life.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE JAM
In The City (Polydor)

THE JAM are the new Who. Everybody knows that. They just might also be the new Dr Feelgood, the new Raspberries, the new Flamin' Groovies, the new Eddie And The Hot Rods, the new Bay City Rollers . . .

Ominously for punk rock, they probably aren't the new Pistols, Clash, Damned or Stranglers.

They might just shoot straight out of the new wave like the Hot Rods, They might even blow the whole scene apart and make the more 'offensive' stance of 'punk' obsolete.

The Jam's commercial potential is enormous. Their music and image, and even their infectious teen-oriented 'rebel' lyrical pose, are sufficiently attractive for them to popularise New Wave to the extent where it becomes meaningless.

It was fun while it lasted, but tis just might be the *real* new wave. Since their initial appearance in their current guise (having previously dabbled in R&B, teenybop and god knows what else for a couple of years), when they rolled up in Soho Market one Saturday morning in October and played in the street, The Jam haven't received a single bad review.

Anyway, as for "In The City": let it be known that debut albums — or any other kind of albums — as good as this one are rare. Paul Weller in particular reveals himself to be a dazzling guitarist and an excellent writer.

I could drone on about his fusing of Townshend's windmilled chords with Wilko's raw scratch lead rhythm, about his fusing influences as deftly as but less imitatively than The Raspberries, less as period pieces than The Groovies . . . Or I could just say it's the best Who album since the "My Generation" LP.

Listen to it closely. Note how Bruce Foxton's bass zooms into a flash little double time riff on one verse of Larry Williams' "Slow Down" (the only non-original apart from the "Batman Theme") and note the second guitar shooting in at the end of the solo.

Listen close. Note the sneaky second voice responses on "I Got By In Time" and the cushioned feel of its dual or treble rhythm guitars.

Listen. "Away From The Numbers" — melodic, touches of mellow, yearning, sneering, building to an angry climax. Good arrangement, superb song.

There's a couple of weak numbers, particularly "Batman", a joke which palls after two plays (and which The Who used to feature) but as for the rest . . .

Weller's chording is inspired, he skitters in early Townshend feedback licks with ease, he layers his guiters in a way that should be an object lesson to Wilko Johnson — he's just amazing.

His songs change key, change back, go from silence to hammer riffs, capture that entire teen frustration vibe with the melodic grace and dynamic aplomb of early Kinks and Who.

Other points: Weller's got a pretty good voice, a little like a cockney Arthur Lee. Rick Buckler's drumming is speedy and crisp, with plenty of neat riffs — one particularly attractive tomtom lick on "Art School" — and he's not afraid to stop playing completely at times. "So Sad About Us" is conspicuously absent — maybe, the second single?

Biggest irony is that Weller — primarily a musician who derides the New Wave's self-seriousness — writes good words too. Trouble is, I can't quite get it together to listen to them all through because his guitar is so distractingly excellent.

It's quite interesting stuff. His escape from suburban anonymity is "Away From The Numbers," his rewrite-the-rules is (this is the new) "Art School".

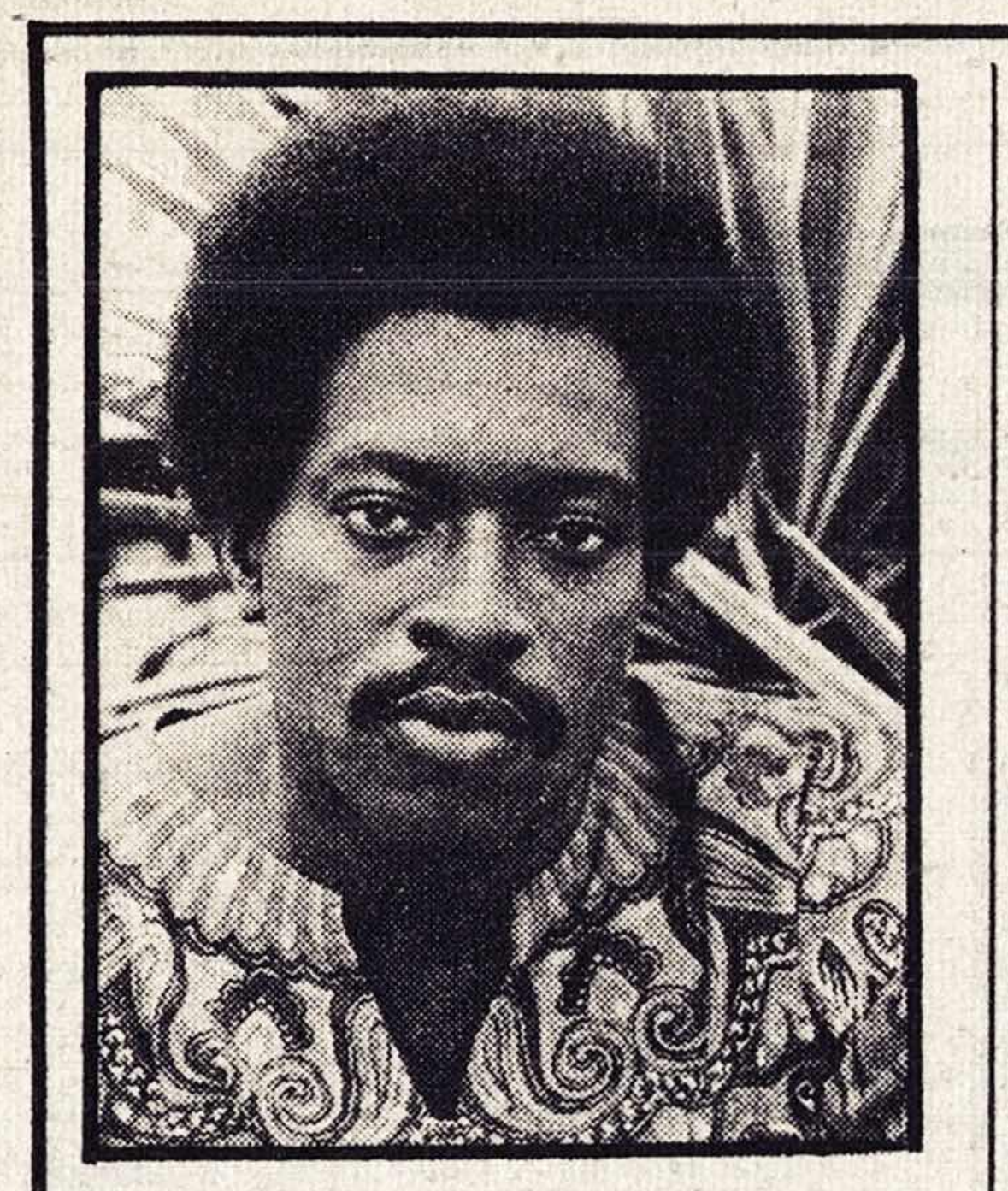
The casual poetic edge works so much better than sloganeering — and even when he takes his targets on head-on as in the sell-out put-down "Time For Truth", he doesn't whine or trip up.

Biggest relief: he actually writes boy-girl too. And, for some reason, about that extinct form of enjoyment, dancing. Kind of like pogoing, but they used to jump sideways, so I hear . . .

Listen closely. Frankly, I didn't dream I'd be so impressed by "In The City" — having heard it a lot from a distance, I knew all about the energy but I had no idea it was subtle with it.

The acceptable face of punk rock indeed. Face it.

Phil McNeill



Junior Murvin himself

JUNIOR MURVIN
Police And Thieves (Island)
THE HEPTONES
Party Time (Island)

WHEN THE exuberant Toots Hibbert of The Maytals declared that "reggae got soul", he was understating.

You remember soul, don't you? Soul as in emotion, as in early Motown, as in Aretha Franklin, Otis Redding, Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield and countless others at their respective peaks?

Myself, I never forgave Norman Whitfield for psychedelicising The Temptations and so initiating the Great Disco-Funk Sellout — whereby once potent expressions of solidarity and resilience have become empty symbols and meaningless sloganeering.

Along with so many other platters out of JA, "Police And Thieves" and "Party Time" possess in abundance those very qualities that used to seem the almost exclusive prerogative of American black music: soul; emotion; pride; anger; ire and more besides.

Producer Lee Perry provides the connection here. Both albums are tantalisingly awash with the incandescence of "Scratch's" Black Ark sound. Perry wraps his studio (all *four* tape tracks of it) around singers and players like a protective force field, an ectoplasmic bag of sound that flexes in response to every note and beat.

His current rhythms are fast and streamlined. Bass and bass drums resonate through a screen of simmering percussion, muted horns, shifting, sifting guitars and keyboards. His production is simplicity itself and extreme sophistication guilessly combined; it's so *radiant.*

All the same Perry treats his artists with deference, which is just as well perhaps since Junior Murvin's voice is high-ranged and pure, bittersweet and ecstatically soulful. It's reminiscent of Curtis Mayfield — hardly surprising as Murvin's act used to include Mayfield covers. But now he has his own songs to sing.

"Police And Thieves" *(Scaring/fighting the nation with their guns and ammunition")* remains as pertinent a plea for an end to needless violence as it seemed last summer in the wake of the Jamaican election campaign and Notting Hill.

In "Rescue Jah Children" Murvin admonishes those responsible for divisive factionalism — *"Stop the war in Rhodesia/Stop the war in Mozambique/Black against black everywhere/What a ball of confusion/Somebody got to set an example for the children to follow"* — whilst the apocalyptic "False Teachin'" demolishes another target — *"Judgement at hand . . . the teachers teach the lies/The preachers establish them high /Babylon . . . blows the children's minds".*

All this and more than ten immaculate rhythm cuts, through the gently humorous "Solomon" and the choogaloo of "Roots Train". "Lucifer" condemns those of all colours and creeds who've in any way associated themselves with slavery; "Workin' In The Cornfield" is a sweaty JA blues.

"Easy Task" (*It's no easy task to live but nobody wants to die"*) and "Tedious" — Perry's studio treatments at maximum warp as Murvin scats over a band workout — put the case for winning through against all the odds with an eloquence I've not encountered since Mayfield's own, rather more laconic "Back To The World" and "America Today". The location may be different, but the message remains the same. As Murvin suggests in "I Was Appointed", *"Whether you're white or black, red or yellow, gather round, you got to do better".*

Whichever way you take it, "Police And Thieves" is a numbingly emotional first album.

"Party Time" may be less overwhelmingly intense, but it's none the worse for that. Emphasis centres on the rapturous vocal harmonies of Leroy Sibbles, Earl Morgan and Barry Llewelyn, with Sibbles' smokily passionate lead making most of the running.

The long-established 'Tones' material is invariably as strong as their singing. Refer to the chorus hook of "Now Generation" *("We don't want to beg, steal or borrow/let's prepare for tomorrow")* for delicious hummability.

Similarly both the gently bustling "Road Of Life" *("In this way we must be wise")* and the pliant love song that's "Cryin' Over" boast gorgeous melodies.

The beseeching warmth of "Why Must I" (*"live this life alone/please help me, Lord, I can't stand this strain"*) contrasts vividly with the barely concealed outrage of "Mr. President" (*"the pain means nothing to you . . ."*) and the cautionary telling of "Serious Time".

Dylan's "I Shall Be Released" earns itself a fiercely intense version as well as being strategically placed before the fraught "Storm Cloud". Rhythm, lead and spatial phase guitars loop into overdrive as Sibbles bitterly remarks *"Storm cloud, politicians fighting for power/demolition, bomb in the city/while we poor people in the ghetto suffer so".* And Sibbles needn't only be heard to believed.

Last year's snappy "Sufferer's Time" is also here, with Perry opting for a harder, sparser sound. It ends the album on a suitably unrelenting note.

We should listen and take heed the best we can.

Angus MacKinnon

MR. BIG
Mr. Big (EMI)
HEAVY METAL KIDS
Kitsch (RAK)

AH, the agonies of being last year's punks.

Both these five-piece bands must be viewed as little more than the vehicles for their respective front-men and principle songwriters — Dicken, in the case of Mr. Big, and Macchiavellian (though with a heart of gold) Gary Holton of the Kids.

About a year ago both Dicken and Holton were picking up a healthy amount of press coverage for their 'punk' (sic) attitudes/mores. Since then, both have remained out of the media's eye as Mr. Big went off to LA to record this, their second album, and Holton indulged in a ludicrous frisson with some members of Boxer, before returning to, uhh, *get behind* the release of this, the HM Kids third elpee.

During that time, of course, we all know how the meaning of the terminology 'punk' has shifted. The question now is, did Dicken and Holton play their hands too late? Have they missed the boat? Is there yet time to grasp the nettle by the stalk?

When EMI decided to vibe up its somewhat old-fashioned image and pick up on some post-Bowie/Roxy 70s Art Rockers in the shape of Queen, Cockney Rebel, and Bebop Deluxe, Mr. Big were bunged in at the end as the tail-end of the package. In fact, they had already spent some time with CBS making a series of abortive attempts as a hit singles band.

The difference between Mr. Big and the other trio of EMI art rockers mentioned above is that they are the only one that I can find believeable. Dicken gives the impression that *he* actually *thinks* about what he writes. Or at least his songs demonstrate that excitement of a primal imagination at work.

Indeed, Dicken is very primal. I once suggested in an astute (if I say so myself) live review that he was an unrealized existentialist. The next time I bumped into him, Dicken told me the lads in the Oxfordshire village where he lives thought I was calling him a right berk.

Here, though, the primal urgency that cauterized "Sweet Freedom", Mr. Big's previous EMI album, into being one of the finest debut records of 1975, has here been somewhat processed — or rendered more commercially accessible, as the record company might claim — by a Hollywood production job and by the influence of that town on Dicken's songwriting.

Pleasingly, these influences manifest themselves, on "Photographic Smile" for example, in an appealing and perceptive cynicism.

Dicken's main strength, though, (and that of Mr. Big) is his love and belief in the spirit of rock music, which, combined with his talent for writing melodic, tension-soothing songs suggests that he could be one of the few new and original English rock songwriters, outside of the New Wave bands.

Note also the weirdness of Dicken's guitar solos, which fall roughly into the Beck-esque dive-into-trouble-and-fight-your-way-out genre.

Note also the almost West Coast harmonies that newly added second vocalist and guitarist Eddie Carter has given the band, for instance on their hit single "Romeo".

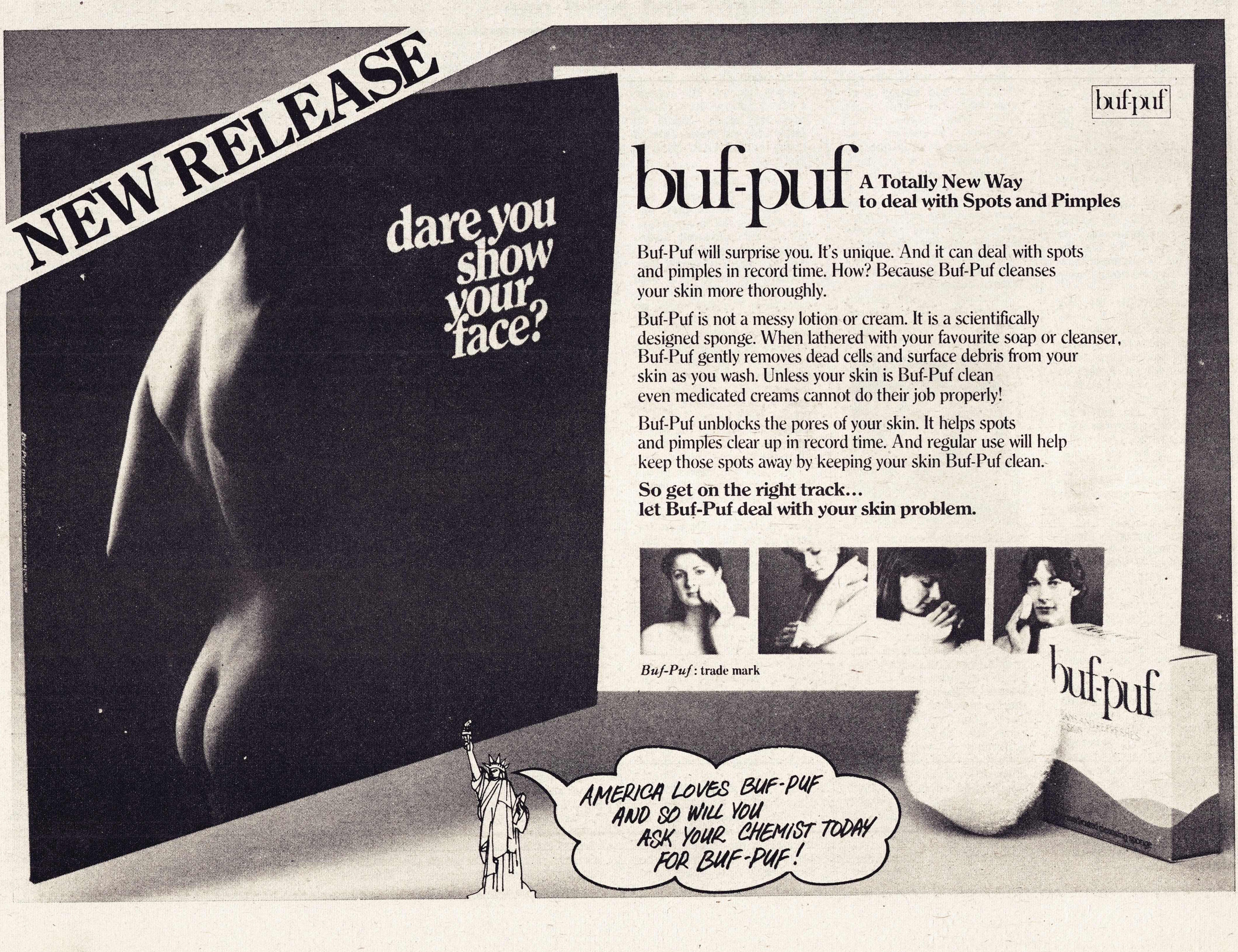
Even with the LA affluence-/influence having been mistakenly allowed to permeate Big's rather rustic vibe, the album still remains one of the most promising English albums released this year.

Meanwhile, over at Rak Records, we find Mickie Most dripping 24-carat sweat onto the mixing console in an attempt to bring the Heavy Metal Kids the credibility as a recording outfit that eluded them on their two somewhat scrappy Atlantic albums.

And, at a stroke, "Kitsch" has succeeded in presenting Holton and his crew with a record worthy of the dynamite stage shows they were coming up with before Holton's temporary fleeing the coop.

Most has come up with the right mix. The sound's very clean and sharp, but still fairly drips — especially courtesy of Barry Paul's generally original and raunchy guitar riffs that drive so many of the numbers — with dirt, and Holton's own vision of London decadence.

Indeed, on "Kitsch" there is something, just a feeling, that suggests that the Kids could end up — if they can stay together — as one of the *great* London bands. The riffs, the tempo, the *vibe* if you so wish, more than hints of that stark toppy sound that characterised The Faces. "Chelsea Kids", with John Sinclair's gut-pounding keyboards, is the obvious example, but there's a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further development of the genre on "Jack The Lad", an autobiography of the Holton cockney sparrer/barrow-boy persona that's straight out of the Ray Davies London ballad tradition.

Other highlights to note: (i) The riff on "Docking In" doesn't match up to those on the rest of the record and let's the cut down completely.

(ii) "Overture", the intro instrumental track, is such a witty, hilarious parody of Elton's "Funeral For A Friend" that I collapsed giggling on the floor.

(iii) John Sinclair, who not only provides superb keyboards but is also no slouch with the old composing quill, has already left the group. Is this a problem, one inquires?

(iv) Holton's strident and slightly grating vocal histrionics are no match for Dicken's more seasoned lunacy.

Even so, Britain's two foremost second division punks (as in Before Pistols) have turned in two very fine works at a time when their existences are in danger of being overshadowed by the New Wave version.

I'm still utterly convinced, though, that Holton's onstage over-the-top grossness has been a source of inspiration to more than one New Wave outfit.

Chris Salewicz

THE FOUR SEASONS

Helicon (Warner Bros.)

WHEN FRANKIE Valli finally leaves the Four Seasons, it will be no more than a minor disaster. No need for a major United Nations airlift of blankets and food.

All that will be necessary are intensive auditions to find a voice with the same power, range, and charisma. They shouldn't need to try out more than a million or two hopefuls.

Valli's absent from many of the cuts here. A phased withdrawal, to use the euphemism. And most of those from which he's missing are pale by comparison.

Even as a back-up singer, Valli's impossible to replace. The harmony sound for which he's responsible is unique.

The hope, though, is that the band will be so firmly established as a chart act that they'll manage even without the main attraction.

Once again, the Season's mastermind Bob Gaudio has written and produced the music; he seems to have finally calculated the mixture of potential hits and filler tracks.

Four Seasons' albums are deceptive. This one's predecessor spawned three huge singles. "Who Loves You" (the title track), "Silver Star," and the Seasons' first British number one, "December, 1963."

At least two of those songs were strangely tucked away in odd corners of the album where only the most zealous fans might find them. The reason being that the filler tracks were limp MOR singalongs designed to deter less hardy persons.

Three or four of the tracks on "Helicon" sound remarkably like the singles needed to generate this year's income — though none are quite as fine as their forerunners.

One of them is a lighthearted chirp called "I Believe In You." The strongest is undoubtedly "Down The Hall," which succeeds despite a lack of Valli. It's the LP's least pretentious cut. A teen dream lyric, and a simpleminded melody that's understated but memorable.

"She moved in down the hall / So I payed her a call / She flashed a smile / I stayed awhile / I've always lived alone / Just quiet nights at home / But Lord knows when they'll cone again."

Isn't that just so cute? Another contender is the somewhat ponderous "Rhapsody," with Valli telling us how he'd forgotten what a rush he gets from hearing strings, what with all that rock and roll you hear nowadays. Grandiose arrangement, gorgeous chorus.

Then there's what's obviously intended to be the set's creative peak, "New York Street Song," which takes these fresh-voiced guys into new and bizarre territory (for them). The theme is — gulp — drug addiction.

The song, however, is not quite the cold turkey you might expect, chiefly thanks to some beautiful acapella stretches. Whether *Top Of The Pops* is quite ready for such an adult subject is another matter.

As for the fillers, this time Gaudio has opted in the main for a rock, rather than an MOR, style. Why, they've even got Greg Allman guesting on organ. Though why they should want to boast about that is anyone's guess.

The Seasons' view of rock is that you lay down a great, fat beat and zap out some pseud's corner prose about the nature of life. Hence, the eminently forgettable title song, which is about the sacred mountain of the muses, of all things. Guess they snapped a crampon on that one.

Bob Edmands

IMPORTS

"DORIAN" (Amerama) features a personage who would appear to be the latest in the long line of Bowie-influenced theatricals.

However, it would appear that Dorian is not prepared to give away too much at this stage of the game. It has to be assumed that the album is a one man job, for no musicians are listed and the only sleeve note is a memo from Dorian himself stating, "I have no one to thank for this album but myself."

Musically, his 25-minute offering is an odd mixture which sometimes bears a resemblance to the fare we've come to regard as pure Beserkley and that which can only be regarded as a nickel's worth of nothing. Slotting into the former category is "Men's Room", a five minute amalgum of heated riffs and early morning lead-ins, with Monsieur Passante (that's Dorian's surname) proclaiming the ecstacies of love in the gents while "Silver Stringed Marionette", his nine-minute-long would-be piece de resistance sounds disjointed, often out-of-tune and sadly unrehearsed, as if Passante had run out of parking time in the studio before he'd had a chance to attempt much more than a perfunctory run-through.

Obviously hung up by (or along with) Wilde's infamous portrait — the disc includes such cuts as "Face" *("Face, the guilt is deep within me")* and "Inside, Looking Out" — one emerges with a belief that Dorian at this very moment, may be laying, old and shrivelled, on the floor of some New York attic (Amerama is a New York label), while an angelic head and shoulders beams down from a knifed canvas on the wall.

On the other hand, you may not choose to believe that of anyone capable of dotting his 'I's with stars.

Back on the ground-floor, there's a better-class soundtrack item in "Banjoman" (Sire), which documents the music from a movie based on a country-rock concert. Bedecked in a Dean Torrence sleeve, the album features the **Byrds** (with Clarence White) playing "Roll Over Beethoven" and **Joan Baez** rendering "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere", other worthwhile contributions emanating from the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band,** the **Earl Scruggs Revue, Doc and Merle Watson** and **Ramblin' Jack Elliott,** offerings from **Tracy Nelson** and **David Bromberg** regrettably being omitted.

I didn't even know that Charles Stepney, producer of Earth, Wind And Fire, Dells, Rotary Connection, etc., had gone to meet the Reaper, but as **Ramsey Lewis'** "Love Notes" (Columbia) is dedicated to his memory, I guess it must be so.

Anyway, this time around, Bert De Coteaux has been enrolled to supervise Lewis' funkybutt pianists, some writing and instrumental aid coming from **Stevie Wonder.**

Trying to gain further mileage out of their **Linda Ronstadt** back-catalogue, Capitol have come up with "A Retrospective", a 22-track double that features items ranging from Linda's 1966 version of Fred Neil's "Just A Little Bit Of Rain", with Cyrus Faryar, Bernie Leadon, Billy Mundi etc., through to her 1974 retread of the Everly's "When Will I Be Loved". A tempting package, with **Eagles** flying out every whichway, the appeal of "A Retrospective" is only marred by the thought of duplicating such cuts as "Different Drum" and "Some Of Shelly's Blues" yet again!

Frank Mariano, on the other hand, is a firm believer in duplication. So much so, that he's had the lyrics of "World Anthem" (Columbia), the title song to his latest album with Mahogany Rush, printed no less than eleven times on the inner sleeve. To save monotony setting in, he's had them translated variously into German, Swedish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, Portugese, Hebrew, Arabic and Japanese, thus ensuring a world-wide hit. At least, that's the theory!

Virgin have been totin' copies of **Willie Nelson's** never-released-here "Shotgun Willie" (Atlantic) at a reasonable £1.79 this week (why the hell British WEA haven't issued this and "Phases And Stages" — on which Nelson meets Dylan — as a cheapo-double, I shall never know) while Ezy Ryder's of Greyfriar's Market, Edinburgh have miraculously located stocks of "Triangle" by the **Beau Brummels,** an extremely tough-to-get-item.

Newie-wise, others to arrive this week include **Bobby Vinton's** The Name Is Love", **Les McCann's** "Music Let Me Be" (ABC), **Helen Reddy's** Kim Fowley-produced "Ear Candy" (Capitol), **Rance Allen's** "Say My Friend" (Capitol), **Lee Ritenour's** "Captain Finger" (Epic), **Anne Romaine's** "Gettin' On Romaine", with **Steve Young** (Rounder), and **B.T. Express'** "Function At The Junction" (Columbia).

Fred Dellar

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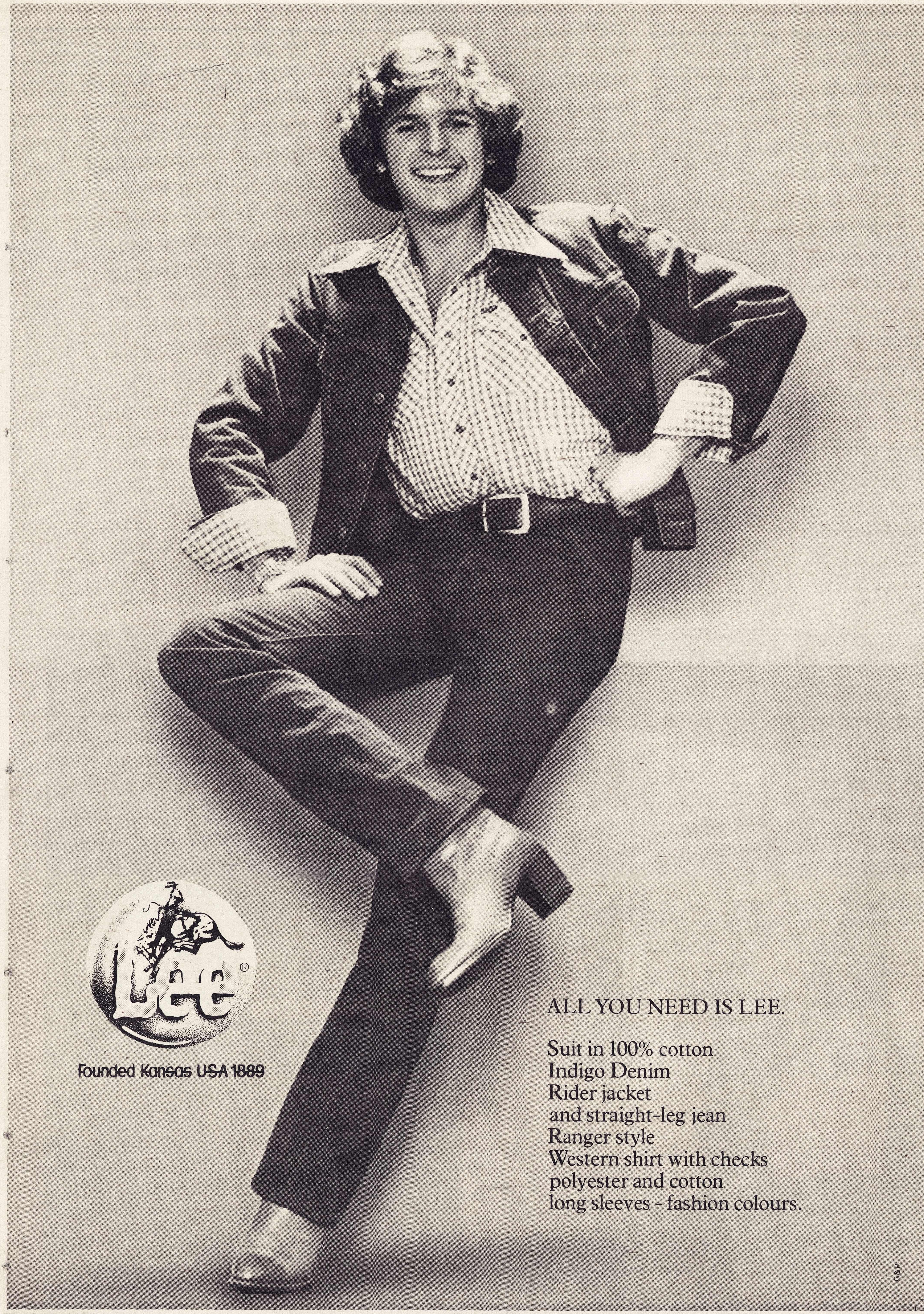

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IZITSO
Cat Stevens

CAT STEVENS

Izitso (Island)

AFTER BRIEFLY abandoning melody in favour of mysticism, Cat Stevens has now seen the error of his foolish ways and repented.

As resurrections go, this one has been brilliantly staged. There are many moments here that recall the splendours of Stevens' classic albums, "Tea For The Tillerman" and "Teaser And The Firecat".

Stevens has hired a new bunch of disciples to help spread his gospel. Among them are assorted Muscle Shoals pros, classy warblers like Elkie Brooks, name-drop jazzers of the Chick Corea ilk, and a perceptive producer called Dave Kershenbaum.

There was no way this line-up was going to deliver a turkey, even though some (notably Corea) are inadequately used. But it's not all down to true strength of the supporting cast.

Lately Stevens seems to have acquired a surprising facility with electronic keyboards, which allows him to decorate even the least impressive of his songs in a lavish way.

Happily too, his writing seems to have come good on more occasions than with his recent sets. "(Remember the Days Of The) Old Schoolyard", the opener, is one of the sharpest things he's ever come up with.

Rampaging synthesisers, a strong confident melody and a tenacious hook all combine to lodge the song firmly in your memory. The sort of trick that Stevens used to work every time.

Barely less impressive are a couple of amiable love songs, "Bonfire" and "Crazy". And on "Sweet Jamaica" Stevens gives us his own touching little tribute to his tax Elba in the sun.

There are drawbacks, of course. Stevens' style is indelibly MOR. Always was, and no doubt, always will be. Nothing to satisfy musical machismo here.

And the lyrics. It's best not to listen to them too hard. They can be embarrassingly twee: *"We had simplicity and we had warm toast for tea"*; *"I feel the earth move when I'm in your arms"*; *"Your love is like a bonfire burning deep within me"*, and so on. Awful. Just awful.

The song that takes the lyrical prize is "(I Never Wanted) To Be A Star". The accidentally famous Mr Stevens tells us that *"I never wanted to be a star, I never wanted to travel far, I only wanted a little bit of love, so I could put a little love in my heart."* Can you beat that?

Not only does Stevens think up these lines, he records them, and has them printed out for the world to gaze upon.

But never mind. Paul McCartney hardly does better, and we don't need to be too generous to overlook it. The tunes are the thing in both cases, and Cat Stevens is once again delivering the goods. Let's hope he can steer clear of gurus and continue to grow.

Bob Edmands

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE

Freeways (Mercury)

OVERWEIGHT MORMONS who rock out with the lack of conviction symptomatic of any religious zealots involved in, uh, pop-music don't deserve to have their *product* put out on the same label that brought you the immortal Noo Yawk Dolls.

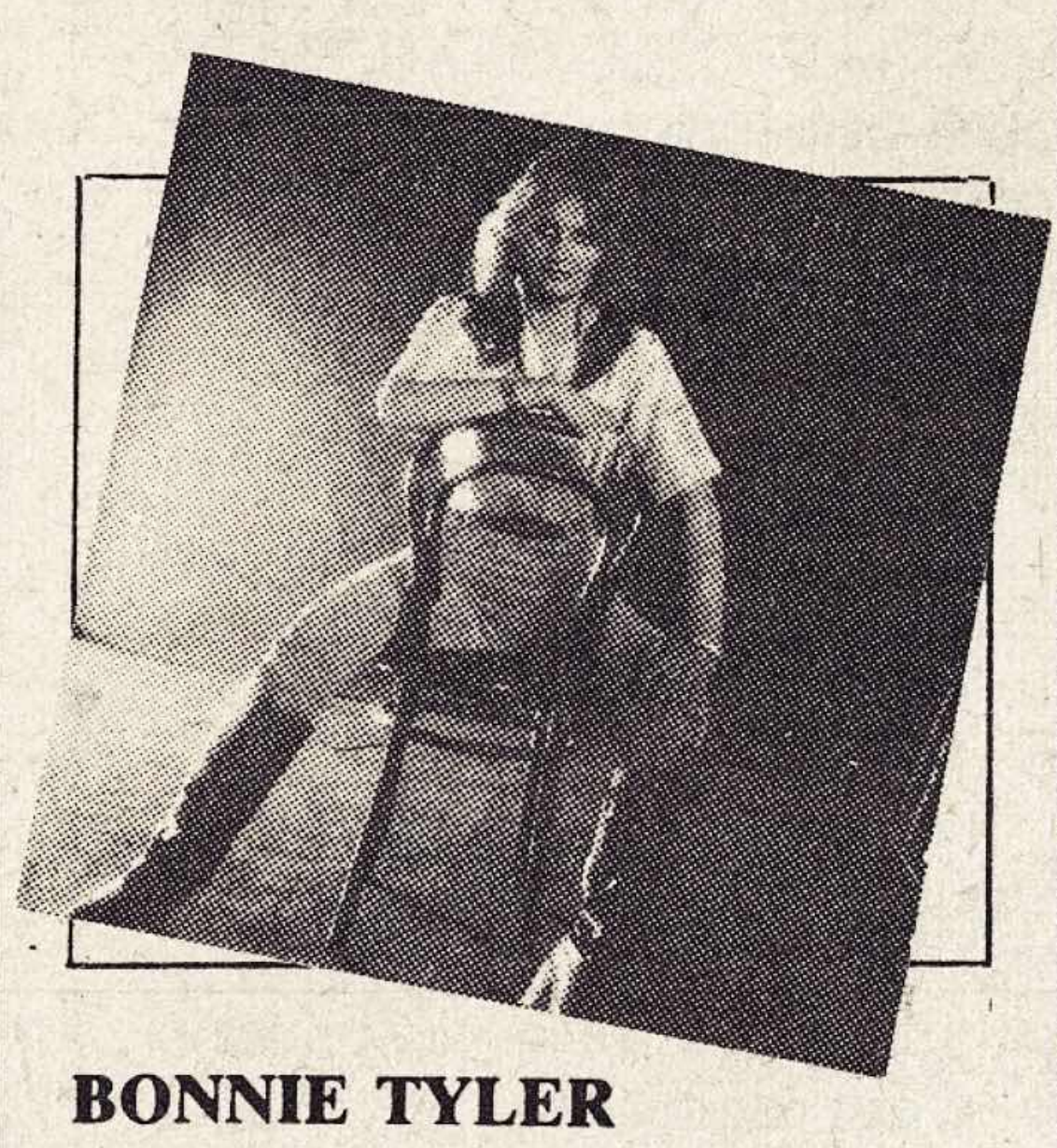
BTO? They merely follow a time-honoured formula of copping classic riffs, cleaning them up for public consumption whilst removing all energy, excitement and emotion from them and then writing banal lyrics meant to encompass a celebration of endless highways and illicit loves.

"Shotgun Rider", "Freeways" and "My Wheels Won't Turn" (exactly, Randy) are all definitive BTO; "Sweet Jane", "All Right Now" and "I Can't Explain" licks plagiarised so blatantly that you feels like crucifying the man (Randy Bachman, author and guilty party) who has defiled the sacred memory of these Old Masters.

The only number that Randy The Fats didn't pen on this monstrosity is "Life Still Goes On (I'm Lonely)", written by porky-faced bassist C. F. Turner, who proves to be as lacking in inspirational flair as old Randy.

There's even two disco fodder numbers, namely "Easy Groove" and "Can We All Come Together".

File under Osmonds for long-hairs. **Tony Parsons**



BONNIE TYLER

The World Starts Tonight (RCA)

BONNIE TYLER meanders with mild magnificence through a debut album of lack-lustre numbers.

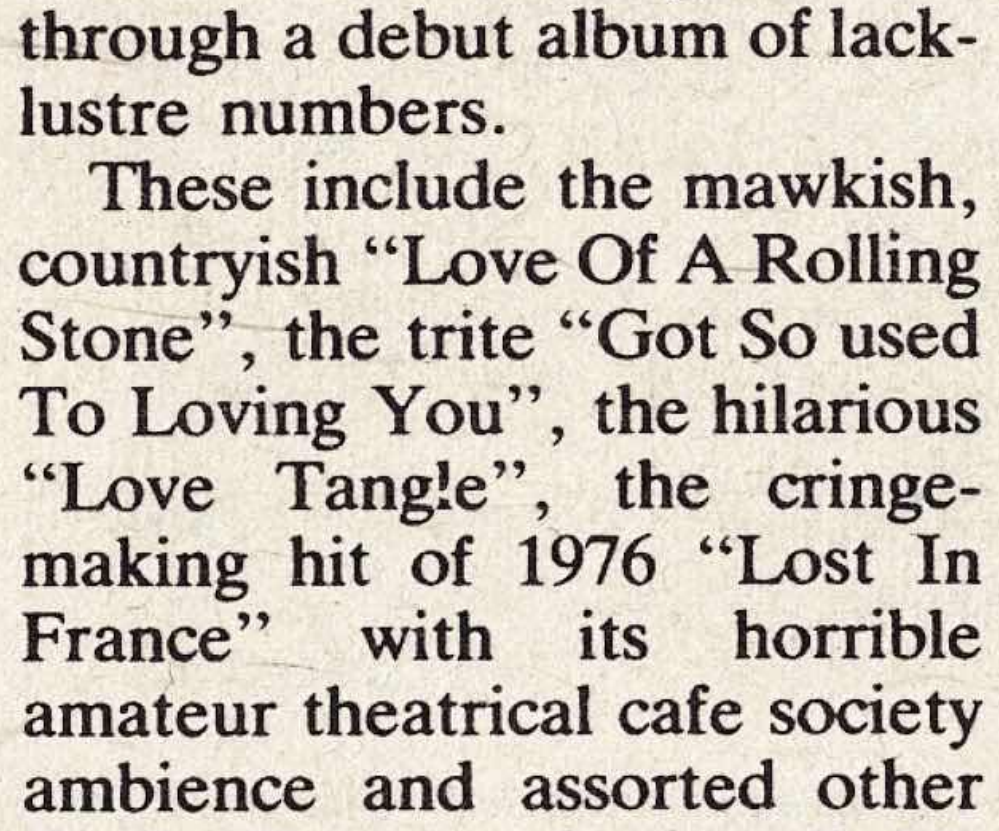
These include the mawkish, countryish "Love Of A Rolling Stone", the trite "Got So used To Loving You", the hilarious "Love Tangle", the cringe-making hit of 1976 "Lost In France" with its horrible amateur theatrical cafe society ambience and assorted other Radio Two standard stuff. It's all only pulled from the Slough of Despond by Bonnie's gritty gurgle.

She also tackles "Piece Of My Heart" — a move akin to Peter Noone recording "I Wanna Be Your Dog" — but Miss Tyler has a certain break in her voice (as well as her heart) which renders her not utterly unconvincing. Sadly the track is eventually throttled by a gaggle of prissy violins.

But it's the last track on side one which convinces me that Bonnie Tyler could be the Lita Roza of the Me Generation. The new single "More Than A Lover" might disgust clean-living Rich Person Muriel Young but completely captivated me with its enigmatic words and sinister melody through which Bonnie husks her wicked way with strident power.

She got nice thighs, too.

Julie Burchill



NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Who Are Those Guys? (MCA)

NO IDEA who those guys are, but these guys (Nurps, as they're affectionately known) are on a par with the Burritos, not quite up to Poco. It's standard bar-room stuff (Buddy Cage's pedal steel glides over, under, sideways, down throughout), occasionally mildly ribald ("Red Hot Women And Ice Cold Beer"), mainly moderately mainstream ("It Never Hurts To Be Nice To Somebody").

The definite high spot is "High Rollers", the sluggishly sardonic put-down of Hollywood by Boyd Berlin and Terry Melcher (Doris'll get you for this, Terry):

"We're high rolling studs from LA/ Hippies don't trust us/ Cops like to bust us/ The neighbours all swear that we're gay."

Other targets include religion, pills, Bing Crosby, Stills, Nash and Jung.

Elsewhere the humour is as obvious, but delivered less cogently. Spencer Dryden's "Home Grown", for instance, is about what you'd expect it to be about, but for some reason is set to the "Not Fade Away" riff.

Buddy Holly is invoked more openly on Nurps' redundant ressurection of "Peggy Sue", with John Dawson, Steve Love and David Nelson singing in tight harmony as Nelson's fuzzy guitar messes over the mechanical rhythm section.

They also drag it out to 2:36 when everyone knows "Peggy Sue" can take only 2:28 and not a second longer. Venerable Bob Johnston twiddled the knobs.

Monty Smith

Delbert McClinton
Love Rustler

DELBERT McCLINTON

Love Rustler (ABC

IN THE grand tradition of Elvis and Tony Joe White this is white, southern r'n'b.

Delbert McClinton first surfaced in the early 60's playing on Bruce Channel's Twist hit "Hey Baby". What he's done since then is a mystery; he had a group called Delbert and Clark, spent some time backing people like Howlin' Wolf and Jimmy Reed, then signed with ABC in '75.

"Genuine Cowhide", released last year, was a fine and unassuming record — a collection of the rock'n'roll and r'n'b songs that he's obviously fond of, played in a raucous, roadhouse style.

The country musicians sound as if they haven't had so much fun in years and Delbert sings with a combination of respect and excitement, digging the fact that he's getting a chance to record those songs and pushing himself on.

"Love Rustler" isn't as even or as good as "Genuine Cowhide". Some of the songs make it, but most don't. After being allowed to indulge himself on "Genuine Cowhide" it seems someone has decided to try and find McClinton a niche in popular music.

Consequently different things have been attempted. The music is funkier, more use is made of production while the horn section and backing vocals aren't as concisely and effectively arranged as before.

The earthiness is missing, which makes his warm, well-enunciated voice sound MOR at times especially on "That Woman", a bland love song with cocktail lounge arrangements.

Obvious concessions to finding a wider audience like "Hold On To Your Honey" which could do without the synthesiser, clavinet or Fred Wesley horn charts) begin to sound like fillers after a few plays.

The best tracks are those where he hasn't tried to pull off a style he isn't used to. The title cut is as dynamic an opener as you'll find anywhere.

It rocks, bounces and punches; Delbert sings the way Paul Rodgers might if he was black. In fact, his voice sounds uncannily close to Rodgers' throughout. "Under Suspicion" is slow, funky, swamp music with a great production that makes it moody and ominous. "Ain't No More Cane" (an old chain gang work song) and "Turn On Your Love Light", make me wish he hadn't wasted his time on laboured country ballads and soft city soul.

On "Love Light" the singing is powerful and the music a runaway train, gaining momentum and ending in a frenzied gospel celebration.

It may be that he likes singing all these various styles, as the sleeve notes claim, but some of the performances are so workmanlike that that's hard to believe.

He ought to stick with the r'n'b he loves. He sings it better and, as Southside Johnny has proved, it's by no means a lost cause.

Paul Rambali

DAN HILL

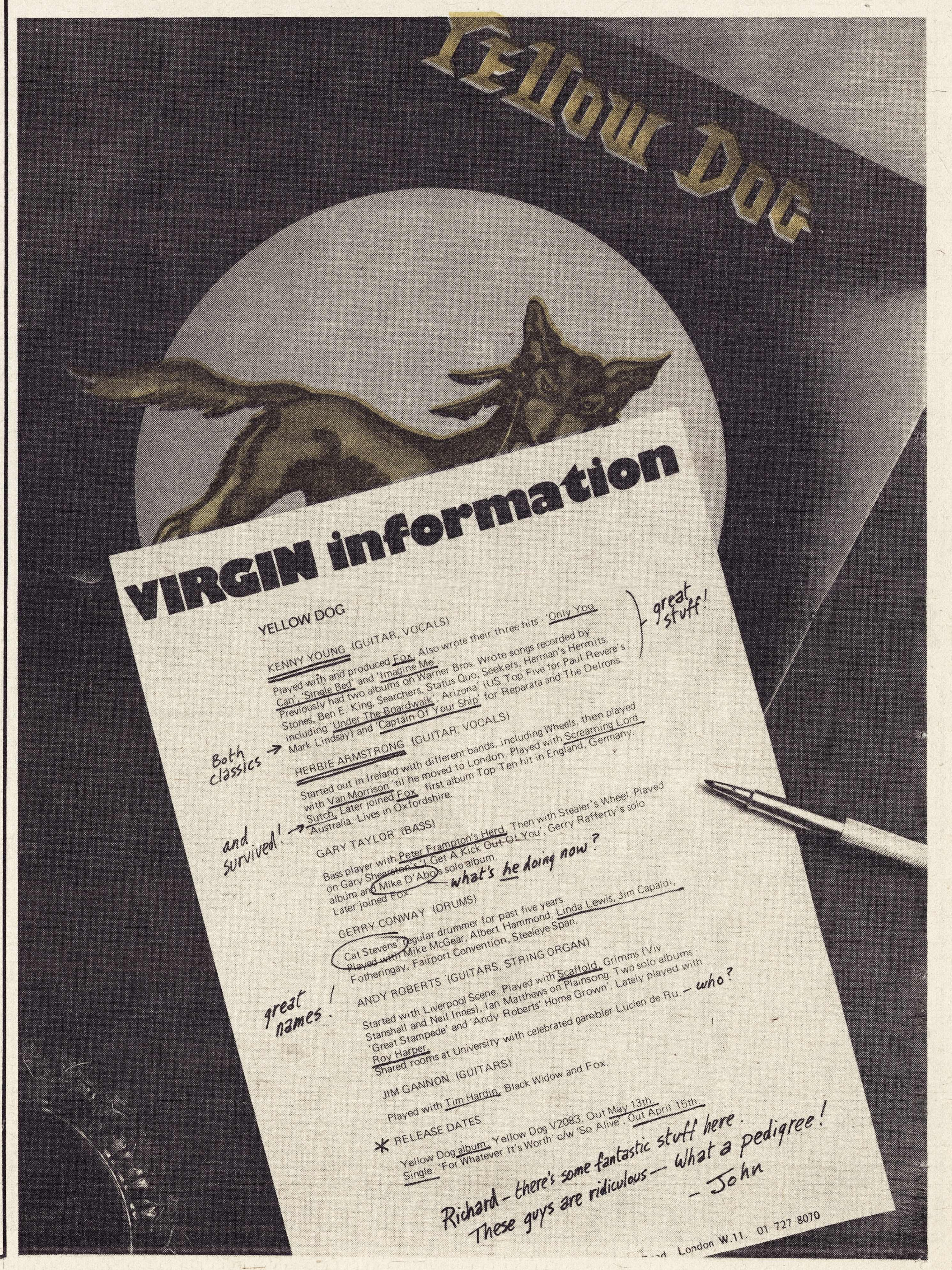
Hold On (20th Century)

A CANADIAN singer-songwriter with a similar low-key vocal approach to that of Bruce Cockburn, but lacking his compositional strength.

Aside from the impressive title track, the songs are no great shakes, mainly concerned with love and loneliness and just managing to stay the right side of sentimental susceptibility.

However, Don Potter contributes fine acoustic guitar throughout and, when called upon, Matthew McCauley's string arrangements are sympathetically integrated.

Monty Smith



VIRGIN information

YELLOW DOG

KENNY YOUNG (GUITAR, VOCALS)

Played with and produced Fox. Also wrote their three hits - 'Only You Can', 'Single Bed' and 'Imagine Me'. Previously had two albums on Warner Bros. Wrote songs recorded by Stones, Ben E. King, Searchers, Status Quo, Seekers, Herman's Hermits, including 'Under The Boardwalk', 'Arizona' (US Top Five for Paul Revere's Mark Lindsay) and 'Captain Of Your Ship' for Reparata and The Delrons.

great stuff!

Both classics →

HERBIE ARMSTRONG (GUITAR, VOCALS)

Started out in Ireland with different bands, including Wheels, then played with Van Morrison 'til he moved to London. Played with Screaming Lord Sutch. Later joined Fox - first album Top Ten hit in England, Germany, Australia. Lives in Oxfordshire.

and survived! →

GARY TAYLOR (BASS)

Bass player with Peter Frampton's Herd. Then with Stealer's Wheel. Played on Gary Shearston's 'I Get A Kick Out Of You', Gerry Rafferty's solo album and Mike D'Abo's solo album. Later joined Fox.

what's he doing now?

GERRY CONWAY (DRUMS)

Cat Stevens' regular drummer for past five years. Played with Mike McGear, Albert Hammond, Linda Lewis, Jim Capaldi, Fotheringay, Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span.

great names!

ANDY ROBERTS (GUITARS, STRING ORGAN)

Started with Liverpool Scene. Played with Scaffold, Grimms (Viv Stanshall and Neil Innes), Ian Matthews on Plainsong. Two solo albums - 'Great Stampede' and 'Andy Roberts' Home Grown'. Lately played with Roy Harper. Shared rooms at University with celebrated gambler Lucien de Ru. — who?

JIM GANNON (GUITARS)

Played with Tim Hardin, Black Widow and Fox.

* RELEASE DATES

Yellow Dog album: Yellow Dog V2083. Out May 13th.
Single: 'For Whatever It's Worth' c/w 'So Alive'. Out April 15th.

Richard - there's some fantastic stuff here.
These guys are ridiculous — what a pedigree!
— John

London W.11. 01 727 8070

Linda Lewis

LINDA LEWIS
Woman Overboard (Arista)

POOR LITTLE Linda Lewis. Condemned by her very cuteness to be viewed as an ornamental support or giggling *Sun* centrespread; an image reinforced time and time again by her own chosen persona.

Her charm is probably her greatest enemy. Dazzled by her teeth, people tend to go easy on the constructive criticism and leave her to go on making the same mistakes over and over again.

Way back in 1972, our own wise young Roy Carr vowed that Linda would be A Star. In 1974, equally wise young Clive Davis, said exactly the same thing in signing Linda Lou to Arista.

Well, she's stilll waiting. 1971's "Say No More" was the first of four albums to receive good reviews and cause little action. This, her second for Arista, suggests no reason why things should change.

But if friends were any use to anyone, Linda would be queen of the world! Among the talents employed herein are Allan Toussaint, Liza Strike, James Booker, Deneice Williams, Cat Stevens, James Gilstrap, Van McCoy, Jimmy Horowitz, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Peter Hope-Evans, plus of course Mr Lewis a.k.a. Jim Cregan.

I've been listening to so many black girl singers lately that my first reaction is "Who needs it?" to every new addition to the tedious roll-call. I mean, who really needs this stuff? Why waste plastic?

Funnily enough I never felt that way about Linda Lewis. "Lark" and "Fathoms Deep" were something out of the discotrash usual; acoustic pearls amongst all the trite, thumping, sequin swine.

Arista may reckon they're doing Linda a favour by plastering her all over the sleeve in a wet metallic dress (making her look like a whore caught in a rainstorm), but an escape into eye-rolling vamp was not really what was needed to ditch the Shirley Temple act. What was needed was simply to let her be herself,

What we have here are eleven love songs finding Linda on her feet or on her knees (the sides are labelled "vertical" and "horizontal" in various stages of undress and discofodder.

The oh-so-smooth music is much the same as that which recently graced albums by Minnie Riperton, The Ritchie Family, Natalie Cole and Melba Moore. Side one is heavily handled by Allen Toussaint, who from this showing would appear to be approaching senility.

The songs would be shouted down even in the dumbest dancehall; the uninspired words and instantly forgettable tunes make me long for the catchy cuteness of "Rock A Doodle Doo" and "Time To Play Around".

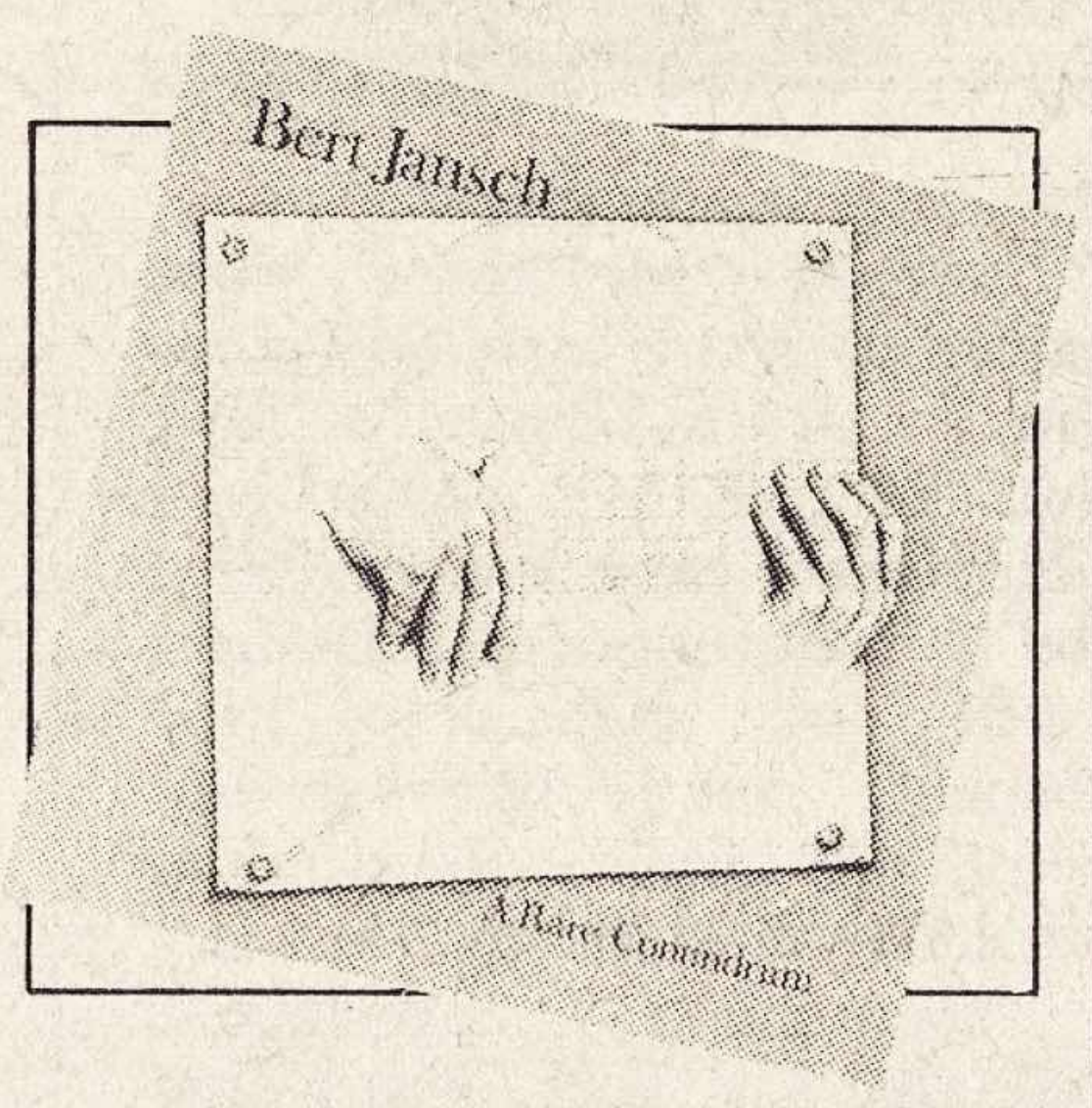
The two Cat Stevens songs merely comment admirably on the present state of Cat Stevens.

Side two is similarly irrelevant drivel. The only exceptions are "My Friend The Sun" (maybe Linda should record an album of Family songs), which possesses a delicacy painfully absent elsewhere, and "So Many Mysteries To Find", one of Linda's own songs which stays in the mind after the unpleasant taste of the other synthetic concoctions has faded.

A weird thing — certain segments of this album find Linda sounding like a junior Joan Armatrading. Maybe. if Joan had been unwise enough to sign with Arista, she too would have ended up as The Sound of Tinsel.

Maybe Linda Lewis should lose Arista before she loses her fans? And her soul.

Julie Burchill



BERT JANSCH
A Rare Conundrum (Charisma)

IT'S three in the morning and life isn't a Sinatra song. Although it's the weekend it might as well be Monday for all the rain cares, and maybe that one person you ever felt anything about has decided that "it was never on".

So it's just you and the record deck, and the prospect of Leonard Cohen makes you think about calling up the Samaritans and Al Stewart's bedsitter images carry about as much weight as a No. 6 coupon, what with him riding so high in the US charts.

So it's Bert Jansch you choose to help you through, the Bert Jansch whose broken voice speaks eloquent volumes about the sort of dissipated relationship you're trying to get over, and who's got a guitar that can form shapes out of the anguish you've come to accept as readily as dandruff.

And what better to tide you over these troubled times than a *new* Bert Jansch album, his third for Charisma and a differnet bag of business to his two previous American excursions?

Here the line-up is trimmed down to the excellent Jansch guitar, abetted by ex-Lindisfarne guitarist Rod Clements and Mike Piggot's fiddle, evoking the sort of melancholy you appreciate. Ralph McTell's plaintive harmonica makes a welcome appearance on two tracks, especially "Looking For A Home", which has Jansch as a *"Lonely refugee/On the road and out at sea/Looking for a home where I can settle down".* Aren't we all?

It's a good album this. There's a lot more melody in the tunes than early Jansch, and the lyrics are refreshingly straightforward. The traditional "Curragh Of Kildare" is beautifully handled, with the two guitars of Jansch and Clements blending together as Bert sings of unrequited love.

There are two great songs looking back to the heady folk club days of the 60's. "Daybreak" is a memory of a London Sunday morning and "3 Chord Trick" is a hazy recollection of all the dingy little folk clubs and characters.

It's not all bedsit stuff though and till sounds good when the sun's shining. Yeah, if life seems a feasible alternative to suicide then it's Bert Jansch time — music for the small hours.

Patrick Humphries

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL:
The Wheel (Capitol)

I'D BEEN beginning to think there wasn't that much happening on the live front until I saw Asleep At The Wheel at Hammersmith last week.

Not only are the Wheel one of the tightest bands we're likely to see in England until God knows when — they also feature the 70's own Buddy Emmons in Lucky Oceans, a pedal steel wizard with the touch of light blue Basie one moment and the ferocious assault of an Electra Glide cruising the next.

Significantly, the Wheel don't use any non-original songs here and still sound as Sho-bud Austin, Texas as they did on "Comin' Right At Ya" or "Wheelin' And Dealin'."

The joke is that despite their miles and miles of Texas panhandling ethnic appeal, the group hail from all places above the largest state in the union.

Nevertheless, Virginia and California's loss is Bob Wills country's gain. Judging by the recent phenomenal interest in swing, what is far from nostalgia-peddling will put the Wheel on the Hall of Fame where they belong about the same time as it raises Norton Buffalo sky high.

General mentor and guiding light is Leroy Preston, the mean looking mutha who propels the Wheel from stage left with his two-to-the-bar rhythm guitar and lethargic vocals.

He takes most of the credits for writing, including new band standards "I Wonder" and "Somebody Stole His Body" as well as the structured arrangements behind "Ragtime Annie" and the title track.

Asleep's front man, maybe the funniest lead guitarist in the business, Ray Benson, handles a lot of the less serious stuff and takes co-composition on the apocryphal "Am I High?". Judging by the way Link Davis and Taco Ryan were smoking through their saxes at Hammersmith I guess the answer would be yes.

Glamour puss Chris O'Connell, a founding member, doesn't always have the voice to back up her demure supercilious indifference, but is kept from too many singing chores to concentrate on making the record sound pretty.

Aside from Preston's Merle Haggard flavoured "I Wonder", there isn't much to her style here, but the Wheel always functions at a rolling pace so that the vocal doesn't have to be a focal point.

This is certainly true of "Let's Face Up" where the prominent sound is Floyd Domino's delicious piano and Oceans' polished steel. There's a better opportunity to enjoy the Wheel showing off their rapport with Link Davis' "Red Stick", a number that works out of Belton Richard territory, oozing Baton Rouge and a gen-yoo-ine mission accordion to get them Cajuns dancing.

If the rest of this record is far above average then it has one particular highspot that keeps it well to the forefront of Preston's achievements — namely, "My Baby Thinks She's A Train", a classic. Shades of Elvis, "Mystery Train", James Burton, Carl Perkins and a lyric to stand alongside some of Chuck's driest.

No doubt about it, Asleep At The Wheel are going to do for Texas what Clint Eastwood did for spaghetti westerns. One of the most essential slabs of vinyl this year.

Max Bell

DAVID COVERDALE
White Snake

DAVID COVERDALE
White Snake (Purple)

WHEN DAVID Coverdale was in Deep Purple, the rest of the band never quite had the courage of his convictions.

Having hoisted our hero out of obscurity, they hedged their bets by largely restricting him to duets with bassist Glenn Hughes.

As a result of this folly, Purple tended to sound a bit like a butch version of Delaney and Bonnie — a disastrous collision between white soul and heavy metal.

The memorable exception was "Mistreated", which Coverdale was allowed to sing on his own, thereby displaying an impressive talent for electric English blues.

Now Coverdale finally gets his big chance to show off his vocal abilities on an entire album, uncluttered by overbearing rivals.

Ironically, some habits stick. On cuts like "Lady" and "Time On My Side", Coverdale again gives us some unnecessary duets, either double-tracked or with someone who sounds a lot like him.

Happily, the damage is stringently contained. Most of the time this aberration is held in check, and again we're provided with undeniable evidence of Coverdale's strength as a soloist.

There are problems, though, Coverdale's principal difficulty is that he's not quite sure what to do with his remarkable voice now he's got his second big break.

The album's high spot is another skilfully rendered blues, "Blindman"; its emotional integrity seems thoroughly intact. There are the inevitable Deep Purple pastiches, notably the title track and "Time On My Side," both of which are enhanced by sharp-edged support from guitarist Micky Moody.

Elsewhere, Coverdale opts for attempts at soulful rave-ups that don't entirely work. On "Lady" and "Celebration" he has the desperate air of a man trying to get a knees-up going at a whist drive.

Coverdale can either stick with his heavy metal audience, who won't forgive him for any compromises, or he can adopt a more ambitious approach. His main asset is obviously his voice, rather than his songwriting, and it's a voice that deserves to be heard on some choice, tasty songs.

If he was brave enough to dump his Robert Plant wig and get himself a slick, funky producer, he might well clean up artistically and commercially.

Otherwise, obscurity again beckons dangerously.

Bob Edmands

KLAATU
(Capitol)

THE GAFF has been blown. The Beatles they ain't. For Klaatu's sake that's a pity, as it's about the only way they might have carved themselves a temporary niche in the vaults of posterity.

In case you missed the revelations, Klaatu are a Canadian band whom a lot of people (160,000 in the States) thought were the Beatles and that this album was the rock world's equivalent to the Holy Grail — a *new* Beatles album.

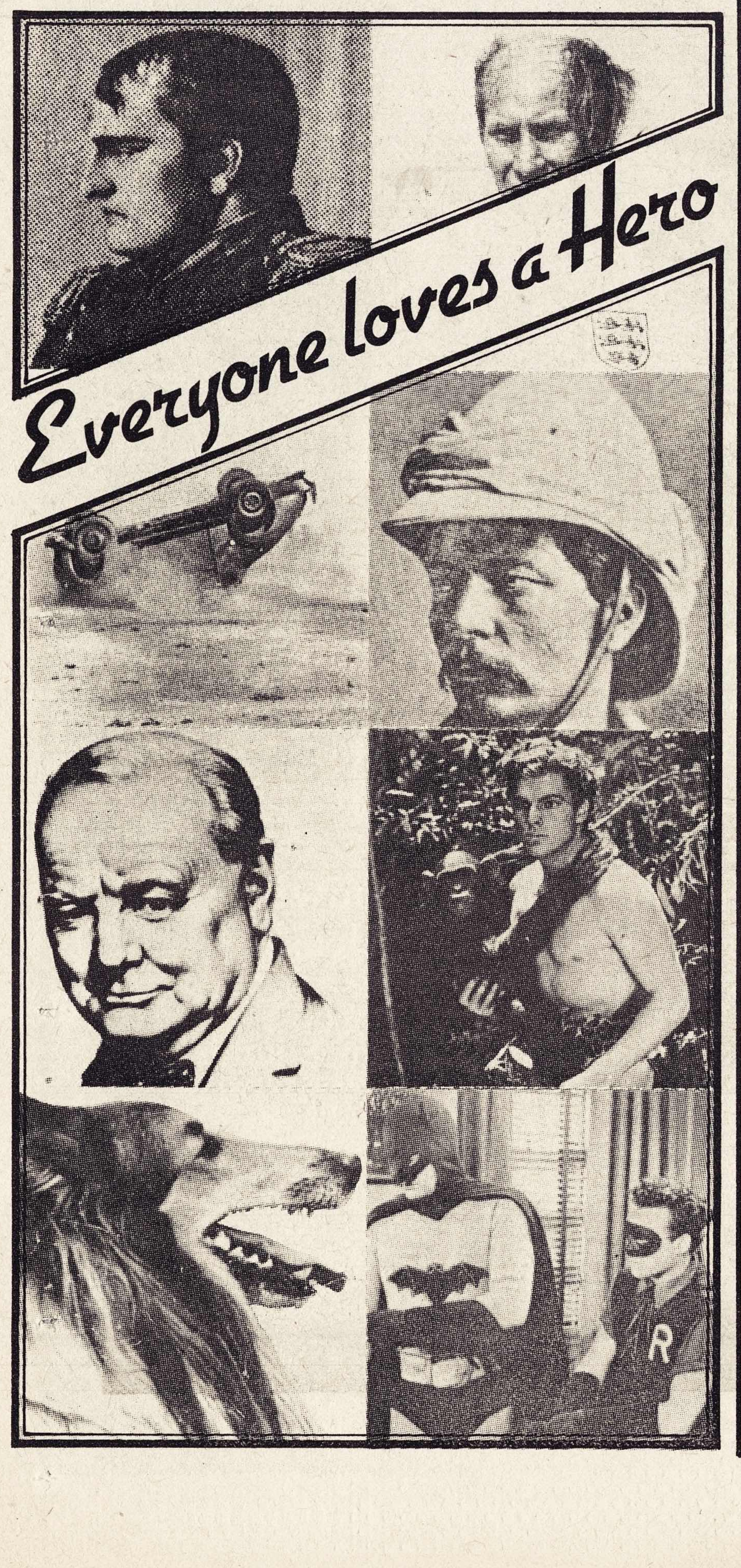
Once you've taken away the "what could have been", you're left with an album that has about as much to do with the Beatles' musical originality as W. C. Fields had to do with the Temperance Movement!

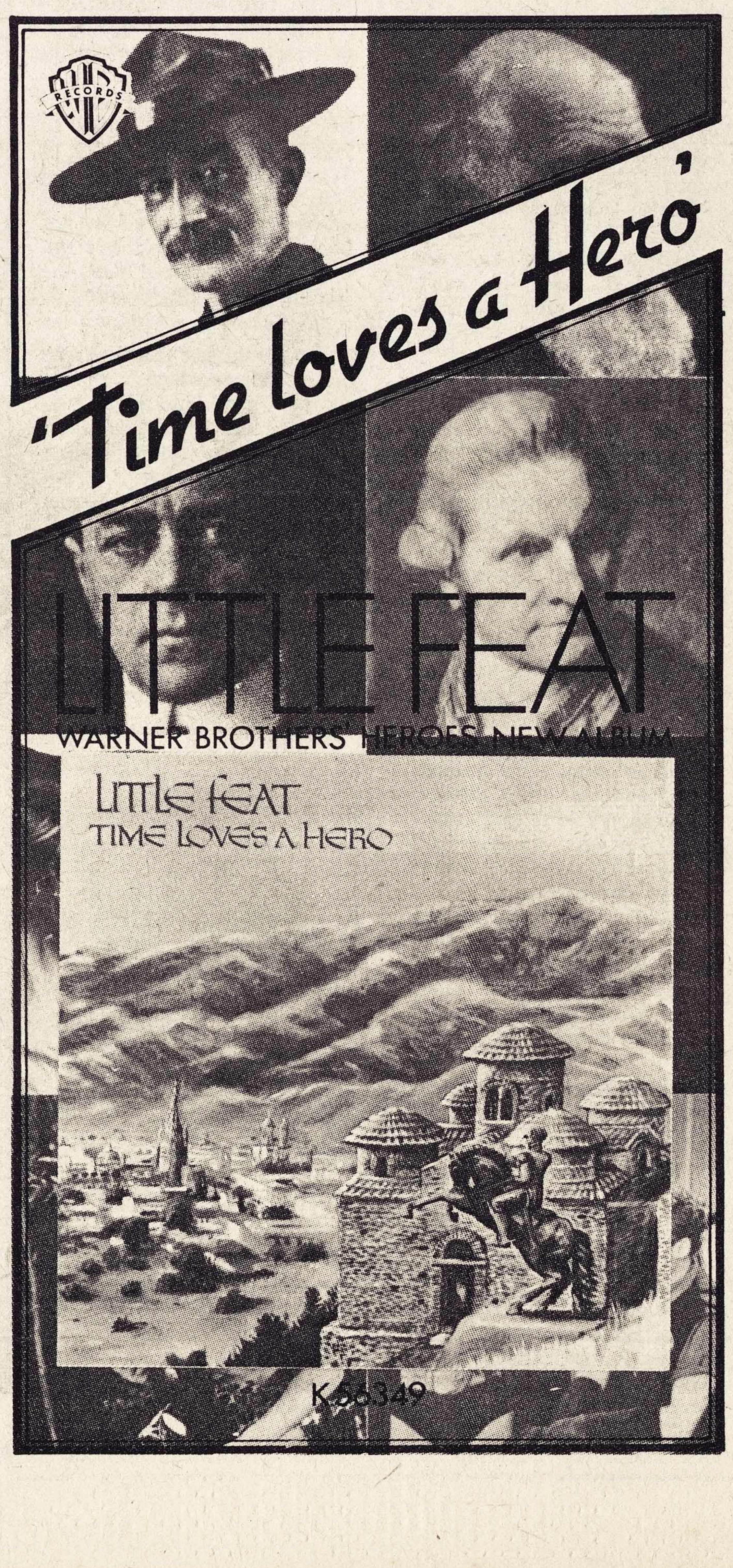
So some of the tracks do sound Beatleish, the sort of stuff the mop tops were getting into around the time they started growing beards: weird tape effects, brass and string arrangements a la 'Magical Mystery Tour' . . . The voice on 'Dr Marvello' *does* sound like Lennon, but it's when you get to the lyrics that you draw the line: *"Late last night while wishin' on a star / Down from the sky came a man in a car".* Whew, just the sort of heavy stuff to get Wilfred Mellers amending "Twilight Of The Gods."

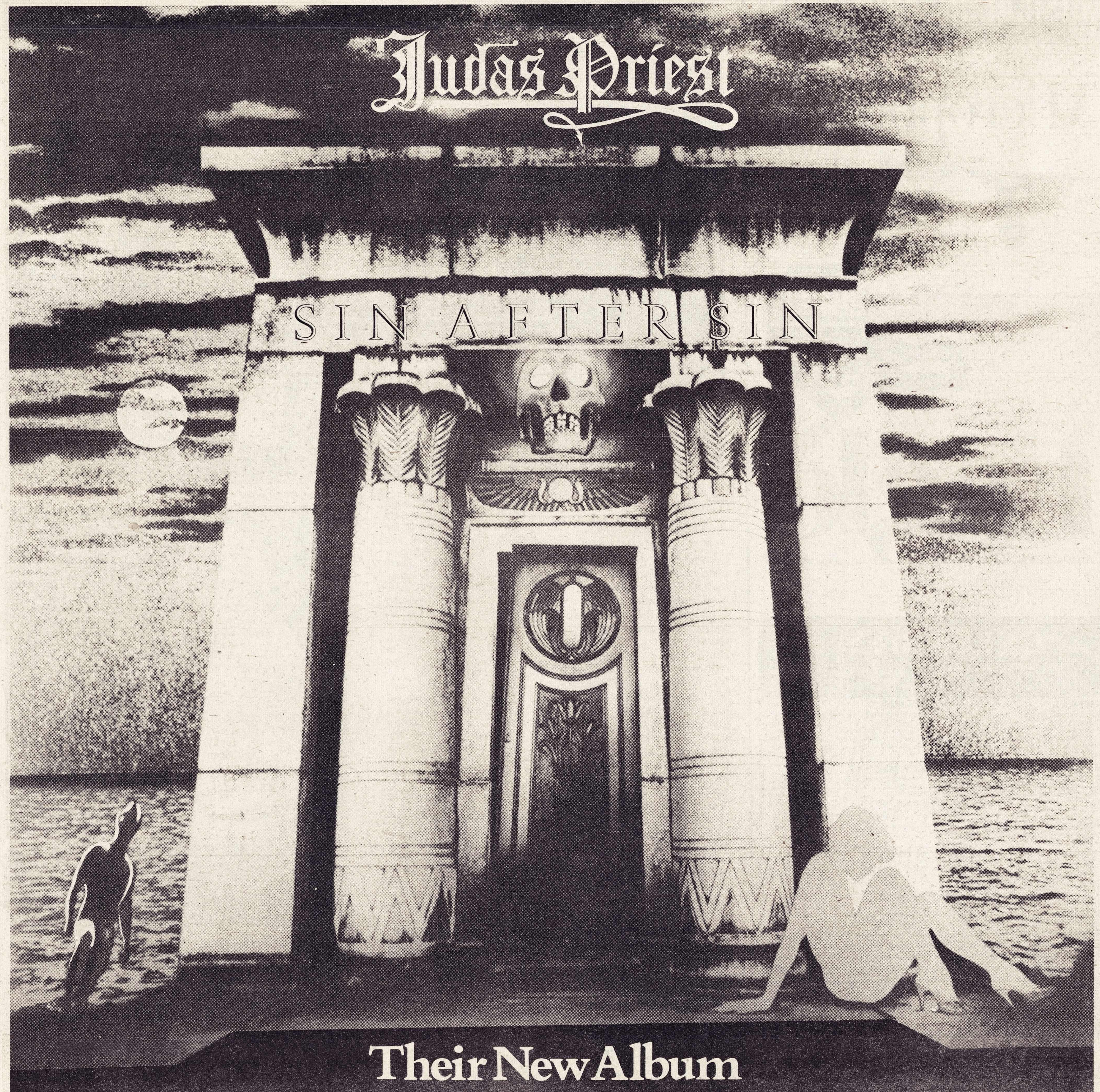
Klaatu might merit some footnote in a future rock textbook as the Clifford Irving of rock and roll but someone should have told them that 1967 was ten years ago.

Now you know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall!

Patrick Humphries







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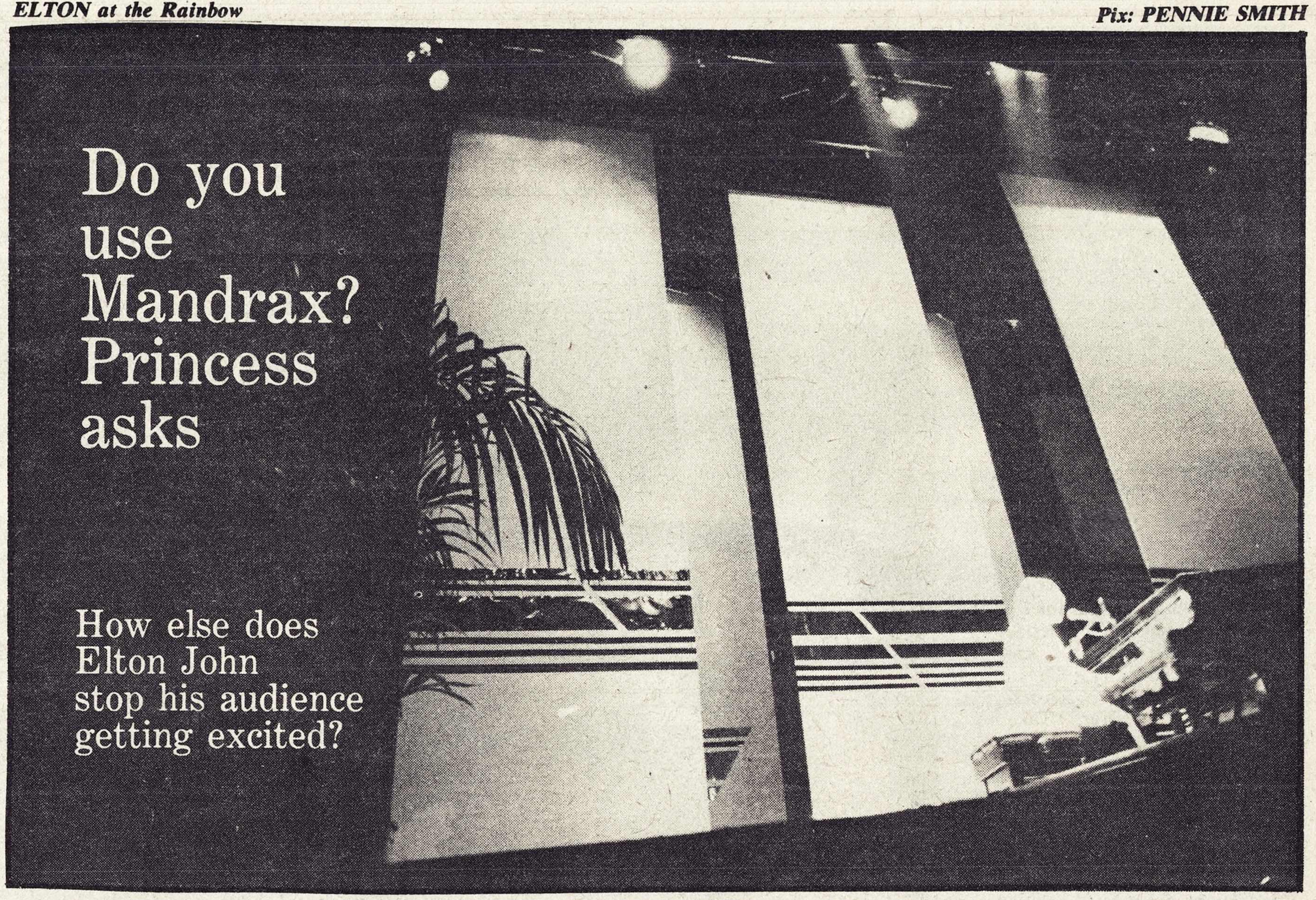
ELTON at the Rainbow

Pix: PENNIE SMITH



Do you use Mandrax? Princess asks

How else does Elton John stop his audience getting excited?

Elton John

RAINBOW THEATRE

THE SOCIAL DIVISION between rock star and audience is usually more obvious than it was at the Rainbow last Monday night.

Normally the successful artiste will glide into the theatre on a wave of comforting euphoria induced by the trappings of his fame: a chauffeured limo delivers him safely to the door, where he is greeted by his manager and a promoter, both spouting optimistic bluff, while fawning record company executives hover in the background, anxiously hoping they can pour the Star a drink, tie his shoelaces, or perhaps warm the toilet seat for him.

Oblivious to this ritual the fans, dressed in their tatty denims and swilling bottles of brown and pale, fill the grubby public bar out front with the noise of their rowdy excitement.

But the life-style Elton John so obviously enjoys is clearly *shared* by a large faction of the audience who attended the first of his six Rainbow concerts last week. There again, you'd need to be some sort of well-heeled professional person to shell out between £10 and £25 for a seat at "A Gala Night in the presence of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra, the Hon Mrs Angus Ogilvy, in aid of the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal".

Outside the Rainbow, scenes befitting a Hollywood premiere seemed somehow incongruous on the Seven Sisters Road, where usually the comparatively shabby concert goers stagger boozily past seedy Greek restaurants and hock shops.

There was a stately procession of sleek, purring limousines circling the theatre. Around the doors autograph hunters mingled with an angry group of young people shouting abuse and holding placards that demanded "Stop The Cuts" or "Stuff The Jubilee: Fight For The Right To Work". With weak, embarrassed smiles on their painted faces, ladies wearing splendid evening gowns and thick piled fur tripped daintily into the Rock House, hanging on to the sturdy arms of their gallant escorts, every one of them trussed up like a dog's dinner.

But then, the tickets had warned them that posh tosh clobber would be a prerequisite to sit among the country's Lords and their lasses and rock's own royalty — like Queen, The Eagles, Lorna Luft and Lyndsey De Paul, to name but a few. And there, with the lingering scent of Paco Rabanne afershave and expensive exotic perfumes in the air, the Mighty Hercules entertained the elegants for just over two *tedious* hours.

Of course an unqualified comment such as that so early in this review might be interpreted as malicious sniping, no doubt to be followed by a continuous hail of critical dum-dum bullets. That isn't my intention, but being rooted to a seat for two hours watching a solo performance by Elton accompanying himself on piano, joined by percussionist Ray Cooper for the last 40 minutes, isn't my idea of a good time.

There'll be those who dis agree. A girl behind me sang every song word for word and obviously had a *fabulous* time, and the following day the national dailies' notices were unanimously kind, even if less than enthusiastic. In fact, the only controversial element of the whole night was Princess Alexandra asking Elt if he snorted cocaine.

The way Fleet Street hopped on to that remark might even be taken to prove how uneventful the show had been. Furthermore, everybody seemed to have quickly forgotten the *real* importance of the evening — which was, in my mind at least, the brave gesture Elton John made by staging the gig in the first place.

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BELL'S FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL!

"Pretty weird picture, huh?"

The last time he publicly messed with his ivories was in Edinburgh last September, and since then he had chosen to remain in voluntary exile. No doubt his finger joints were stiff, his throat dry — but he still ambitiously decided to play an extensive programme that included practically all his hits and songs like "Where To Now St Peter?" which he'd never previously performed: an attempt to stage a spectacular that relied entirely on his own ability.

Not content to take such a gamble, he then gave all the proceeds to the Jubilee Appeal, which brought along Mrs Ogilvy as the Queen's representative (and could be construed as social climbing).

That he failed to be as brilliant and triumphant as one would have hoped was not because of any lack of effort on his part, because he worked hard throughout. No, his failure is on a much more fundamental level: he is an extremely limited pianist playing music that generally has little inherent depth.

Elton John, once a leading figure in rock when with a band, has now made the transition to MOR. Simply, he's a housewife's fave; no more than that.

And over the course of his set it became painfully obvious that his music needs orchestral decoration, or preferably the embellishment of electric instruments, or at least something, *anything,* to inspire him. Instead he warbled on, his voice and playing stylised to accommodate the undemanding taste of the capacity crew of penguins and evening gowns in the theatre.

Elton doesn't have the compelling talent of somebody like Randy Newman, whose lyrical and musical twists and cynical turns will command attention for any length of time without any other assistance. Two dozen John-Taupin compositions merely act as a cold, and somewhat careless, exposition of two very limited talents. Lyrically most of the songs are blandly mundane, and melodically they're repetitive.

There are exceptions — the sensitive "Candle In The Wind", "Roy Rogers" and the tribute to Edith Piaf, "Cage The Song Bird". Ironically these were all performed close together and introduced by Elton as numbers about legends. For perhaps 20 minutes, while they were played, I could appreciate his ability to communicate on such a simple, unaffected level, but it was a rare experience.

John himself is not without charm, and, wearing a gaudy green jacket with black and red checked lapels and cuffs, a green and white football jersey, and blue track suit bottoms, he was an endearing figure in comparison to all the stuffed shirts in the house.

He was not above poking fun at himself either, and at one point thanked the assembly for "splashing out an awful lot of money to see a receding

ON THE TOWN

hairlined player in a ridiculous jacket."

But despite his friendly chats to the audience, and the occasional dip into his antique cocktail cabinet placed on the stage, he still seemed isolated: the lonely and intense piano player.

The stage setting was simplicity itself: a plain backdrop, the platform completely covered in white carpet, and his piano placed on a podium shaped like the top of his instrument.

Although Elton had played "Your Song", "Daniel", "Rocket Man", "Someone Saved My Life Tonight" and "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me", it was only on his first genuine rock number, "Take Me To The Pilot", that the audience were stimulated enough to clap along rather than mumble familiar lyrics with an awkward lack of commitment.

Then on "Funeral For A Friend", the very long "Tonight", and through "Better Off Dead", "Idol", "Robert Ford", "Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself", and the very poignant "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word", Ray Cooper moved between timps, vibes and various other hittables and added some much needed energy to the proceedings.

Eventually his very presence on stage intimidated the audience into reacting during songs like "Crazy Water" — which Elton had failed to do earlier other than on "Pilot".

But it was only when they both Elton and Cooper returned for the first encore, "Bennie And The Jets", that the crowd actually forgot the formality of the occasion and began to call out requests. Elton was brought back again, and he performed the gentle ballad "Goodbye" with wonderful sensitivity. Unfortunately by this time my senses had been numbed by excessive boredom.

If this show was an example of the ultimate development for an artist like Elton John to ensure longevity as a popular entertainer, then I can only hope that he, his bank manager and the charities to which he subscribes will be happy.

Tony Stewart

WAITS in London *Pic: ELAINE BRYANT*

Bum around in style the Tom Waits way

Tom Waits

SOUND CIRCUS LONDON

APTLY enough, since he lives in hotels for ten months of every year, Tom Waits was born in the back of a taxi. His description of the event goes like this : "I was born in 1949, in the back seat of a Yellow Cab in a hospital loading zone and with the meter still running. I emerged needing a shave and shouted, 'Times Square, and step on it!' "

Apart from giving further proof that Waits is an incurable romantic, that also means that he doesn't have an authentic claim to the twilight world of his songs; how could he? If he was born in '49 he would only have been in his teens during the '60s

However, authenticity isn't the point. The drunken figure that slouches by the piano and lights cigarettes as if he were standing penniless on any street corner of downtown '50s America is obviously contrived, like the depression era ragged grey suit and cloth cap. If Waits were really the character he projects on stage and in his songs it's unlikely that he could stand up, much less sing the 'jazz-poetry' that makes up half of his set.

Although most of it is spontaneous, his performance is still a performance — a calculated personality that gives the forlorn losers and empty late-night bars of his songs substance, seeming authenticity and, most of all, atmosphere.

Unlike Randy Newman (who shares many of his preoccupations), Waits isn't such a skilled songwriter that he can evoke an era and create totally believable people in a few lines, so he relies, to a certain extent, on that atmosphere.

Using a jazz trio for his backing is all part of it, and the hazy nightclub feeling they give the music makes a good setting for Waits' visual and musical depictions. They played with an easy going flair that always complemented the songs. Frank Vicari's sax playing was especially good — his solos were always tasteful and his playing behind Waits on the quieter songs made them all the more plaintive and melancholy.

The long set (over two hours, not counting the half-hour break) was balanced between the moody, almost despondent songs that Waits played at the piano, most of them from "Heart Of Saturday Night" and "Small Change", and the rambling monologues that first appeared on "Nighthawkes At The Diner." Calling them monologues, however, doesn't do them justice. Chop White and Fitz Jenkins (on drums and upright bass respectively) set up a single swinging rhythm, Waits snaps his fingers to the beat and Frank Vicari plays free and loose, following the mood of the throaty half sung, half spoken vocals.

Some of the lyrics were improvised and some were based on the songs, but they all flowed. Both the words and the singing had an effortless rhythm — scat jazz, but with words that made sense rather than meaningless syllables.

The most effective moments came when Waits was sitting at the piano and singing, either alone or with a quiet backing. Sometimes the loneliness and pathos in his lyrics came across without any need for an act from him to make it credible. "San Diego Serenade" and "Tom Traubert's Blues," with its doleful sax and bowed bass, were especially good.

On record, the aura of love-lost drunken sentimentality that Waits tries to create seems unconvincing, and I had expected it to be even more so on stage. But seeing him live makes it clear that it's an act, and as such doesn't have to be believable, just effective.

Not that it was effective throughout. There were touches of romantic overkill, but he's improving fast — as his appearance on *OGWT*, which was a lot more intense than his live gig, proved.

Paul Rambali

Statesbound Scotsoul champions

Cado Belle

EDINBURGH

"WE HAVE NOT left Scotland!" Cado Belle's Maggie Reilly advances threateningly, taking me to task for implying in the recent Cafe Jacques review that they were about to fly the nest. As if to prove her point, the band are playing their first gig after a three week break in funky Edinburgh. Tiffany's is sold out, and a sea of jam-packed bodies jostles for position in the sweltering heat

If Scotland is producing a distinctive music of its own, then it must be Lowland Soul — clean sounding, energised, urban white funk.

Cado Belle are its champions.

Tight and professional, they slip into gear with all the effortless muscularity of the fit gymnast. The minimum of unnecessary trappings and the maximum of controlled effort — arrangements powerfully compact, punctuated with beautifully self-disciplined solos from Alan Darby on guitar and Colin Tully on sax.

Tonight's honours, however, belong to Animal himself, the leonine Dave Roy on drums. The world's most relaxed drummer — watch him play (deceptively) casually one handed through parts of "Infamous Mister" — comes to the rescue during the power failure that cuts down "Next Best Thing" in its prime. Without turning even one of his many hairs, he plays on unperturbed to produce the first consistently interesting drum solo I've ever heard.

The set now includes even more new numbers, so that songs from the album are now outnumbered by as yet unrecorded material. It's all good stuff, but that elusive hit single looks no nearer. What they do now makes you feel good enough, but the message has still to get across to the punter. A couple of really catchy melodies are needed to hook the uncommitted and bring them around, but there are no obvious candidates.

The real developments, meanwhile, centre around the harnessing of Maggie's superb voice. Using a kind of scat singing and her great power and range, she trades off her voice against the other instruments in the band, duetting with guitar on "Next Best Thing" and "September", and harmonising superbly, skipping easily from piano to sax to guitar on the new "Puertos". Remarkable lady.

And a remarkable band altogether. They're so good that it's faintly incredible that a band with such evident class is not better established

Still, the breakthrough is only a matter of time, and the acceptance of the music of Hall and Oates bodes well for the future. Cado Belle have come on miles in this past year — in the next I reckon we'll be lucky if we don't lose them to the States, where "Airport Shutdown" is already picking up airplay.

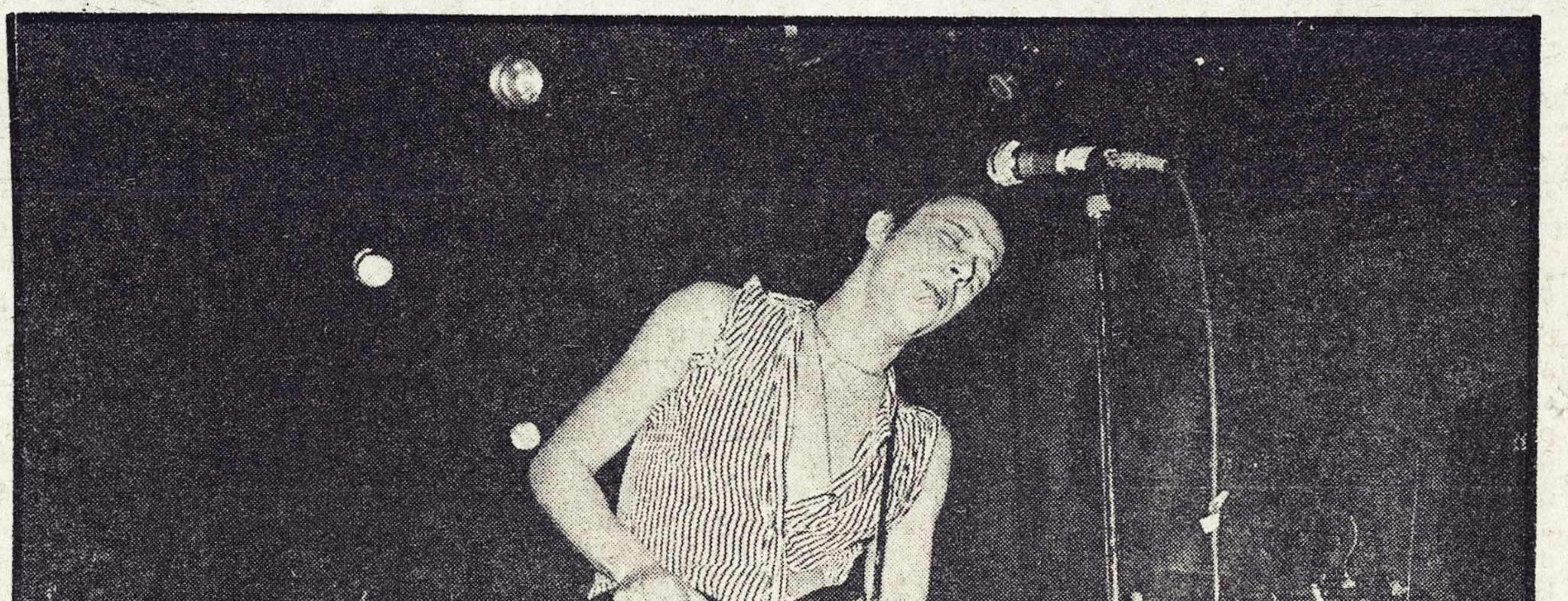
You have been warned.

Ian Cranna

"Hoots, mon!"

THE DICTATORS

RICHARD HELL *Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES*



MICK FARREN and CHALKIE DAVIES do the jetlag jive . . .

DRINKIN' NEW YORK BLUES AGAIN

WE STEPPED off the plane, Chalkie and me. We went to the hotel, unpacked our bags and refreshed ourselves. Then we got in a cab and went to CBGBs.

Great, we thought, **RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS.** What a fine way to start a sojourn in New York City.

Fine? Blah! Hell was sheer hell. It was nasty. It was unrehearsed. It was amateurish. It dipped out of tune. It trailed away, faltered and limped. Try as we might, and we did, there wasn't a redeeming moment. All love of the "Blank Generation" single crashed in flames.

Everything Tom Verlaine told Nick Kent about Hell (*NME* 26.3.77) was 100 per cent true.

A week later, some place: just imagine, if you will, walking into a club and finding yourself face to face with a person could be yourself or Charlie Murray or Rob Tyner. Nasty shock, huh? *(Yup — Ed.).*

Nasty just about sums up **HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA** and his ugly crew, **THE DICTATORS** — nasty, ugly, coarse, oafish, brutal, hairy, foul-mouthed, loud, uncouth and fine, fine music to get drunk to.

I know, I got drunk.

Mick Farren

RENDEZVOUS

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Sandy Denny

Steve Winwood, Richard Thompson, Jess Roden, Benny Gallagher, Graham Lyle, Jerry Donahue, Junior Marvin, Dave Mattacks, Dave Pegg and many other fine musicians enjoyed every minute of making this album with Sandy.

Enjoy it with them!

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Byrds drop in to make history

BYRDS reunion (L-R): Hillman, McGuinn, Clark at Hammersmith

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Roger McGuinn
Chris Hillman
Gene Clark

HAMMERSMITH

WELL, IT HAPPENED — McGuinn, Hillman and Clark, all founder members of The Byrds, were back together onstage for the first time since 1965, playing "So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star", the McGuinn-Hillman song penned in '66 to vent their disgust at the manufacturing of The Monkees, as well as "Eight Miles High" and "Mr Tambourine Man".

The 'reunion' came after each of the former Byrds, in their current capacity as frontmen for their own bands, had between them played three hours of erratic music to a remarkably docile audience at Hammersmith Odeon the Saturday before last.

McGuinn, headlining (of course), was winding up an enjoyable if not particularly inspired set with his band Thunderbyrd when on came Hillman and Clark wearing (of all things) Rolling Thunder head scarves. Hitherto McGuinn had left nearly all the lead guitar work to Rick Vito, a velvet suited gent with considerable technical ability, capable of summoning up any guitar style, be it the more restrained side of Hendrix or fully fledged country pickin'; but now he took over to ring out the opening phrases of "Rock'n'Roll Star" and proceeded to dazzle everyone with the truly awesome psychedelia of the "Eight Miles High" runs.

Oddly enough the audience (the vast majority of whom were over 20 and so well groomed they might well have been there for a Young Tories' conference — lots of good looking girls, though) failed to register any kind of delight at seeing these three back together onstage. And it was not until Thunderbyrd had played "Rock'n'Roll Star", Clark and Hillman singing harmony, that they began to show signs of their appreciation.

But then, it had been an odd evening — from the truly soporific dimensions of Gene Clark's opening set through to Chris Hillman's curt if sometimes excellent show, and on to the once redoubtable McGuinn who, while there was nothing genuinely exhilarating about what he did, proved he's not too old to rock.

On record at least, it's Gene Clark who has proved himself most recently as a man of rare talent. His "No Other" of a couple of years back is an essential album for anyone interested in the evolution of country-rock, Clark unquestionably elevating the vision of the cosmic-cowboy to higher ground.

On the night in question Clark came over as listless, the epitome of the slightly stumbling overweight bearded hippy who'd drank and smoked too much. His band were repetitive and his material undistinctive, with just "Silver Raven" from "No Other" to break the monotony. A shame.

By contrast, Chris Hillman's recent recordings (two Souther Hillman Furay albums and his solo elpee "Slippin' Away") signally lack the unhindered excellence of his work with Stephen Stills' Manassas (a great band, if ever there was one). He was sharp as the proverbial needle in a crisp white suit, his stage presence at first welcomingly lively but ultimately almost superciliously flash. And while his set had some great moments, his band remained as pristine as his suit, and lacked any kind of raunch.

Much of his material is blandly repetitive, but when he played those very fine Manassas songs "It Doesn't Matter" and "Both Of Us (Bound To Lose)" the enjoymentometer moved appreciably in an upward direction. Nevertheless, one had the feeling that Hillman wanted to get his work over as soon as possible, as he continually jiffled through numbers from his days with The Burritos (a version of "Sin City" devoid of the emotional commitment Emmylou Harris injects into the song), Manassas (as well as the two songs mentioned he played "Fallen Eagle", that unadulterated piece of country which the audience literally whopped up), The SHF Band and his own solo albums, the second of which is scheduled for release in the near future.

Clearly, McGuinn didn't have that much competition to inspire him when he arrived onstage. Wearing a sharp black suit and matching shirt and carrying a good deal of excess weight, he got things off to a great start with a steaming version of "Lover Of The Bayou", but after that he never quite recaptured that initial spark except during a new, unrecorded song called "Shoot Up" which he'd written for a movie.

Thunderbyrd aren't really the band McGuinn deserves. While his commitment to his music isn't what it was five years ago, he is still clearly at heart a rock'n'roller. His band are simultaneously slick and slipshod, drummer Greg Thomas making several real boobs. And while Vito is an excellent player, he doesn't seem to understand where McGuinn is coming from; there is no real empathy.

Moreover, he suffered the humiliating experience of having to sing to a mike which was on its last legs. It wasn't until McGuinn had had to battle through quite a few numbers with the dodgy mike that one of the road crew replaced it.

Material ranged from The Byrds' "Mr Spaceman" and "Chestnut Mare" — not great versions, but more than adequate — to songs from the new album like his workout of Tom Petty's "American Girl" (talk about irony) and the Dylan song "Golden Room", which came on like "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight (Part 12)". Regrettably, he ignored his first solo album, "Roger McGuinn", one of the best records of the decade.

When Hillman, Clark and McGuinn finally got together one got the impression their hearts were not in it, and if they want to restore the good name of The Byrds after their disastrous reunion album of a few years ago this wasn't the way to do it, even if the nostalgia was more than a little enjoyable. Meantime Hillman would probably be better off with Stills (he isn't a frontman) and Clark should get back to being comic. **Steve Clarke**

THE RE-RELEASE SINGLE OF THE WEEK :
"A FOREVER HIT". CAROLINE COON, MELODY MAKER

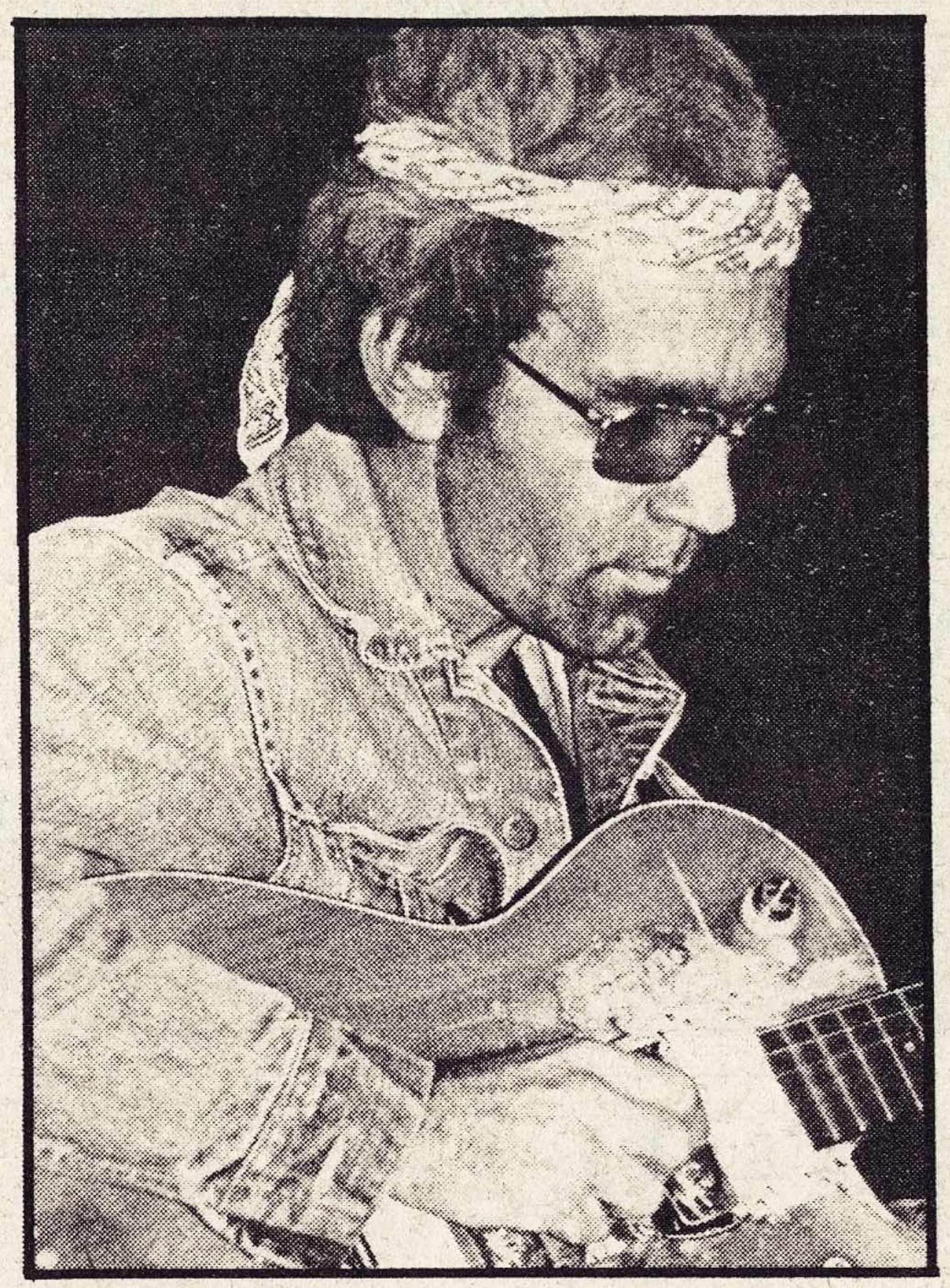
WALK ON THE WILD SIDE
LOU REED

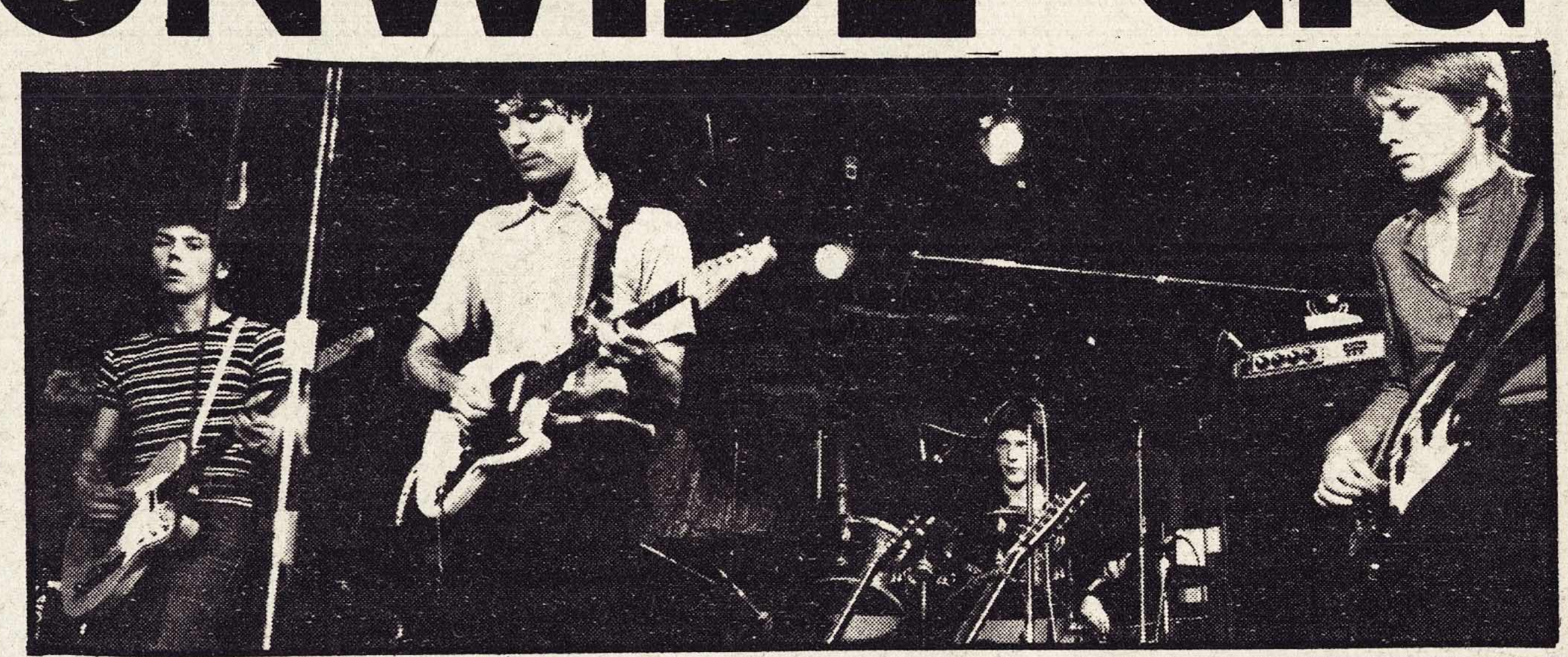
(RCA 2303)

From the album
"Walk On The Wild Side – The Best of Lou Reed"
(PL12001)

RCA

NATIONWIDE GIG





J. J. CALE (far left) plays his three re-scheduled gigs at London New Victoria on Thursday, Friday and Saturday . . . U.S. new-wave outfit TALKING HEADS (above) are at London Rock Garden on Friday and Saturday, prior to joining the Ramones tour next week . . . DORY PREVIN (left) opens her British tour at Croydon (Sunday) and Birmingham (Monday) . . . NEIL SEDAKA (right) is at the London Palladium for a week from Monday . . . DR. FEELGOOD, whose Lee Brilleaux is pictured far right, open a short concert tour at Exeter on Thursday — their first since John Mayo replaced Wilko Johnson in the line-up.

THURSDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
AYLESBURY Britannia: PRISM
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BELFAST Whitla Hall: IAN GILLAN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Lodestar: BETHNAL
BRIGHTON Dome: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: HILLSIDERS
BRISTOL Granary: BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: HEATWAVE
CARDIFF Clive Arms Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
CARDIFF University: KURSAAL FLYERS/MOTORS
CHICHESTER Bulls Head: JOHNNY COLLINS
CROYDON Red Deer: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
DUNDEE University: HORSLIPS/POODLES
EDINBURGH Art College: CAFE JACQUES/REZILLOS
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EXETER University: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: THE DRIFTERS
GRAVESEND Northfleet Wings Club: GENO WASHINGTON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE JAM
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: SPLIT ENZ
LEICESTER Palais: DELROY WILSON
LINCOLN Bishop Grossteste College: WIDOWMAKER
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GRYPHON/PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: FLIGHT 56
LONDON E.8 Middleton Arms: EL SEVEN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JACK SCOTT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: QUANTUM JUMP
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: J. J. CALE/BERT JANSCH
LONDON NORTHWOOD The Target: TOBY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador Club: DAVE EVANS & SAM MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SLADE/LIAR
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: SHADOWS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON STRAND King's College: JACK THE LAD/REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: OUT OF THE BLUES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: METROPOLIS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: ROKOTTO
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JUDAS PRIEST
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: EATER
MILFORD HAVEN Further Education Arts Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's: HUNTER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: THE CLASH
PENZANCE The Garden: OZO
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: FURIOUS PIG
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: TIGER
POYNTON Folk Centre: GRAHAM COOPER
RHYL St. Asaph Talardy Hotel: JIMMY HELMS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BILL ANDERSON / MARY LOU TURNER/PO'FOLKS / BERNI FLINT
TEDDINGTON the Clarence: FREE AGENT
THURSO Viewfirth Club: VIN GARBUTT
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: MATCHBOX
YORK University: PAUL BRETT

FRIDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: BILL ANDERSON/MARY LOU TURNER/PO'FOLKS/BERNI FLINT
ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: TONY STRUTWICK BAND
BARROW Maxim's Disco: ROKOTTO
BATH Shepton Mallet F.C.:CREPES'N'DRAPES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HORSLIPS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: DRAGONS
BODMIN Garland Ox: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SHADOWS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: DR. FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
BRIGHTON Bucaneer: THE PIRATES
BRIGHTON Classic Cinema (all-nighter): KEVIN COYNE/BASIL & FRIENDS/ VISITOR 2035
BRIGHTON Sussex University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BRISTOL University: IAN GILLAN BAND/STRAPPS
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURTON Allied Brewers: ALVIN STARDUST
CALDICOT Dewston Farm: HOLLYWOOD/PAUL BURNETT
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
CANTERBURY Odeon: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
CARDIFF New Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlin's Cave: PERCY CUTE & THE TAMPONS
COVENTRY Hope & Anchor: BILL CADDICK
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BURLESQUE/GRIND
DARLINGTON College of Technology: ARBRE
EAST MEREHAM Memorial Hall: BETHNAL
EDINBURGH King's Buildings Union: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Playhouse Disco :JOE'S DINER
EDINBURGH Pollock Halls: CROPPA/CASPIAN
GLASGOW Third Eye Centre: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
HAMILTON College: FABULOUS POODLES
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: HARVEY ANDREWS
HERTFORD Castle Hall: EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS/MOTORHEAD/STEVE BROUGHTON'S HEADWAY '77
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: STUKAS/CHELSEA
INVERNESS Caledonian Hotel: CHICAGO DODGERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: PETE QUIN
LEIGHTON BUZZARD The Swan: ORTHI
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KICKS/THE POLICE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
LONDON Central Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: GRYPHON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TALKING HEADS
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: STRAY/URCHIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: VIBRATORS
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: WIDOWMAKER
LONDON Marquee Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: J. J. CALE/BERT JANSCH
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: NEW CELESTE
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: TOBY
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER/SAMMY MITCHELL/JOHNNY G's ONE-MAN BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BILL ODDIE/PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON REGENT'S PK. Bedford College: VIKI VAKI
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: JOE BROWN & THE BRUVVERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: CLICHE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SILENT SISTER
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: TELEMACQUE
LOUGHBOROUGH University: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
MAIDSTONE College of Art: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH/INCREDIBLE CHRISTOPHER
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: CHERRY VANILLA
MANCHESTER I.C.I. Social Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
MANCHESTER Mayflower Ballroom: DELROY WILSON
MANCHESTER University: AMAZORBLADES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: JUDAS PRIEST
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: BRASS TACKS
NORWICH East Anglia University: KEVIN AYERS BAND
PETERLEE Senate Club: SOUL DIRECTION
PLYMOUTH College of St. Mark & St. John: MUSCLES
PONTARDAWE Ivybush Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
ROSSENDALE Astoria Ballroom: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
SALFORD University: KURSAAL FLYERS/MOTORS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: QUANTUM JUMP
SKEGNESS Sands Club: HEATWAVE
SLOUGH College: CADO BELLE
WARRINGTON Parr Hall: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS/BUZZCOCKS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: COCKY
WHITLEY BAY Playhouse Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: MR. BIG
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: FUMBLE
YORK Vanbrough College: MEAL TICKET

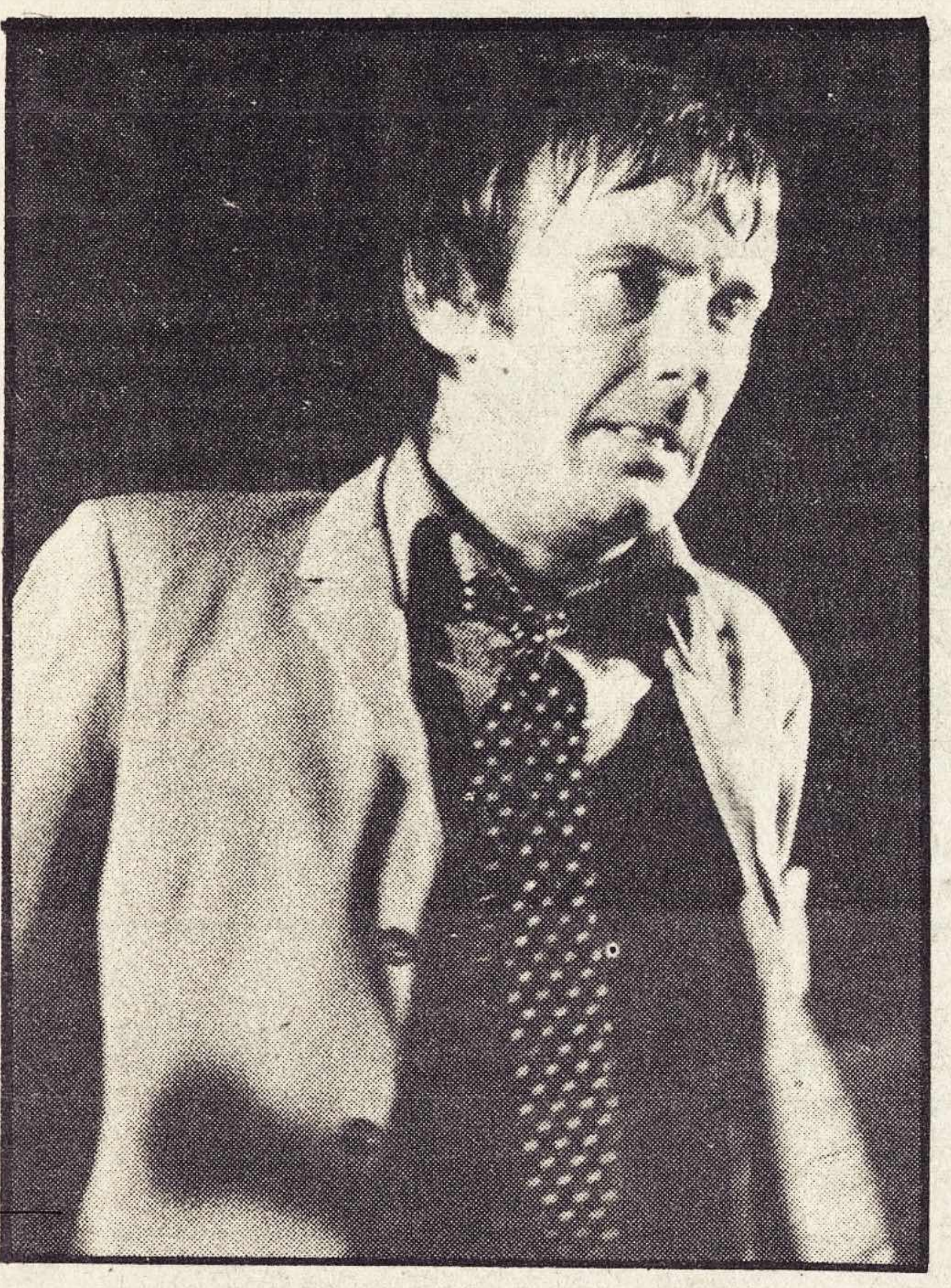
SATURDAY

ABERDEEN College of Education: FABULOUS POODLES
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN / SCREEMER/ANDY DESMOND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ALKATRAZ
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: RIOT ROCKERS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: MATHEWS BROTHERS
BIRMINGHAM Midland Arts Centre: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHADOWS
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: DELROY WILSON
BIRMINGHAM University: GLITTER BAND
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: AMAZORBLADES
BOLTON Institute of Technology: HERON
BRADFORD University: QUANTUM JUMP
BRISTOL Granary: ROCKY RICKETTS SHOW
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: EQUILIBRIUM
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
CAMBRIDGE Portland Arms: PETE QUIN
CHELTENHAM Racecourse: HOLLYWOOD
CHESTER Northgate Arena: ALVIN STARDUST/GONZALEZ
CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: THE PIRATES
CLACTON Colchester Institute: CADO BELLE
COLCHESTER Essex University: BURLESQUE
COVENTRY College of Education: BETHNAL
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: DR FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE VIBRATORS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: HEATWAVE
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: DOUG PORTER
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: JENNY HAAN'S LION
FRAMPTON COTTERELL Crossbow House: PHYLE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BILL ANDERSON / MARY LOU TURNER/THE PO'FOLKS/BERNI FLINT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: JACK THE LAD
GLOUCESTER Brockworth House Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
GRANTHAM Kesteven College: AFTER THE FIRE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
LAMPETER St David's College: MARTIN SIMPSON
LEEDS Ilkley College: DRAGONS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
LEWES Lewes Arms: FRED JORDAN
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: JOE'S DINER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUMBLE/BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DARTS/HOOKY DALLION
LONDON CHELSEA College: BOOMBAYA
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TALKING HEADS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 48 HOURS
LONDON Heathrow Hotel: SALENA JONES
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies: NEW CELESTE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: STAN REYNOLDS ORCHESTRA
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON New Victoria: J. J. CALE/BERT JANSCH
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON PENTONVILLE Trafalgar: TOBY
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: IAN GILLIAN BAND / STRAPPS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: LENA MARTELL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JAGUARS
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: VICTOR BORGE/L.P.O.
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: STARDUST
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BASIL'S BALLSUP BAND
LONG CRENDON Church House: KELLY'S EYE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: KRAKATOA
MANCHESTER University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: MEAL TICKET
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
OXFORD Polytechnic: BILL ODDIE/PACIFIC EARDRUM
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: ULTRAVOX
READING Bulmershe College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
READING University: SPLIT ENZ
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: JUDAS PRIEST
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: ZOOKY
SHEFFIELD University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/HINKLEY'S HEROES
SOUTHEND Cliff Pavilion: MR BIG
ST ALBANS City Hall: WIDOWMAKER
SWINDON Wyvern Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
TELHAM Black Horse: ALEX ATTERSON
TODMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: SCROOGE
WALSALL Dilke Arms: STAGE FRIGHT
WIGAN Casino: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS/RADIATOR
WINDSOR Trinity Hall: REG BLOOD & THE TOADSLASHERS
WISBECH Hudson Sports Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Coach & Horses: EAZIE
WOLVERHAMPTON Three Mile Oak: BULLETS
WORCESTER Hopwood Waterside Caravan Park: ZETH

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: TRACTOR
AYLESBURY Kings Head: BOSS RADIO
BELFAST Queen's University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: JUDAS PRIEST
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MUSCLES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
BRISTOL Salvation Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DORY PREVIN/ILLUSION
CROYDON Greyhound: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/QUANTUM JUMP
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: JOE'S DINER
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: BILL ANDERSON/MARY LOU TURNER/THE PO'FOLKS / BERNI FLINT
EDINBURGH Glenburn Hotel: THE HEROES
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
GODALMING Community Centre: DESMOND DEKKER
GREAT CHESTERFORD Station Restaurant: HOT VULTURES
GREAT YARMOUTH Wellington Pier: BILLY CONNOLLY
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: ANDY CAVEN
HAYWARDS HEATH Fox & Hounds: DAVE & TONI ARTHUR
INVERNESS Albert Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
LEATHERHEAD Thorndike Theatre: THERAPY/DAVE CARTWRIGHT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SHADOWS
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: ARCHIE FISHER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE/CADO BELLE/FLYING ACES/SPARROW
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPITERI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON LEWISHHAM Concert Hall: "UNDER MILK WOOD" with STAN TRACEY QUARTET / DONALD HOUSTON
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CADILLAC
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREEMER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: HORSLIPS
LONDON OAKWOOD St Thomas' Church: EKKLESIA
LONDON PADDINGTON Q Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEW CELESTE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: GODZILLA
LONDON Victoria Palace: SPLIT ENZ
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PAZ
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH BAND / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/GEORGE CHISHOLM
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BERNARD WRIGLEY/MARY ASQUITH/EWAN MacCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: IAN GILLAN BAND/STRAPPS
MOLD Theatr Clwyd: REDBRASS
MORECAMBE Winter Gardens: MR BIG
NORWICH Theatre Royal: VICTOR BORGE
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: BRUCE FORSYTH
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: THE CLASH
POYNTON Folk Centre: ALLAN TAYLOR
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD University: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY

GUIDE



COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

SELKIRK County Hotel: CASPIAN
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Theatre: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Royal Shakespeare Theatre: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
WARRINGTON Parr Hall: SPINNERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: DR FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND

MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Rose Hayworth Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BELFAST ABC Theatre: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Hexagon Theatre: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: DORY PREVIN/ILLUSION
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: MR BIG
BOSTON Folk Club: ROSIE HARDMAN
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: SPARROW
BRADFORD St George's Hall: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: RALPH McTELL
CHESTER Quaintways: JENNY HAAN'S LION
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: BILLY ARMSTRONG & MUSKRATS
DERBY Bailey's: THE DRIFTERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: ULTRAVOX
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: IGNATZ/STREET NOISE
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
FAREHAM Bugle Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: XTC
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: VICTOR BORGE
LEEDS Polytechnic: JUDAS PRIEST
LEEK Grand Theatre: HUNTER
LONDON CAMDEN The Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRIFE/URCHIN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MARKIT/HOWARD BRAGEN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 48 HOURS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE PIRATES
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ASCEND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: CHAMPION
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BRIAN KNIGHT/JEFF BRADFORD/JOHNNY JOYCE/CHAOS BLUES BBAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LENNY GEORGE
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: NEW CELESTE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: RAINSTORM
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AMAZORBLADES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: IAN GILLIAN BAND/STRAPPS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: LEFT HAND DRIVE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SHADOWS
SKEGNESS Pier Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
STAFFORD Top Of The World: THE DAMNED
STAINES The Phoenix: BOB GOODING
SWANSEA University: THE CLASH
SWINDON The Affair: STADIUM DOGS
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: QUANTUM JUMP
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Calverley Hotel: FRED JORDAN

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Music Hall: IAN GILLIAN BAND/STRAPPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: VIBRATORS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Top Rank: EDGAR BROUGHTON
BRISTOL Hippodrome: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
CARDIFF Top Rank: MR BIG
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: JOBE ST. DAY
CLACTON Princess Theatre: BILLY CONNOLLY
COVENTRY Theatre: SHADOWS
CRAWLEY Apple Tree: MARTIN SIMPSON
EDINBURGH Nicky Tom's: CASPIAN
GLASGOW King's Theatre: ROYAL VARIETY SHOW with DAVID SOUL/DOLLY PARTON/THE JACKSONS/PETULA CLARK
GOSPORT Queen Charlotte: BILL CADDICK
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: XTC
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE CLASH
LEICESTER Bailey's JUDGE DREAD
LINCOLN Drill Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JACKIE LYNTON
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DICK HECKSTAL-SMITH/SKYWHALE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SOUNDER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUTTERS
LONDON Marquee Club: GENERATION X/VIOLATORS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador Club: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STUKAS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SMILER
MANCHESTER Chorlton Oaks Hotel: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
MANCHESTER University: WATERSONS
MORAY Ferns Folk Club: VIN GARBUTT
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SHAKTI featuring JOHN McLAUGHLIN/KEVIN COYNE
NORWICH St Andrew's Hall: DR FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: PAUL BRETT
PENZANCE The Garden: BERT JANSCH
PLYMOUTH Castaways: QUANTUM JUMP
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHIS
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: CADO BELLE
ST IVES St Ivo Centre: VICTOR BORGE
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: AFTER THE FIRE
WARRINGTON Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY

WEDNESDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: FLYING ACES
BINGLEY College of Education: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARLISLE Border Terrier: JOBE ST. DAY
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: NIGHTBIRD
CHATHAM Central Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE CLASH
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: IAN GILLAN BAND/STRAPPS
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: BRODY
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: HEATWAVE
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: MR. BIG
HUCKNALL Miners' Welfare Club: ROKOTTO
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: DR FEELGOOD/LEW LEWIS BAND
JORDANSTOWN Northern Ireland Polytechnic: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
KEELE University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/RICHARD DIGANCE
LEEDS University: JOHN MAYHALL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
LONDON E.15 Newham Arts Centre: BILL CADDICK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: A.1
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: CHAMPION
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: LIMMIE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: BERNIE TORME
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: VIBRATORS
LONDON W14 The Kensington: ST JOHN BOOGIE BRIGADE
MANCHESTER El Patio: WHITE FIRE
NEWPORT Roundabout: CORTINAS
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: VICTOR BORGE
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: BERT JANSCH
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: BILLY CONNOLLY
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Bailey's: FLINTLOCK
STOKE George Hotel: THE ADVERTS
SWINDON The Affair: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
TEDDINGTON Millabout Rock Club: WOODS BAND
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: WATERSONS
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: BURLESQUE
WHITBY Plough Hotel: BOB DAVENPORT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: XTC

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: SPINNERS
Wednesday (18) for four days
BIRMINGHAM Alexandra Theatre: "GODSPELL"
Week from Monday
Blackburn Cavendish: POLLY BROWN
Thursday for three days
Bristol Crockers: LUCY LA STICK
Monday (16) for three days
BURY Blazes Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
Thursday for four days
DERBY Bailey's: TOMMY HUNT
Thursday for three days
FARNWORTH Blighty's: DOOLEY FAMILY
Wednesday (18) for four days
LONDON Palladium: NEIL SEDAKA
Week from Monday
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ROY ELDRIDGE/TONY KINSEY/LOIS LANE
Tuesday (17) until May 28
LONDON Talk of the Town: LOS REALES DEL PARAGUAY
Monday for two weeks
MAESTEG White Wheat: JET HARRIS
Thursday for three days
MANCHESTER Bailey's: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: GRUMBLEWEEDS
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: TICKLE
Thursday for three days
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: DALLAS BOYS
Wednesday (18) for four days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling **NEWCASTLE** La Dolce Vita): MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: SWINGING BLUE JEANS
Thursday for three days
SWANSEA Townsman Club: OZO
Week from Monday
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: FOUR TOPS
Week from Sunday
WATFORD Bailey's: ACKER BILK BAND
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ONCE AGAIN we kick off with the "Old Grey Whistle Test" because, as usual, it provides the high spot of the week. Tuesday's show on BBC-2 features **Dory Previn** live in concert from the TV Theatre, and that should definitely not be missed.

There'll certainly be a gap in our lives when "Test" takes its summer break in the near future, but at least BBC2 intends plugging the gap with a series called "Rhythm On Two" — which, despite its archaic title, promises mucho rock. The **Darts** have already recorded the theme music.

Neil Sedaka makes his only TV appearance during his short British visit, when he guests in BBC-1's "Val Doonican Music Show" on Saturday. **Diana Trask** is also on the bill.

Modern jazz enthusiasts have a veritable feast this week. It starts in BBC-1's "Omnibus" on Thursday with a specially-recorded show by the **Stan Kenton Band** and the **National Youth Jazz Orchestra.** Then it's over to BBC-2 on Friday for "Jazz From Montreux" with **Stan Getz** and the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band,** followed on Saturday by "Jazz From Camden" with the **Clark-Terry Big Band** and **Buddy Tate.**

The second of BBC-2's "Sing Country" series, filmed at the Country Music Festival at Wembley during Easter weekend, is on Thursday with **Don Everly** and **Billie Jo Spears** topping the bill. Also taking part are **Larry Gatlin** and **Jim & Jesse and the Virginia Boys.**

ITV networked shows include the **Muppets** (Saturday or Sunday according to area); **Peters & Lee** and **Liverpool Express** in the "Little And Large Tellyshow" (Monday); **Eddie and the Hot Rods, David Dundas** and **Badger** in "Get It Together" (Wednesday); and another episode of **"Rock Follies"** (Wednesday).

Pick of the regional output is Granada's "So It Goes Concerts" on Sunday, when the **Kursaal Flyers** are showcased. And Grampian have just started a Friday-night series called "The Entertainers" which in successive weeks will feature **George Melly, Berni Flint, Mike Harding** and **Catherine Howe.**

But without doubt the big ITV programme of the week is "All You Need Is Love" on Saturday. Subtitled "Mighty Good — **The Beatles**", it deals with the rise and rise of the Liverpool foursome, and includes film of the group never seen before.

Janet Street-Porter's Sunday-lunchtime "London Weekend Show" (London region only) looks at Teddy Boys and their music.

Frankie Miller's Full House gets a chance to show what they can do on Saturday, when they are showcased for an hour "In Concert" (Radio 1, 6.30 pm). Unfortunately for folk freaks, it clashes with Radio 2's "Both Sides Now" featuring **Therapy,** the **Fury Brothers** and **Davey Arthur.**

Radio 2's "Folkweave" celebrates its 200th edition on Thursday with an Irish night featuring the **Bothy Band** and **Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean,** among others. It's preceded by "Country Club" with **Pete Stanley & Brian Golbey** and **Ed Nix & Busted.**

DEREK JOHNSON

BILLIE JO SPEARS
BBC-2, Thursday

JAZZ DIARY

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

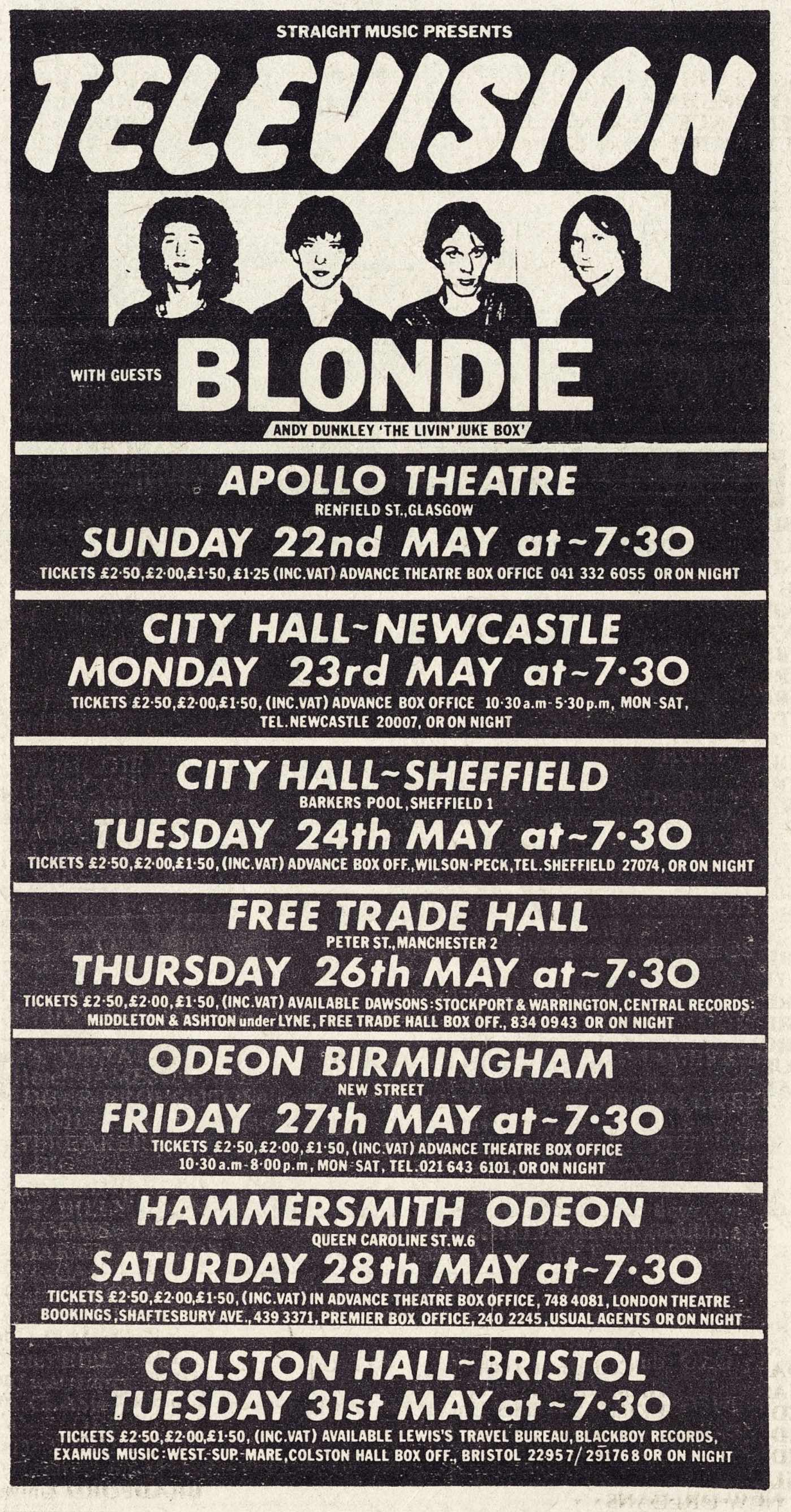
EVENT OF THE month has to be the six **Company** gigs, 24th-28th May at the ICA, 8pm and 29th at the Roundhouse, 3pm. I recently caught a Company gig with **Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Paul Rutherford** and the Dutch cellist **Tristan Honsinger** and bassist **Maarten van Regteren Altena,** free improvisation and totally fascinating. Derek Bailey's guitar uses a formidable range of electronic effects, the chords twanging out and abruptly ducking to knee-height to flood under the music. There's a strange, tilted, Kabuki perspective about his playing, accents chopping and changing like someone concealing their handwriting. The collective grows from a carpet of small, precise response, begins to rise and crisp around the perimeters as the interactions intensify, bulges into a heartstopping vault of resonances.

Company is an international pool of free musicians who meet on an irregular basis to see what openness can bring. The first album, "Company 1" on the Incus label, is a wonderful vindication of the theory. The six concerts will also be recruiting **Han Bennink, Steve Beresford, Lol Coxhill, Steve Lacy, Anthony Braxton** and **Leo Smith.**

Benny Carter, multi-instrumentalist and arranger, will be touring in June: 24th Manchester Royal Exchange; 25th Sheffield Hurlefield Campus; 26th Colne Civic Theatre; 29th Liverpool, Eric's Club; 30th Newcastle Jazz Festival. **Ralph Sutton** will be accompanying.

New releases include **George Duke's** "From Me To You", and **Al Di Meola's** "Elegant Gipsy" on CBS, with a live double from **Dexter Gordon** promised. From DJM, **Jimmy Giuffre's** "Mosquito Dance", a fine, ethnic-sounding trio, a little like **Don Cherry's** experiments and nowhere near as cerebral as Giuffre's post-Train & The River trios. Simple rather than stark, the music has great charm.

Brian Case



STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
TELEVISION
WITH GUESTS BLONDIE
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'

APOLLO THEATRE
RENFIELD ST., GLASGOW
SUNDAY 22nd MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, £1·25 (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 041 332 6055 OR ON NIGHT

CITY HALL~NEWCASTLE
MONDAY 23rd MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE 10·30 a.m - 5·30 p.m, MON - SAT, TEL. NEWCASTLE 20007, OR ON NIGHT

CITY HALL~SHEFFIELD
BARKERS POOL, SHEFFIELD 1
TUESDAY 24th MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFF., WILSON-PECK, TEL. SHEFFIELD 27074, OR ON NIGHT

FREE TRADE HALL
PETER ST., MANCHESTER 2
THURSDAY 26th MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS: STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON, CENTRAL RECORDS: MIDDLETON & ASHTON under LYNE, FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFF., 834 0943 OR ON NIGHT

ODEON BIRMINGHAM
NEW STREET
FRIDAY 27th MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 a.m - 8·00 p.m, MON - SAT, TEL. 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 28th MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

COLSTON HALL~BRISTOL
TUESDAY 31st MAY at~7·30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) AVAILABLE LEWIS'S TRAVEL BUREAU, BLACKBOY RECORDS, EXAMUS MUSIC: WEST-SUP-MARE, COLSTON HALL BOX OFF., BRISTOL 22957/29176 8 OR ON NIGHT

LIVE

ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE
For details ring Brian B
on 01-261 6153

LIVE

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 12th May (Adm 85p)
ULTRAVOX
Plus Guests & Ian Fleming
Please come early

Fri 13th May (Adm 75p)
ROOLAGATOR
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 14th May (Adm 70p)
GLORIA MUNDI
Bazooka Joe & Ian Fleming

Sun 15th May (Adm 65p)
SCREEMER
Plus guests & Nick Leigh

Mon 16th May (Adm 75p)
THE PIRATES
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Tues 17th May (Adm 80p)
GENERATION X
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed 18th May (Adm 70p)
COUNT BISHOPS
Squeeze & Jerry Floyd

Thurs 19th May (Adm 65p)
LAKE
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers & other hot & cold snacks are available

READING ROCK '77

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

CADO BELLE

ANCHOR RECORDS & TAPES

ON THE ROAD

May
13th — SLOUGH, College
14th — CLACTON, Colchester Institute of Education
15th — LONDON, Roundhouse
17th — SCUNTHORPE, Tiffany's
19th — CLEETHORPES, Winter Gardens
20th — RUGBY, Lanchester Polytechnic
21st — OXFORD, Polytechnic
24th — PENZANCE, The Garden Ballroom
25th — PLYMOUTH, Woods
26th — PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic
27th — BIRMINGHAM, Aston University
28th — SALFORD, University
30th — STAFFORD, Top of the World
June
1st — LONDON, Marquee
3rd — LIVERPOOL, Polytechnic
4th — GLASGOW, Strathclyde University
6th — EDINBURGH, Tiffany's
7th — HAMILTON, Bell Technical College
14th — CARDIFF, Top Rank
23rd — LEICESTER, University
24th — LEEDS, University
July
2nd — WAKEFIELD, Technical College

SAXON TAVERN

SOUTHEND LANE, LONDON, SE6

Friday
May 13th **STRAY**

NEXT WEEK **THE PIRATES** DJ Del Stevens.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY, Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middx
Friday May 20th in the Kingdom Room

the stranglers

+ Support
Tickets £1 on the door
Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel. (89) 39125. Members Bar. Tube: Uxbridge. Busses: 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile.

SOUTHBANK POLY ENTS
Rotary Street, SE1. Tel: 01-261 1525
Friday May 13th

WARREN HARRY

Admission: N.U.S. 50p, Guests 70p. Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle
Next Friday: The Movies

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1

SUNDAY 15th MAY at ~ 5·30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
RONNIE LANE'S
Slim Chance
CADO BELLE
FLYING ACES/SPARROW
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
ADM. £1·90 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R/HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1. 439-3371 or AT DOOR

SOUND CIRCUS

ROYALTY THEATRE · PORTUGAL STREET · KINGSWAY · WC2
ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE (Mon - Sat 10am - 6pm) Tel. 01-405 8004. And Usual Agents
(RESTAURANT AND BARS OPEN LUNCHTIMES Mon - Fri 12.30 - 3.00pm)

FRI 13 May 7.30pm — **WIDOWMAKER** — £1.75 £1.50

FRI 20 May 8.00pm — **DENNIS WATERMAN** with guests ZAINE GRIFF AND SCREEMER — £2.50 £2.00

SAT 21 May 8.00pm — **Mr BIG** — £2.00 £1.50

SUN 29 May 8.00pm — **HERB REED AND HIS PLATTERS** — £3.00 £2.50

(ALSO CHARITY PERFORMANCE IN AID OF ST. JOHNS AMBULANCE. SATURDAY 28th May at 8.00pm. ALL SEATS £5)

CITY UNIVERSITY, Union
Northampton Sq., EC1. Tube: Angel
Saturday 14th May

SAD CAFE AND STRIPJACK

Plus PHOEBUS

Admission 90p 7.30 pm

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

LIVE GROUPS NIGHTLY RING FOR DETAILS

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St. Oxford Circus, W.1.
Reservations 01-580 8810

THE KENSINGTON

Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245

Grand Re-Opening
Thursday May 12th (Free)
with
BEES MAKE HONEY
Friday May 13th
TELEMACQUE
Saturday May 14th
BASIL'S BALLSUP BAND
Sunday May 15th
PAZ
Monday May 16th
RAINSTORM
Tuesday May 17th
PRAIRIE OYSTER
Wednesday May 18th
ST. JOHN'S BOOGIE BRIGADE

WOODS

PLYMOUTH
Tel 266118 - late bar

This Thurs May 12th 8 pm
FURIOUS PIG
Next Wed May 18th BERT JANSCH
Advance 50p Door 80p
Thursday May 19th
AFTER THE FIRE Door 50p
Fri & Sat DJ CHRIS REDDING
8—2 Ad 50p

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Thursday May 12th £1.50
GRYPHON
+ PEKOE ORANGE

Friday May 13th £1.50
MAX MERRITT AND THE METEORS
+ SPOONFUL

Saturday May 14th £2.00
THE DARTS
+ HOOKY DALLION

Monday May 16th £1.00
STRIFE
+ URCHIN

Tuesday May 17th £1.00
DOWNLINERS SECT
+ LOWDOWN

Wednesday May 18th £1.00
STARRY EYED & LAUGHING
+ SUPPORT

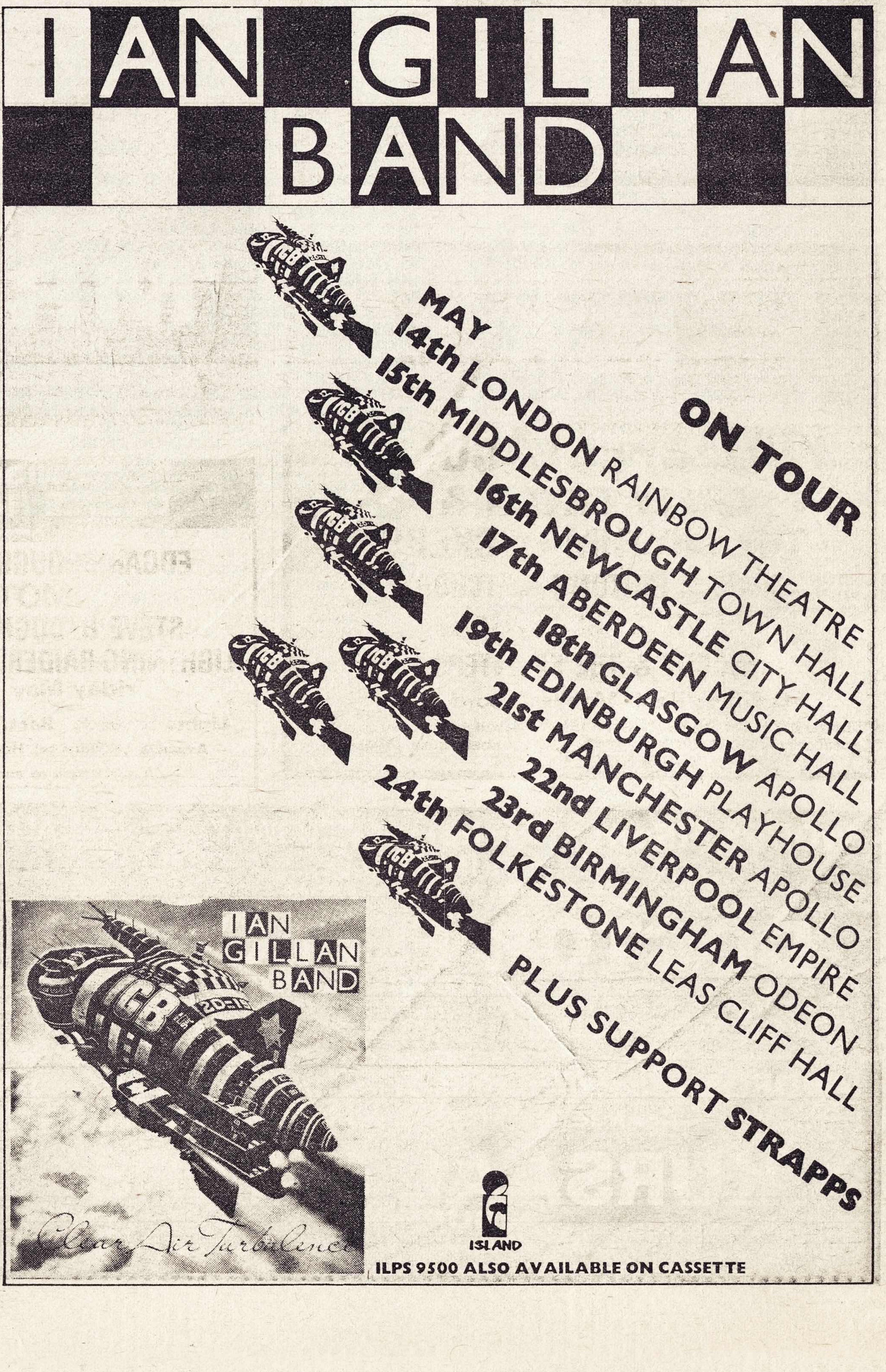
Thursday May 19th £1.50
HEARTBREAKERS
WAYNE COUNTY, THE RINGS
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

BOIL PRODUCTIONS present

DOCTOR FEELGOOD

with guests **LEW LEWIS BAND**
at the State Cinema, Grays, Essex
Wednesday May 25th at 7.30 pm.
Tickets £1.80, £2.40 in advance from the Park Centre, Bridge Road, Grays. Tel. Grays Thurrock 31284.



IAN GILLAN BAND

ON TOUR

MAY
14th LONDON RAINBOW THEATRE
15th MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL
16th NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
17th ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL
18th GLASGOW APOLLO
19th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
21st MANCHESTER APOLLO
22nd LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
23rd BIRMINGHAM ODEON
24th FOLKESTONE LEAS CLIFF HALL
PLUS SUPPORT STRAPPS

ILPS 9500 ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

A few Release benefits for
the "Legalisation of Cannabis" Campaign

MAY 13 8.00 ALL NITE. CASTLE HALL, HERTS.
EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS,
MOTORHEAD. STEVE BROUGHTON BAND
Lightning Raiders, Etc.

May 20 MIDDX POLY
ALEXIS KORNER

MAY 21 HATFIELD POLY
ALEXIS KORNER

MAY 21 CITY OF LONDON POLY
QUINTESSENCE II
KEITH XMAS — ROGER THE CAT

MAY 28 BRIGHTON ART SCHOOL
QUINTESSENCE II

ALL NITE. JUNE 10 EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday May 12th .... Free
WARREN HARRY

Friday May 13th .... Free
SOUNDER

Saturday May 14th .... Free
48 HOURS
+ THE LURKERS

Sunday May 15th 50p
JOHN OTWAY

Wednesday May 18th .... Free
TOM ROBINSON BAND

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday May 12th .... Free
BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS

Friday May 13th £1.00
DOWNLINERS SECT

Saturday May 14th £1.00
MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS

Sunday May 15th .... :.75p
ROOGALATOR

Monday May 16th .... Free
90° INCLUSIVE

Tuesday May 17th 50p
THE STRUTTERS

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

P.M.C. Promotions

THE PIER PAVILION, HASTINGS
Saturday June 4th 3 p.m.—11 p.m.

JUBILEE ROCK 'N ROLL SPECTACULAR

featuring **CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS**
GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
CADILLAC THE CRUISERS
WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
& Fifties Flash Mobile Record Hop

Tickets £1.25 in advance, £1.50 on the door available by post (s.a.e.) or callers to ROCKABILITY MANAGEMENT, Amber House, 278 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4.

WORDS (Barry Clarke) QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Tuesday May 24th at 8.30 pm

DOCTOR FEELGOOD
+ LEW LEWIS BAND

Licensed Bar
All tickets £2.00 in advance available from Queensway Box Office, Tel. 603326, Record Room, St. Albans, F. L. Moore Records, or £2.00 on door

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WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
CHANGE OF DATE: SATURDAY MAY 14th

KURSAAL FLYERS
+ SUPPORT

Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Tickets available from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans, Tel. 64511, or at door on night.

ENTS COMMITTEE
POLYTECHNIC of CENTRAL LONDON
115 NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W1. 636 6271

Friday, May 13, 8pm-12.30am

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS + SUPPORT

Tickets £1 advance, £1.50 on door. For advance tickets send cheques or postal orders and s.a.e. to 104/108 Bolsover Street, London, W1.

BEGGARS BANQUET PROMOTIONS present
ON HER FIRST BRITISH CONCERT TOUR

DORY PREVIN

+ Special Guests
ILLUSION

SUNDAY, MAY 15th FAIRFIELD HALLS, CROYDON
Tickets £3, £2.50, £2 from Theatre Box Office 01-688-9291
MONDAY, May 16th BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL
Tickets £3, £2.50, £2 from Theatre Box Office 021-236-2392

May 19 DUBLIN STADIUM
May 21 GLASGOW APPOLLO
May 22 EDINBURGH USHER HALL
May 23 MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL
May 24 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
May 26 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
May 29 OXFORD NEW THEATRE
June 1 BRIGHTON DOME
June 2 SOUTHAMPTON GUILDHALL

All tickets from Theatre Box Offices

May 28th LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL Balcony Tickets only left at £2.00
May 30th LONDON NEW VICTORIA £4.00, £3.50, £3.00
Tickets to London Concerts by personal or postal application (+ SAE) only to:
BEGGARS BANQUET, 8 HOGARTH ROAD, LONDON, SW5
01-370 6175

Warrington Technical College S.U.
present

THE HEARTBREAKERS

Buzz Cocks **Slaughter & The Dogs**
with D.J. Bob Hayes
Friday May 13th, 8pm — 2 am at

PARR HALL, WARRINGTON

Late Bar
Tickets £1.00 students, £1.25 non students, available from S.U., telephone 37311, Relayvision, telephone 3044, or on door.

DACORUM DISTRICT COUNCIL
(in association with Nigel Butier)
Present at the
Pavilion Hemel Hempstead
THURSDAY MAY 18 at 7.15 pm

MR. BIG
+ REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Tickets £1.30 in advance available from Box office, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead. Tel. Hemel Hempstead 64451 or £1.50 on door.
MONDAY MAY 30th: **BRAND X**

ALL-NIGHTER AT THE CASTLE HALL HERTFORD

A Release Benefit presents
EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS
MOTORHEAD
STEVE BROUGHTON'S HEADWAY '77
LIGHTNING RAIDERS **NAGUAL**
Friday May 13th at 7 pm—7 am

Lights Sounds Bar till 2 am *Admission £2.50*
Advance bookings tel. Hoddesdon 44912 or Hoddesdon 43105
All night train to and from London—Hertford North

Midland Folk Promotions
PRESENT AN
EIGHT HOUR
Folk Festival

Artists Include:-

PENTANGLE 11
PRELUDE
HARVEY ANDREWS
DEREK BRIMSTONE
MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LEONARD & SQUIRE
HOLLERIN' DAVE BULL

PLUS SUPPORTING ACTS...

Saturday 25th June, 3.00p.m. to 11p.m.,
Horninglow Road (A50),
Burton-on-Trent.

Tickets £2.50 each from Midland Folk Promotions
5, West Avenue, Hilton, Derby.

LICENSE APPLIED FOR. REFRESHMENTS

TOO GOOD TO MISS — BOOK NOW!

Essex University Ents presents

BURLESQUE

+ Support

SATURDAY MAY 14th at 8.30 pm
in the S.U. Dance Hall

Late Bar Disco

Next week: Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance

KING'S COLLEGE ENTS PRESENT
A MAY BALL CONCERT
with

JACK THE LAD

and support

REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Thursday May 12th at 8 p.m.
Ticket £1.00 advance, £1.20 at door
Macadam Building, Surrey Street, WC2
Tel: 01-836 7132

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm

Wednesday May 11
GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE

Wednesday May 18th
MIKE OSBORNE QUINTET

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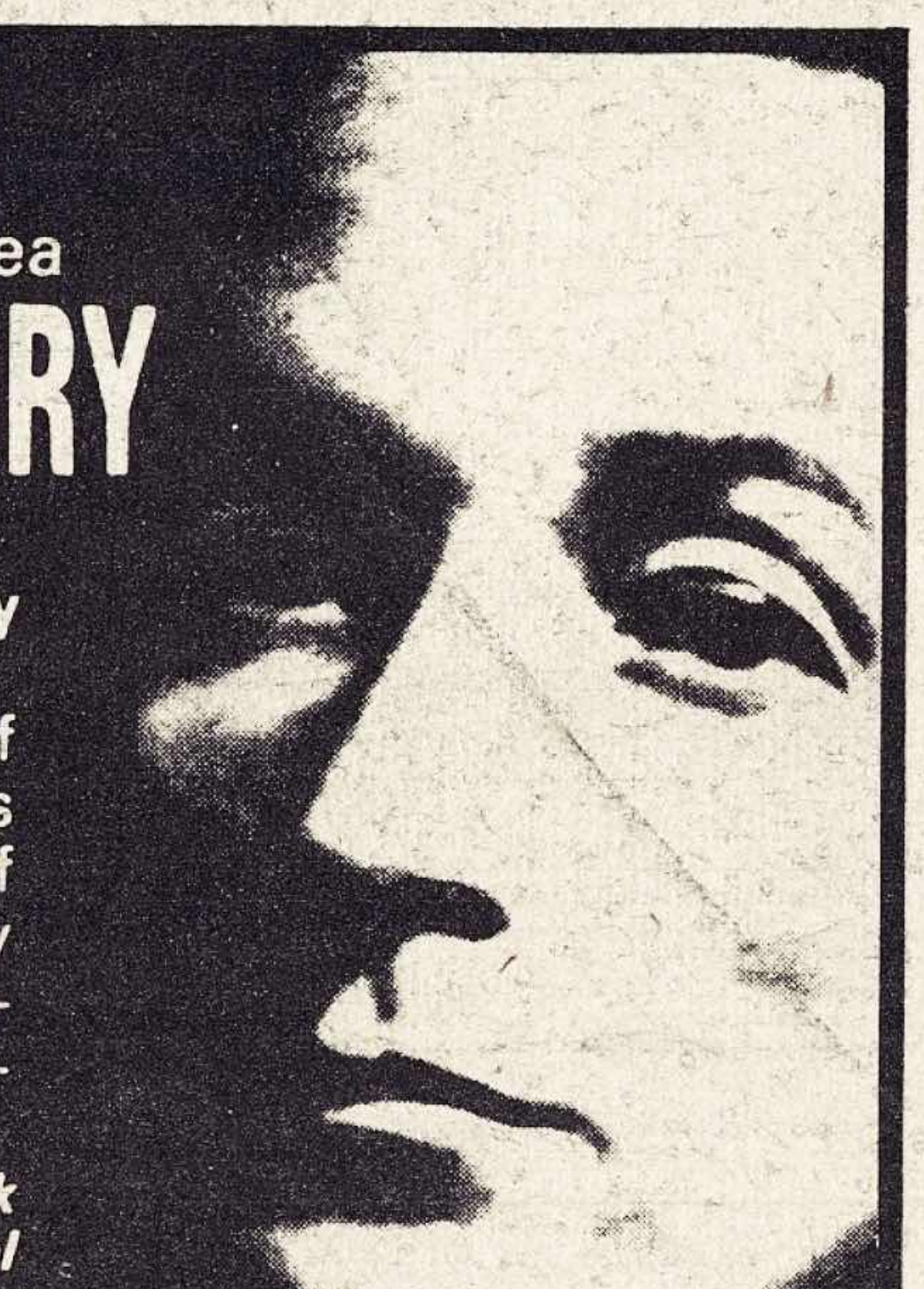

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Greatest tour on Earth kicks off

Nils Lofgren
Tom Petty

CARDIFF

WATCHING NILS Lofgren onstage at the Cardiff Capitol, it seems odd to recall that not so long ago he was regarded as the prototypical punk. Tonight, however, in a pair of flower-print silk trousers, he looks very ordinary, which thankfully is the last thing you could say about his music.

At last he's acquired for himself a band who can match him note for high calibre note. Don't believe that Nils has mellowed out — he was more full of bounce than the trampoline he keeps onstage, and with keyboardsman The Rev Patrick Henderson furiously exorcising the devil in his fingers, drummer Dave Platschon and bassist Wornell Jones displaying Newmark & Weeks class, and brother Tommy's fine rhythm guitar and organ contributions, they were musically magnificent.

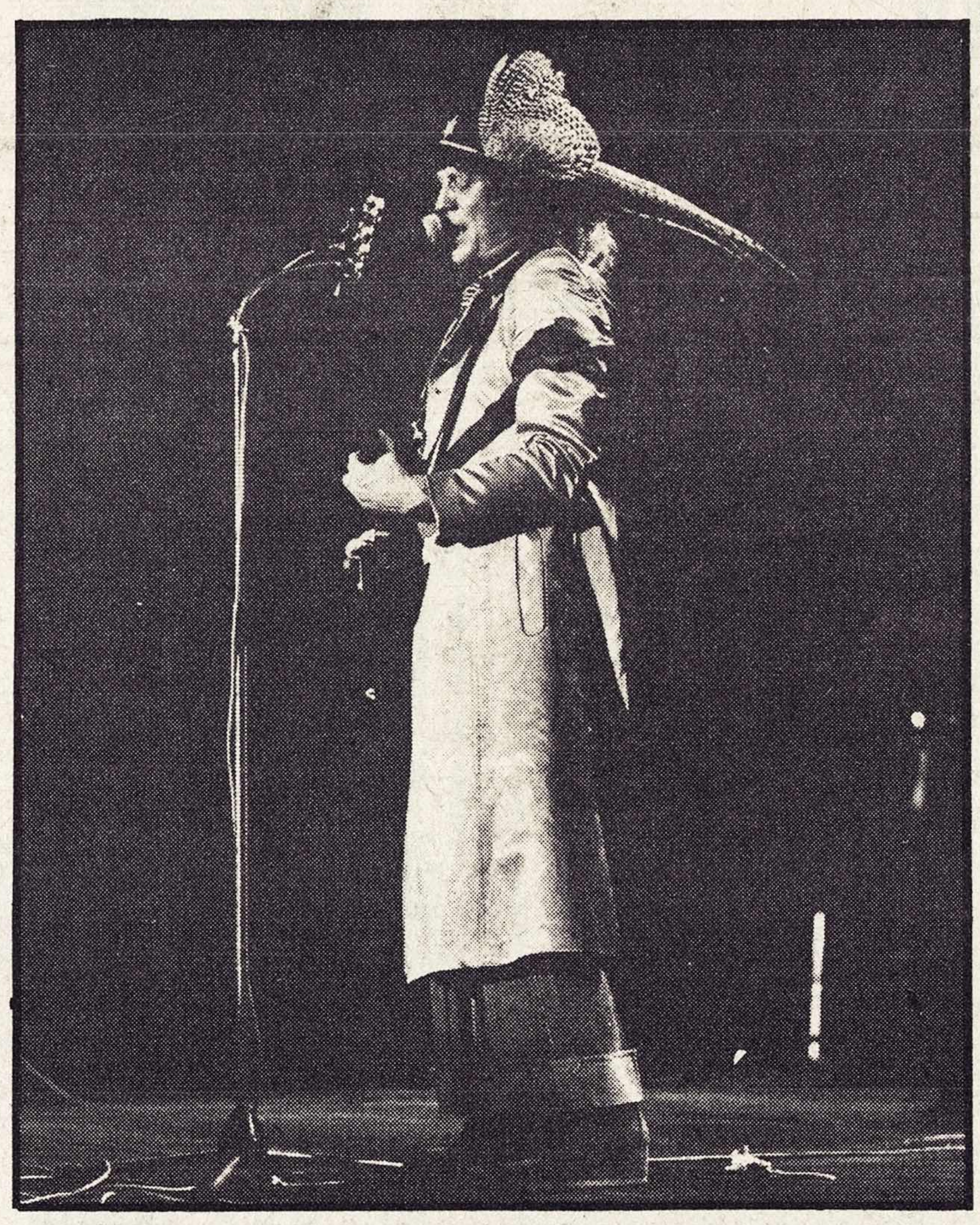
Nils continuously dealt ace after ace *(Hey, this ain't Melody Maker, y'know — Ed.)* from his bottomless pack of solos *(Don't you hear too good? — Ed.)* although some of the instrumental passages were unnecessarily long and weakened his impact.

Nevertheless, it was a super show — a wide mixture including "Cry Tough", "Code Of The Road", "To Be A Dreamer", "Keith Don't Go" ("to Toronto," sang Nils), "Incidentally It's Over", "Back It Up", Grin's "You're The Weight", and "I Came To Dance."

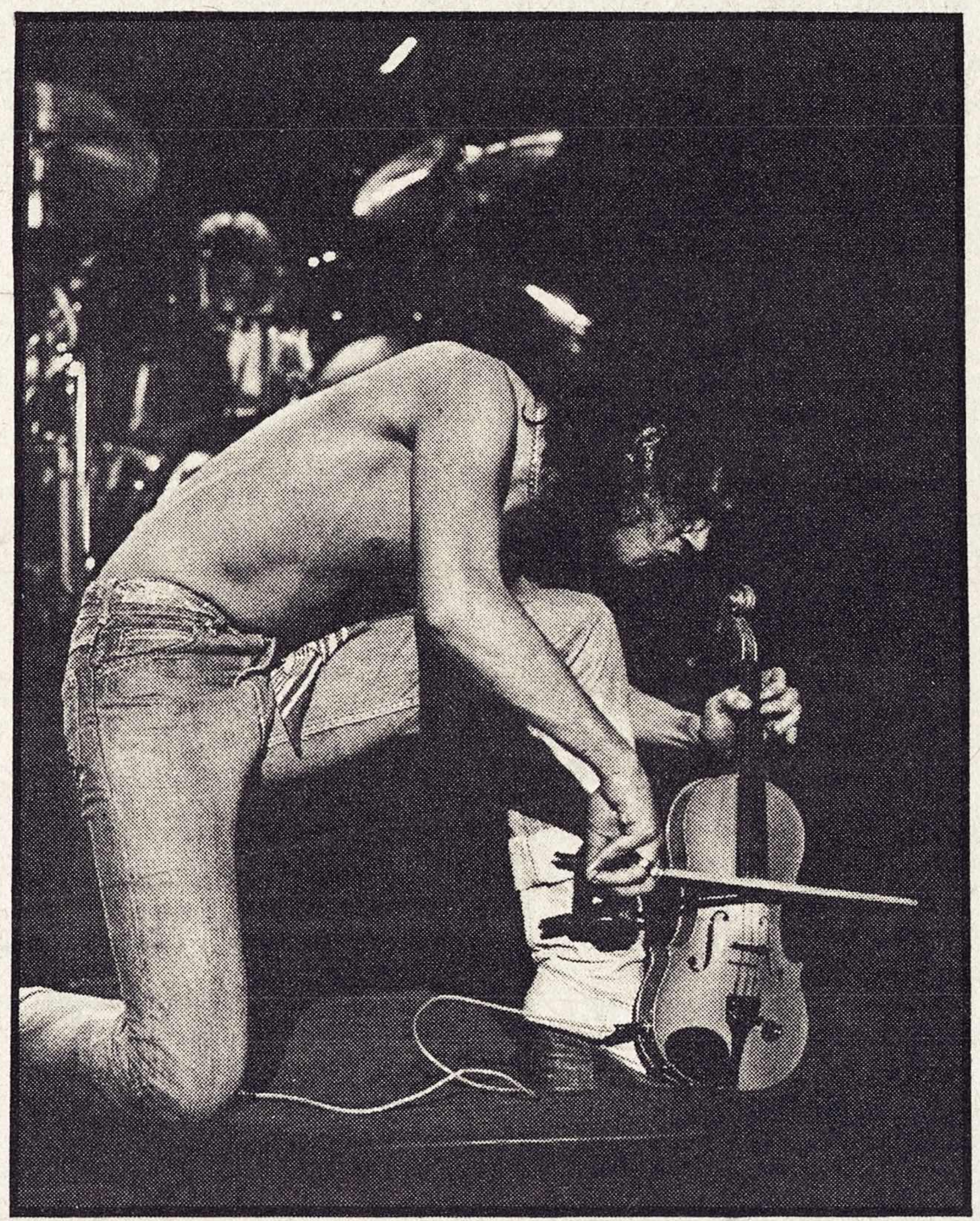
First night of the tour, and he gets a five-minute standing ovation. Yep, Nils Lofgren was great, but. . .

But Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers were better. I may not have clocked as much as some wrinkled old writers, but they were certainly the best American rock band I've ever seen. Unlike Lofgren, Petty fulminates with rock star quality, flashing smiles and breaking every female heart in the audience. *(Hey, it's not the Daily Mirror either — Ed.)*

Not surprisingly, TP & The HBs also had a better group feel, and there wasn't a substandard second in the set. Petty's songs were more tastefully concise and contained more bite per bar than Lofgren's numbers — "American Girl" (pulverising McGunn's attempt on *OGWT),* "Fooled Again", "Break Down", "Strangered In The Night", "Rockin' Around" and two new songs, "Listen To My Heart" (the forthcoming single) and "I Need To Know," both of which suggest that the next album will be just as good as the first. **David Housham**



NODDY HOLDER (above) and JIM LEA (below)



Pix: DAVID STEEN

Noizy Boyz back on UK track

Slade

MANCHESTER

I WAS ASLEEP when Liar came on. As the shrill thrusting boogie raked my eardrums and the vocalist sincerely grunted *"I've been up and I've been down/I've been lost and I've been found,"* I was paralysed by the type of fear usually associated with dark alleys and filed teeth. Not, I shivered, trying to rip my eyes open, the goddam Steve Gibbons Band again.

"We are Liar," said the ever so butch frontman at the conclusion of their five-minute bullying, and my eyes popped open in relief. Some relief... Believe this — Liar are a pale imitation of The Steve Gibbons Band, and actually played a song called "Born To Rock 'n'Roll".

A couple of coughs and a jump to the interval to scan the crowd: obviously predominantly male, a definite case of Whatever Happened To The Bootboys?, all eager to welcome the lads back into the fold. Slade had no one to impress.

But I reckon impartial onlookers would have been impressed, if not won over, by Slade's efficiently choreographed heavy metal — as slick as Bruce Forsyth and often equally irrepressible. The kind of streamlined powerhouse muzak Kiss strain for to accompany their visuals, not an ounce of flab.

On reflection, the band who gave us the definitive version of "Born To Be Wild" would probably be bound to return from a couple of years in the States so decisively disciplined.

Their set opened with three flawless, expertly constructed punches to the throat — all the right ingredients, the pauses, riffs, repetition, relentless dynamics, false endings . . . The crowd loved it, and were away and up.

It took a lot of the throng about this long to recover from the sight of a hairless Dave Hill who, with his Dumbo ears and Bugs Bunny teeth, looks less the grasshopper he'd been nicknamed by Noddy Holder than a cousin of Paulus the Woodgnome.

Only when Slade tried for finesse and pretended that they were a third-rate Beatles, playing trash like "How Does It Feel" and "Far Far Away", instead of consolidating their position as a second-rate Sweet, did things sag. Sophistication was never really Slade's forte.

Ah, the gross overstatement of "Burning In The Heat Of Love", the deranged indulgent guitar from Hill during "The Soul, The Roll And The Motion", the flashy bass licks from Jim Lea, and the formal pandemonium of Don Powell's drumming. Everything rehearsed to a T. Loved it.

Even "Gudbuy T'Jane" and "Mama Weer All Crazy Now" were transformed into gloriously anonymous, agreeably primitive heavy metal bursts, with Holder's mighty voice fitting (to understate) nicely into the controlled wall of noise.

Everyone had a solo spot three times over, the sound was perfect, lightshow spot-on, the crowd felt wanted and responded with glee. It was the kind of rock-as-showbiz outing that I'd pay money to see for years to come. You can't beat professionalism and precision when it's executed with such fervour. **Paul Morley**

It's headbanging time again, kids

Ian Gillan Band

SLOUGH

BY THE END of the set there must have been a moderate sprinkling of dandruff on the floor just in front of the stage as the crazed idiot dancers rattled their heads enthusiastically. Yet the ecstatic response of the crowd still did not deter Ian Gillan from cracking a few caustic remarks about the promotion of the concert.

Earlier he had dedicated the re-named "Over The Top" (which appears as "Over The Hill" on the band's new album, "Clear Air Turbulence") to his *friends* responsible for arranging the date. The boy who obviously still remembers filling out *every* British venue when fronting Deep Purple wasn't too pleased that Slough's Fulcrum Theatre was only half full for his appearance there last Wednesday. After all, it was his first UK tour in something like three years.

Angry, and with a sardonic touch of humour, he told the kids he was amazed they had found out about this "secret" show, and said he hoped that next time round they'd bring along a few friends as well. His frustration manifested itself onstage, as he raged and stormed for over an hour.

Last time I saw them was in Paris at the beginning of last year, before they replaced their keyboardsmith with Colin Towns. Their show hadn't been particularly good, but since then they've rid themselves of business wrangles, recorded a second album, played America, and at last feel as though they're getting somewhere.

This is probably because they've decided on a simpler approach to their music on stage than the quite complex studio arrangements of their material. Knuckles bared, shirt sleeves rolled up, they hammer out blatant hard rock at an audience who, in Slough at least, enjoyed every second of their burning aggression.

The songs, such as "Clear Air Turbulence", "Money Lender", "Lay Me Down" and of course "Over The Hill (Top)", are stripped of any real instrumental ornamentation or subtlety and battle forcefully out into the hall. Towns, seated in the middle of his electronic hardware, still wasn't confident enough to embellish the basic figures to any great extent, and with drummer Mark Nauseef and bassist John Gustafson panel-beating the riffs into shape, the main action came mostly from Gillan and his lieutenant, guitarist Ray Fenwick.

Visually and musically they're the band's strongest characteristics. Gillan, his hair now long and looking very much as he did with Poiple except for his physical stoutness, sang well but frequently resorted to his familiar DP war-cry. Fenwick's guitar work complements his type of vocal, and, leering into the audience from the edge of the stage, he ripped and shredded wild solos throughout most of the songs.

It's been done before, but they're not washed out. At one point Gus even steps forward to sing his own composition "What' Your Game?" and they did knock a bit of life into the Purple standards, "Child In Time" and "Smoke On The Water".

Predictably it was what the audience wanted. But maybe other people will demand a lot more. **Tony Stewart**

GILLAN with foreground shadow of RAY FENWICK *Pix: MICHAEL PUTLAND*

Au revoir, cruel metropolis

Little Bob Story

Dingwalls

THE EXCELLENT and very disillusioned French rock and roll band Little Bob Story played the last gig of their current English tour at Dingwalls on Thursday, to several score lethargic liggers. This was in brutal contrast to the previous night, when they'd played York and received a riotous welcome, but a re-run of the previous week's gig at the 100 Club where they played to a half deserted cellar.

While not in the league of The Clash and The Jam, there's no way you can fault Little Bob Story in their particular field. Dominique Lelan (bass), Dominique Quertier (drums) and Dominique Guilon (rhythm guitar) all play real good and don't divert your attention from Little Bob Piazza, bouncing all over the stage like an over-inflated beach-ball, and the riveting lead guitarist Guy George Gremy, who looks like a beautiful mutation of Max Bell and a Balinese temple dancer.

A few kids in torn shirts and stencilled boiler suits bucked and boogied down the front, but it was ultimately disappointing, especially for the band, who don't come back for over another month. Until then, they'll probably be playing about five gigs a week; their policy is to play incessantly in the hope that something has to turn up sooner or later.

Around 1.00 am. Little Bob grins at me and picks up an imaginary machine-gun. "Watch — I do thees, one day," he said, picking off the well-dressed throngs at the bar with amazing speed.

We should be so lucky.

Julie Burchill

SUN SHOW SHINES

Sun Show

RAINBOW

THERE WAS A moment, just about when Jack Scott was slamming into the second verse of "Geraldine," when I had to double-check I wasn't dreaming the whole affair. Jack Scott? . . . singing "Geraldine"? . . . in London in 1977! Ooh my soul.

Not only was Scott such an unexpected blast from the past — a one-time Presley rival who was soon eclipsed — but his "Geraldine" was one of his most bizarre moments. It's been a favourite in my household since I first unearthed a black label, triangle centre, London-American copy. A relentless rockin' rhythm, the title name chanted about 59 times and an absolute minimum of variation.

"Geraldine Reldeen — Reldeen — Reldeen
Geraldine - Reldeen — Reldeen — Reldeen
Prettiest girl I've ever seen
Geraldine — Reldeen — Reldeen — Reldeen."

I guess I sound condescending. It's not meant, 'cause in fact Scott turned out to be exceptionally good, No wonder he was top of the bill. I only harp on the unlikely fact of his performance to emphasise just what an extraordinary show this was.

Assembled by a British rock-'n'roll fan for European rockers, it was the boldest dig by an archaeologist of 20th Century American musical history since the German-promoted Blues Festivals of the mid-60's.

The title of the show referred to the Sun label, first home of Elvis, Jerry Lee, etc. One of their ex-stablemates, Carl Perkins, was originally supposed to be headlining. Scott, who replaced him, never was on Sun.

Neither was Buddy Knox, a perplexing cross between the light rock of the Tex-Mex sound (Buddy Holly's territory) and the early city pop of the likes of Bobby Vee. His performance was entertaining, particulary his Tribute-to-Buddy medley (during which I had to investigate the gents, from where he sounded just like Holly) but it didn't flabbergast the audience. Still, perhaps this was because of his lightweight reputation, the fact that he'd been to Britain before and, on the night I saw the show, his erratic amplification.

It was also probably because he followed Warren Smith, who brought the house down, much to his amazement. Smith *was* on Sun but, despite one or two vocal Memphis hits, never hit the big time.

Strumming an inaudible acoustic guitar, looking like a sawn-off Johnny Cash and sounding like a cross between Carl Perkins and Eddie Cochran, he stepped out and launched straight into his best known recording, "Ubangi stomp" — from which point he could have hummed highlights from the Bible and still won applause. Such is the emotive power of a legendary name. Among his other tricks were "Rock'n'Roll Ruby," versions of "Blue Suede Shoes" and "I'm Movin' On" and a medley of imitations, including a neat one of early-Elvis doing "Baby Let's Play House." For which skill he won *two* standing ovations.

Before Smith the show openers had been Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers; of whom I cannot say more than I thought they were the best home-grown, retrospective rock'n'roll group I've seen — on the rockabilly side of things, I mean, as opposed to R & B style rock, which is handled better by a group like Darts. Cavan and his crew seem to have something to learn about presentation — all British rockers seem to think it's vital to stand like bow-legged hunchbacks suffering from constipation — but musically they're not at all bad.

A mention here also for the Roger James group, another gathering of British worthies who, apart from the saxman, were admirable accompanists for all the visitors. But they didn't dress like Teds and naturally were therefore barely tolerated by the audience.

After the interval and an extremely short set from James's group, on bounded Charlie Feathers. Another legendary name; another riotous reception. He's stocky, white haired, and must be at least 50 if he's a day. He's also a great character. Whoops and hollers and kicks his legs and yet almost talks his way through the songs. "Boppin' To The Baby," "One Hand Loose," "Tongue Tied Jill," I Forgot To Remember To Forget" . . . it's all historic stuff. The original records of these tunes change hands for small fortunes. Feathers' son plays guitar on stage while the man himself admits that he's too old to shake it like Elvis used to. Nevertheless he climaxes with "Good Rockin' Tonight" and is dragged back by overwhelming demand for an encore.

Finally, the aforementioned Jack Scott. Of all the acts he's clearly the most likely candidate for belated success. (Actually he's the only one that ever had any real success in the first place. This man had *hits!)*. His voice is strong, his image good (bearded and moody, with shades) and for this concert, like the other performers, he's obviously been well briefed in what to sing. It's all oldies. "Leroy," "The Way I Walk," "Midgie," "What In The World's Come Over You" . . . songs I never thought I'd see performed in Britain by their originator.

The bulk of the audience went wildest for Smith and Feathers (although one section, a Welsh contingent, cheered loudest for Cavan) but I thought Scott definitely deserved the top spot. He may not have the baddest reputation but he seemed to have the most talent. Harness it to a few new good songs and he could be a name again.

Cliff White

Chuck Berry

Chuck Berry

NEW VICTORIA

THERE'S NO BETTER indication of the pervasive and thorough influence of Chuck Berry than the fact that he could go almost anywhere and the chances are he would still find musicians to play his songs. This puts him in an enviable position when it comes to touring, because he doesn't have to take a band with him, he simply uses a pick-up band — and it's never very hard to find one.

As usual, it was a local band he used at the New Victoria. The Flying Saucers spend most of their time entertaining die-hard rock'n'roll fanatics and were competent, occasionally even surprising. Berry, however, wasn't at all surprising.

After two choruses of "Roll Over Beethoven" and some uninspired soloing, he broke into the famous duck-walk, which elicited cheers and applause from the audience. Encouraged by this he then tried to get everyone to sing the next chorus with him; most people dutifully complied. The format for the evening was established by that opening song, and hardly deviated for the rest of the set: adequate playing with little fire or enthusiasm, obligatory duck-walks and a won audience.

Wouldn't you find it all a bit of a joke if you could (amongst other things) stop playing, hide behind a speaker column, suddenly jump up and grin, and get applause for it? It's hardly surprising that he wore a bemused expression throughout the evening. That he was there and that he was playing "Sweet Little Sixteen", "Rock'n'Roll Music", "Memphis", "Nadine", "Too Much Monkey Business", "Reelin' And Rockin" and "Brown-eyed Handsome Man" was good enough, and he knew it.

Following his solo on "Carol", Berry returned to the mike and started singing "Little Queenie". He soon realised his mistake, but made no attempt to cover it up (as he could have done by pretending it was a medley), and after a couple of verses said, "What song were we doing? Oh yeah, we were doing 'Carol' — oh well," and they carried on with "Little Queenie". His relaxed, offhand professionalism and the fact that he had made the mistake in the first place were both pertinent comments on the way he approaches his music these days.

It would have been very difficult to antagonise such a willing audience, but Berry managed to do it by including "My Ding A Ling" in the set. He spent ten minutes teaching everybody their respective parts and indulging in overtly risque patter ("You notice how the boys' part is rising") that, along with the song itself, would have gone down better at Butlins. A disgruntled rocker remarked, as he got up to leave, that it was like Sing-along-a-Chuck.

The funny thing is, just before that little debacle, Phonogram presented him with a silver record. The presentation was a surprise for Berry, who said as he thanked the lady that he didn't even know which record it was for. He should have looked. The "Motorvatin' " album does not include "My Ding A Ling".

At some point he must have realised that living up to his reputation (or his myth) was going to be a hard thing to do. I don't think he's concerned about it anymore, and his reputation is probably too far ahead of him anyway.

Paul Rambali

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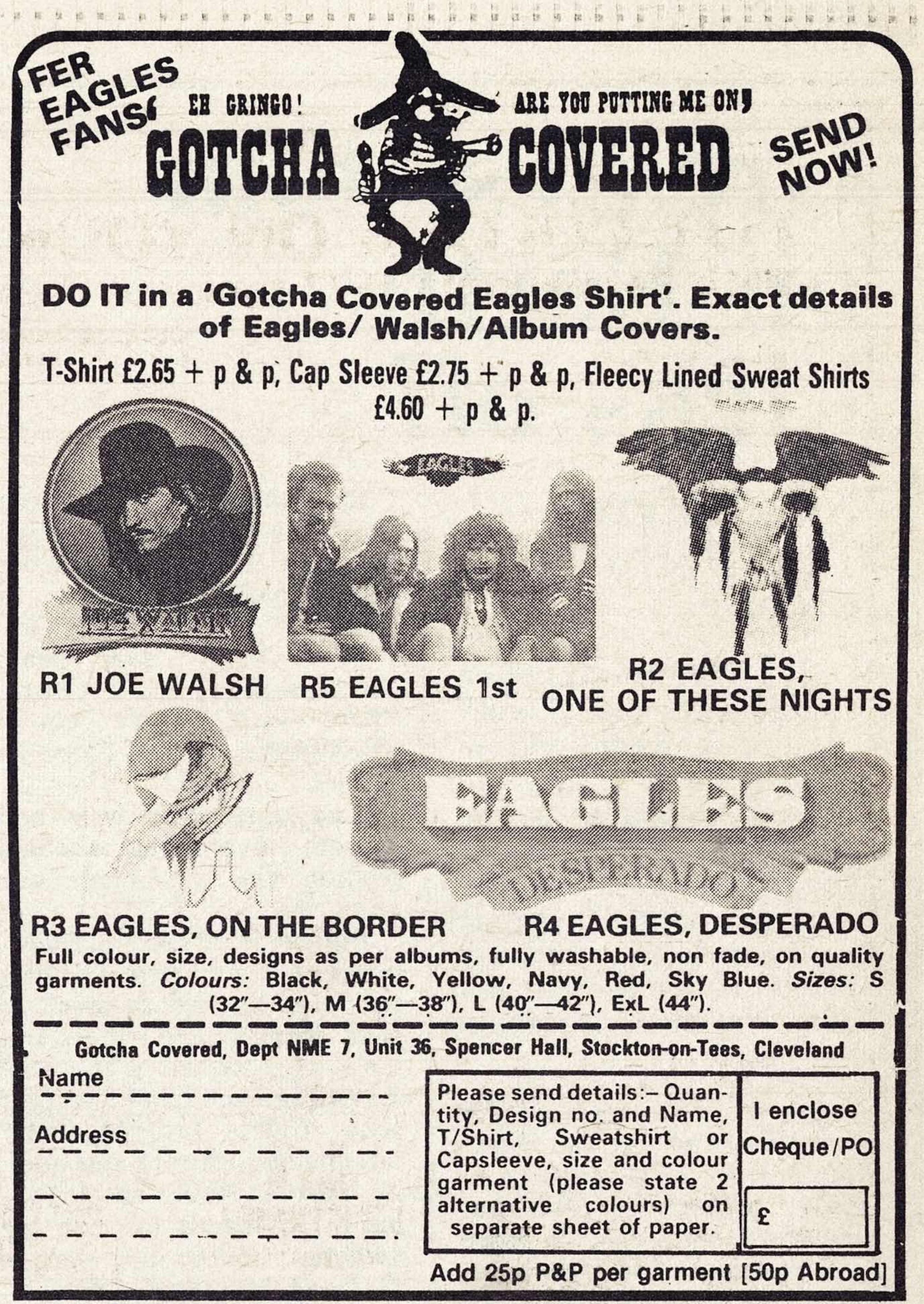

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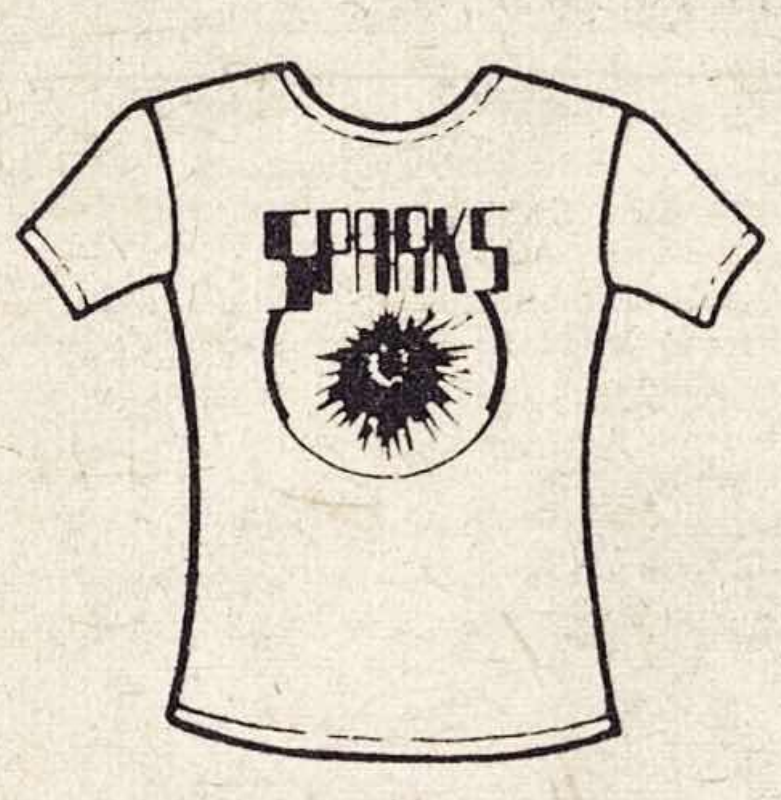

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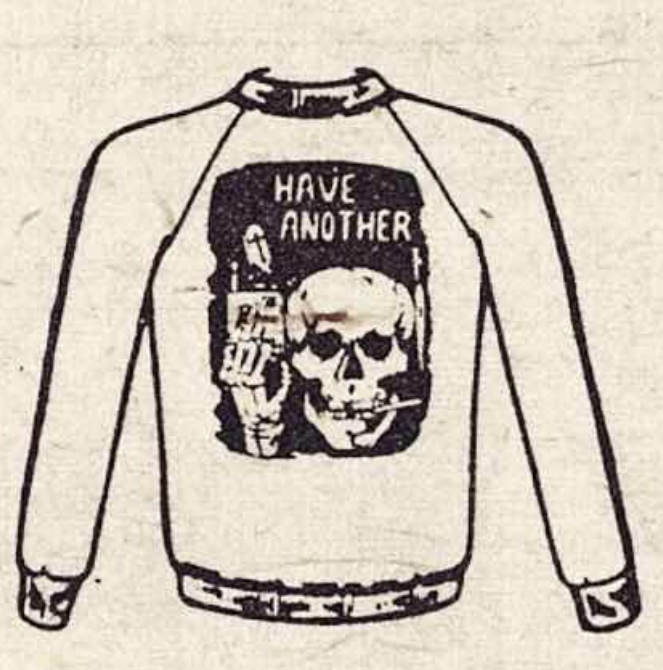
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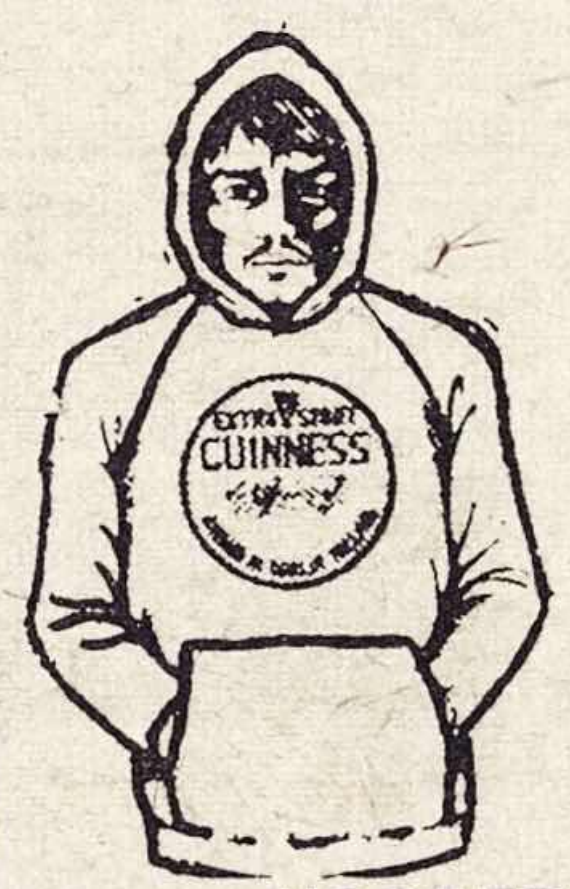
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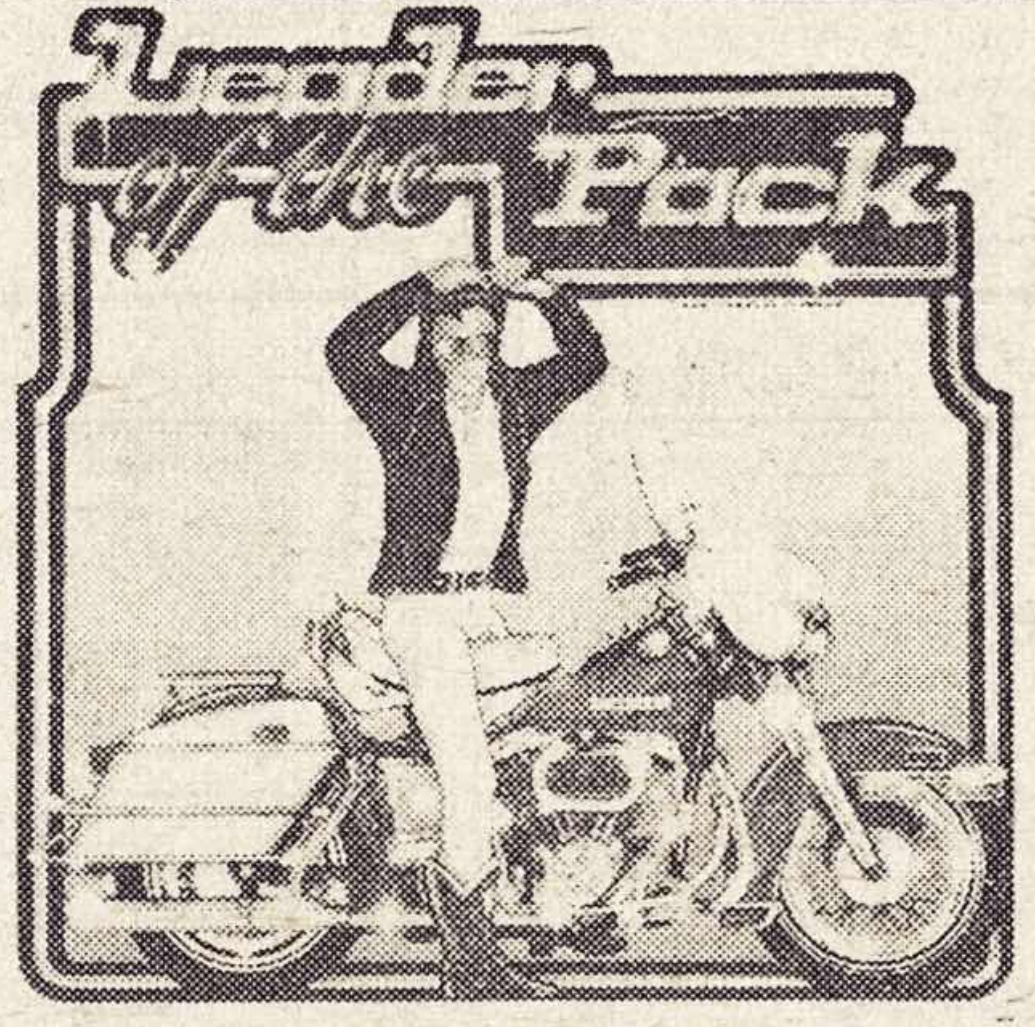
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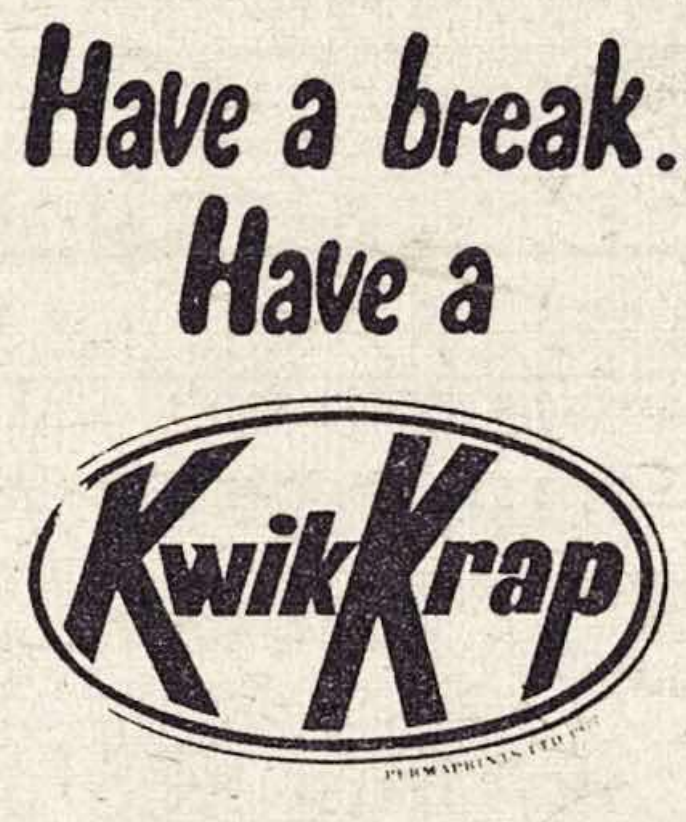
673. LEADER OF THE PACK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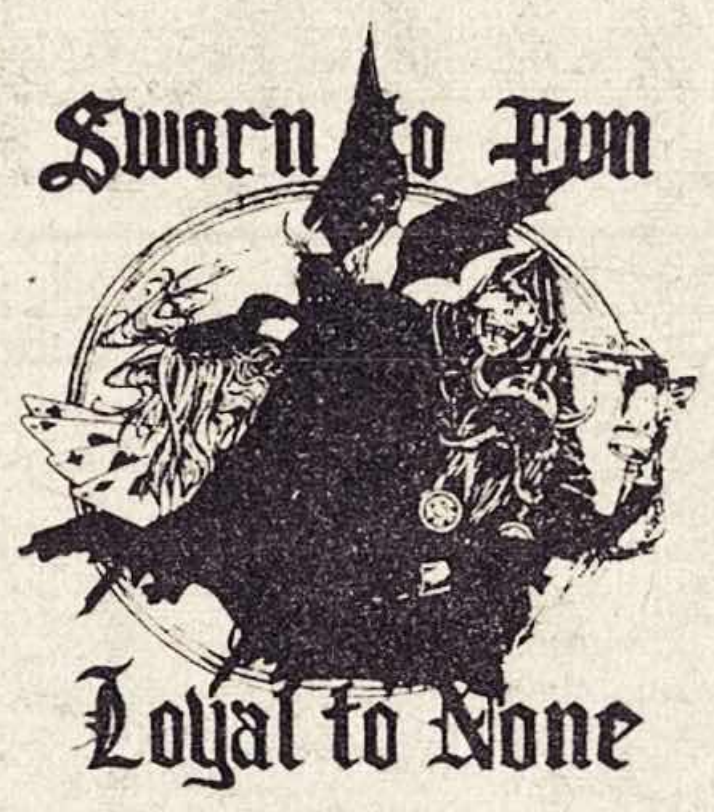
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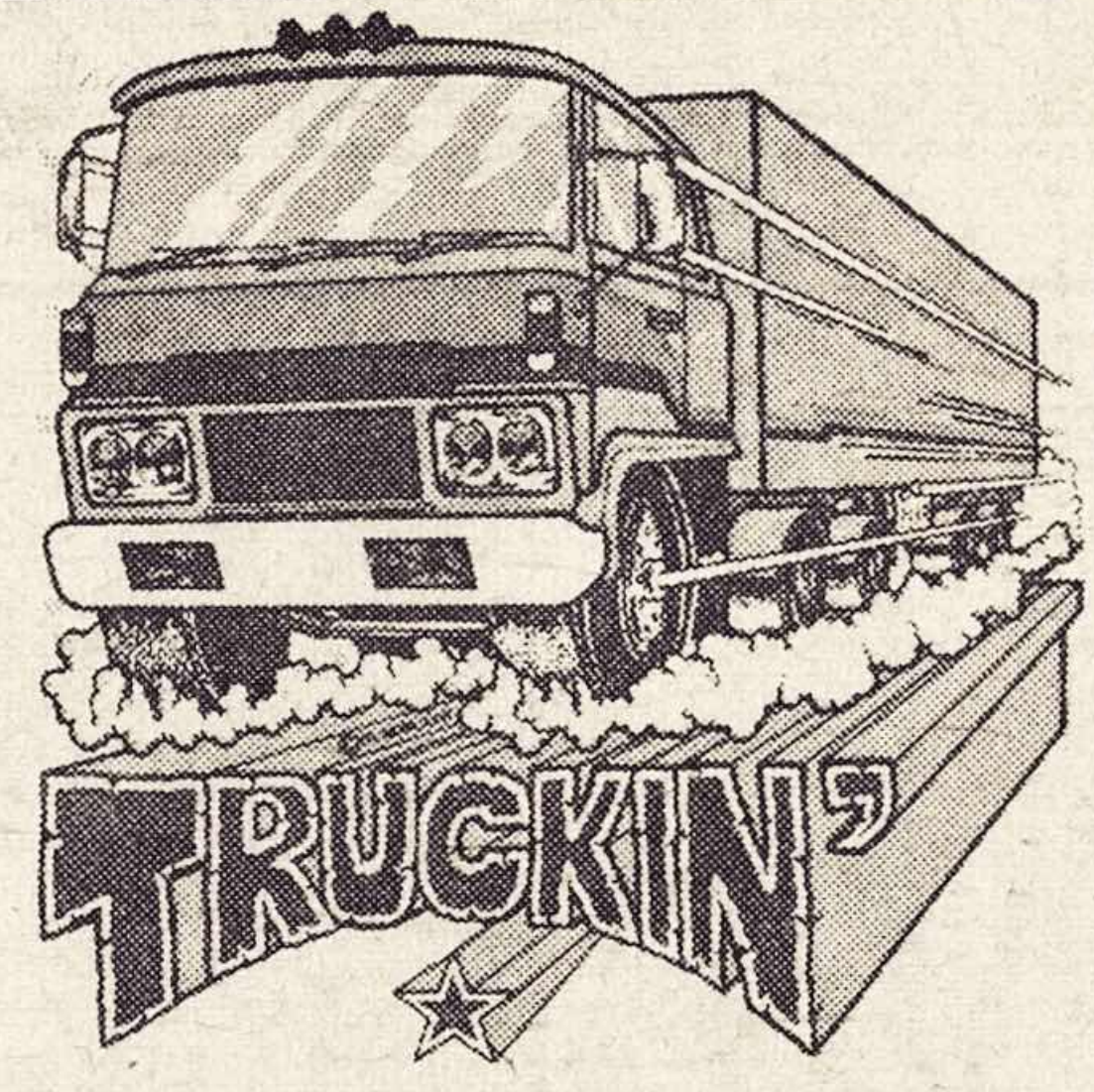

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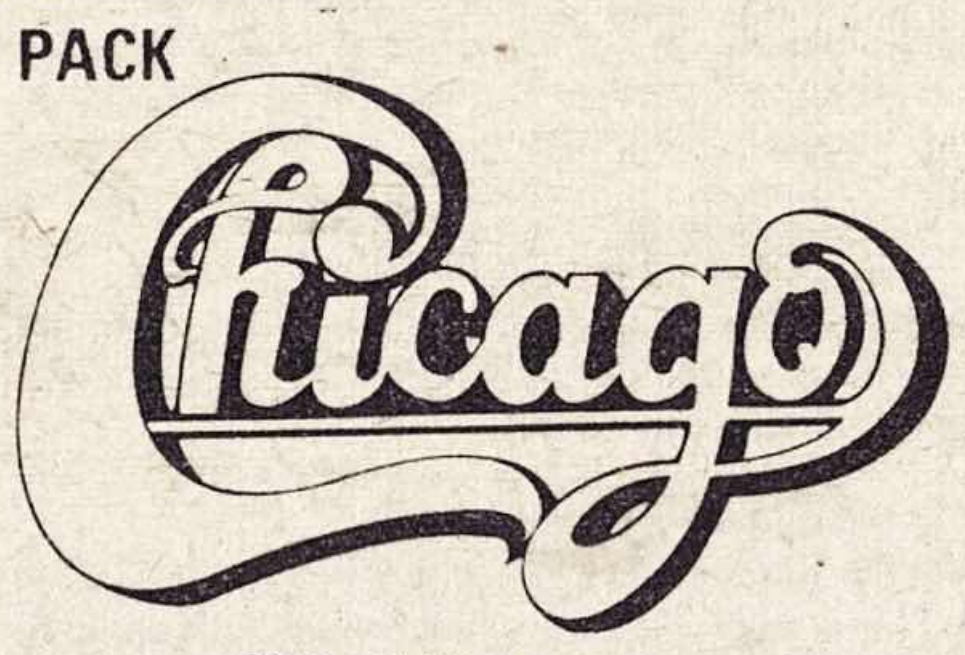

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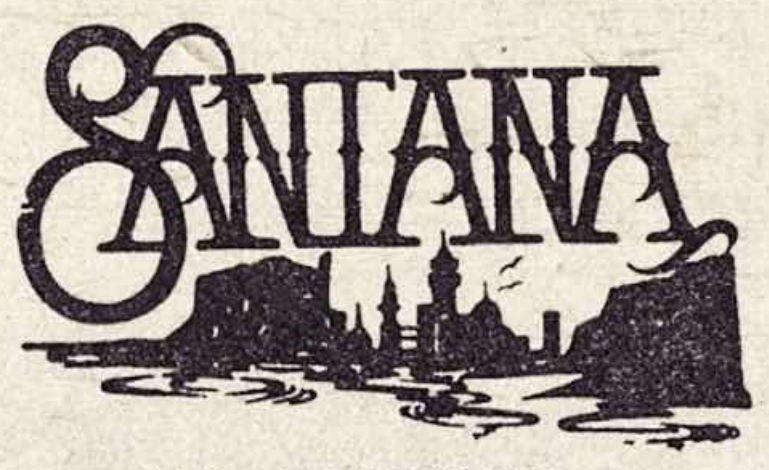

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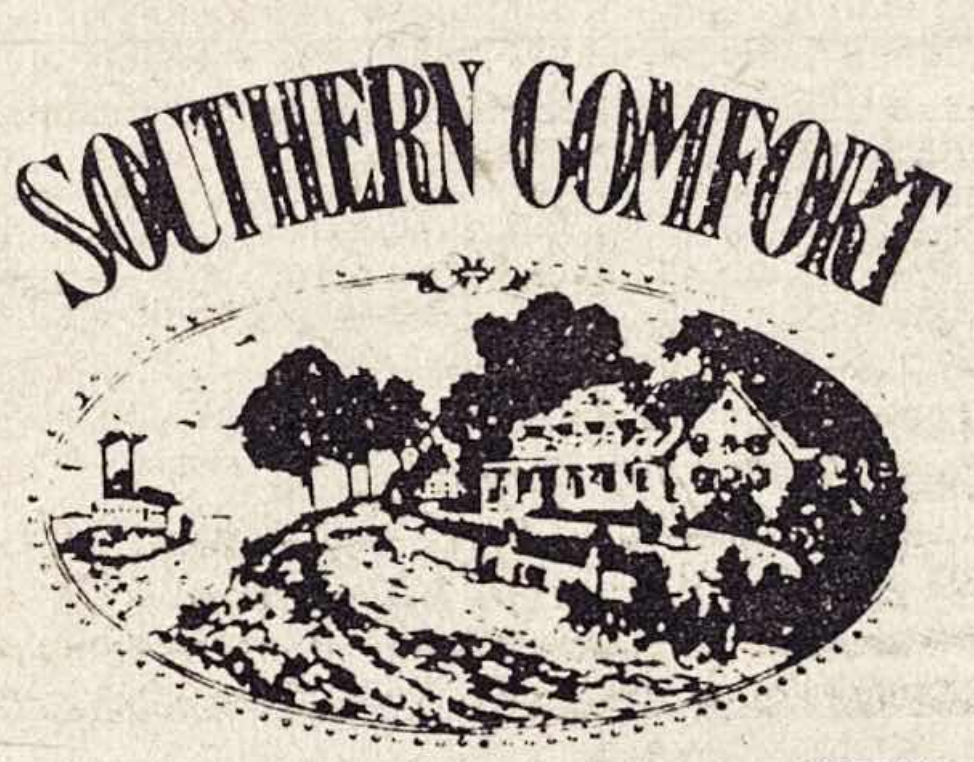
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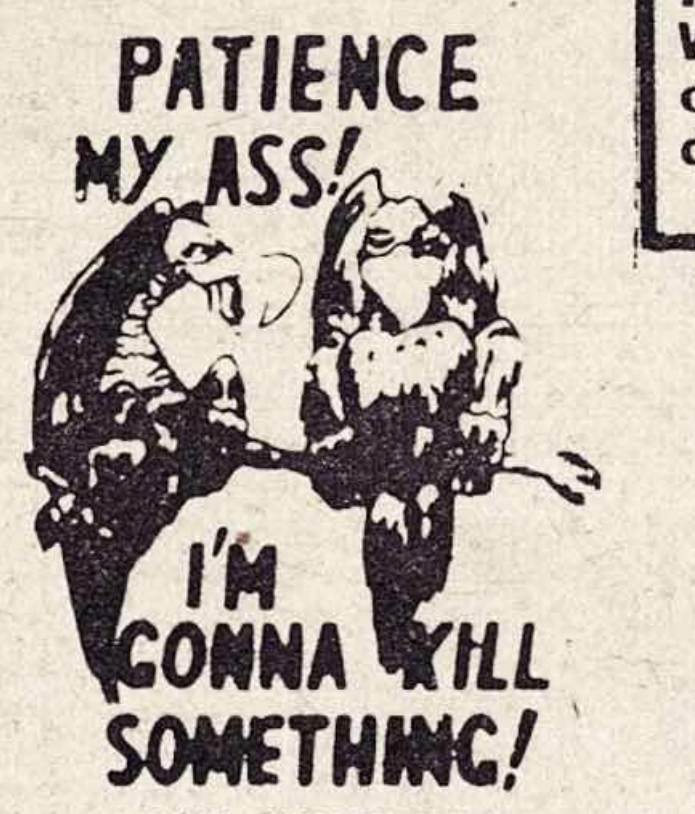
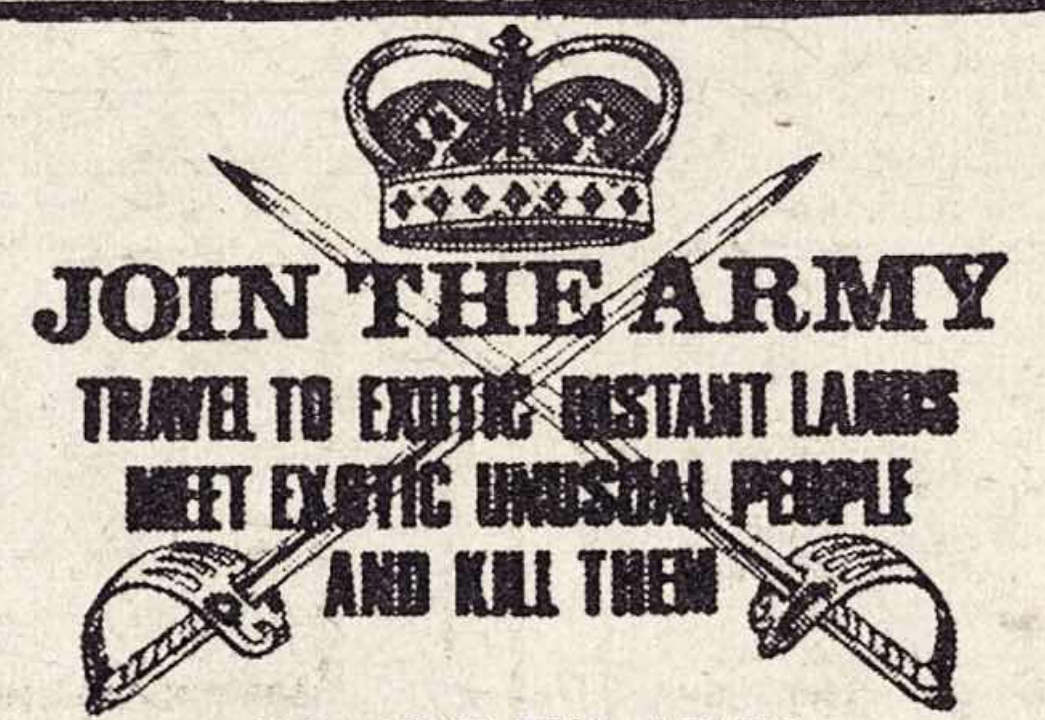
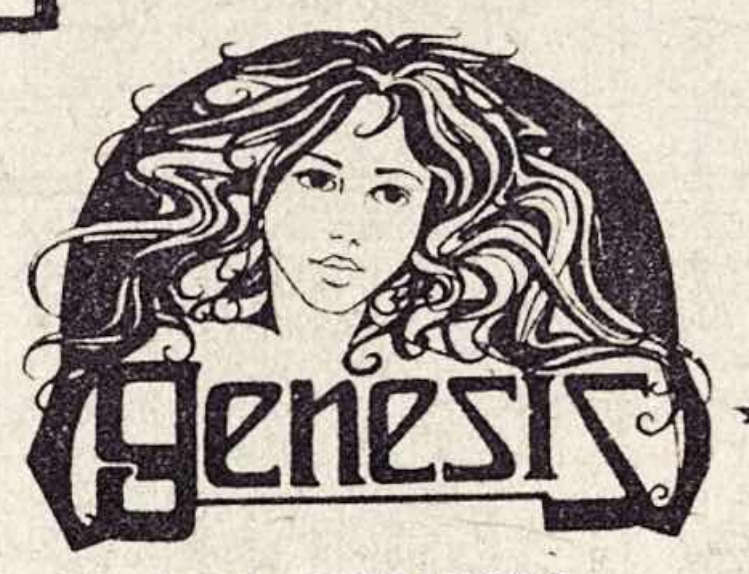

PATIENCE
MY ASS!
I'M
GONNA KILL
SOMETHING!

125. VULTURES


JOIN THE ARMY
TRAVEL TO EXOTIC DISTANT LANDS
MEET EXOTIC UNUSUAL PEOPLE
AND KILL THEM

167. JOIN THE ARMY



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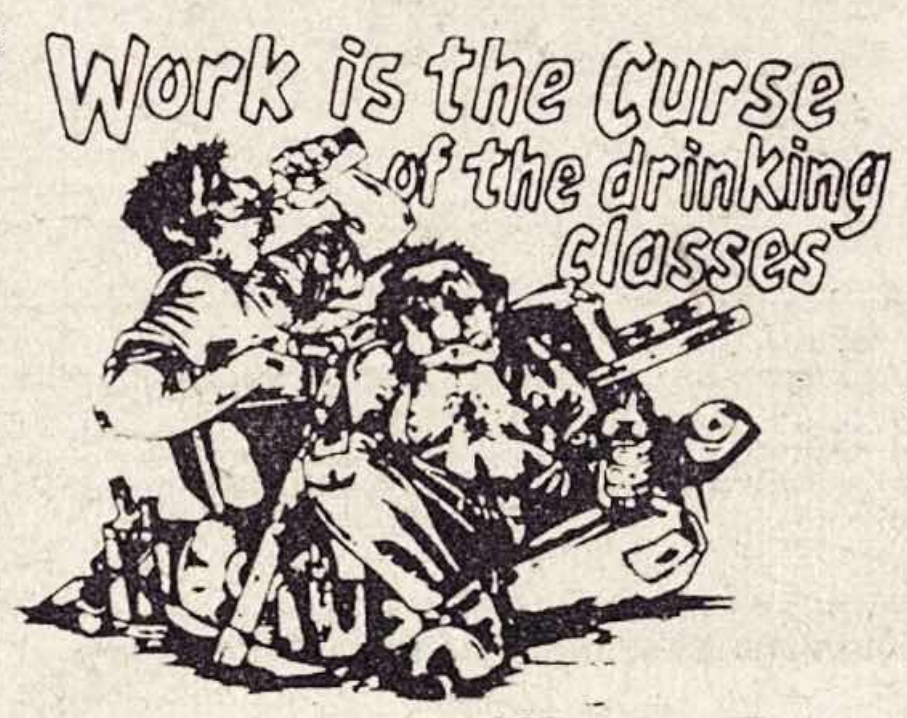
Work is the Curse
of the drinking
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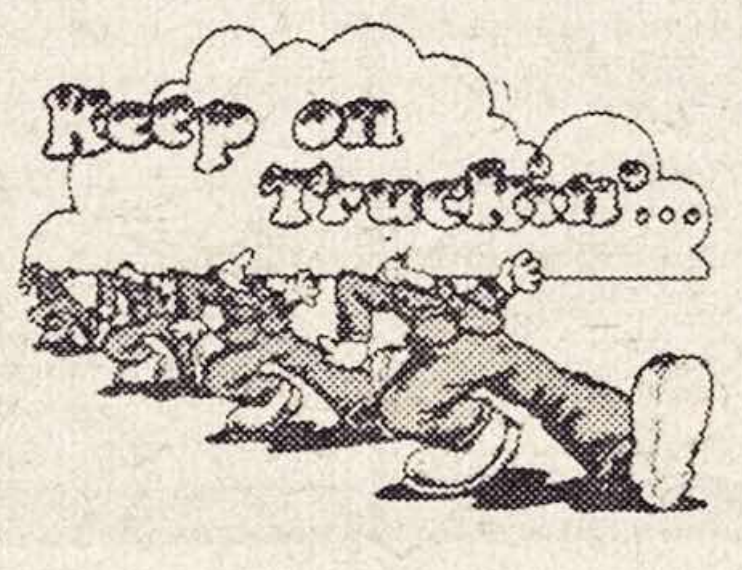
168. WORK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517. TRUCKIN'

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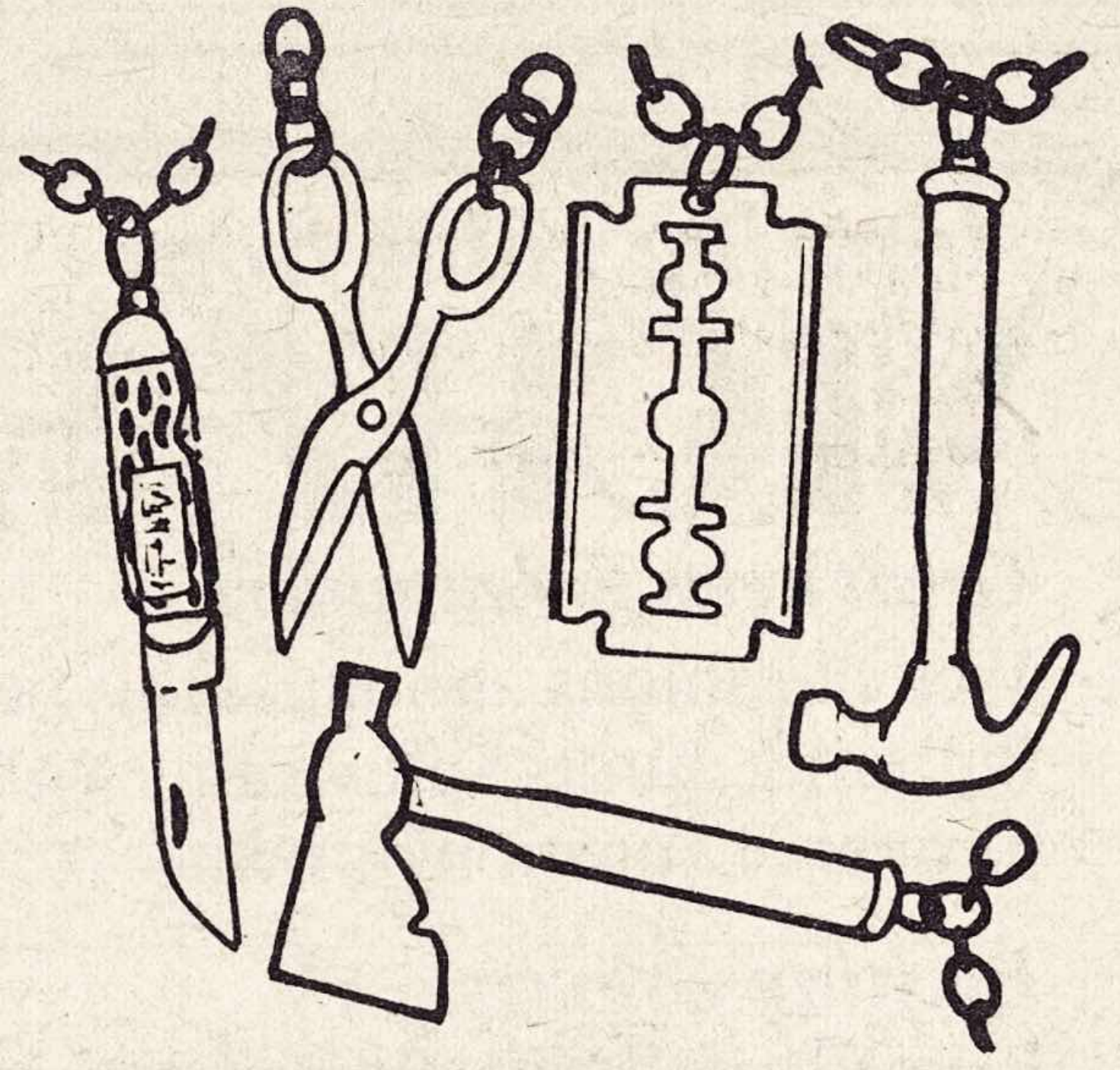

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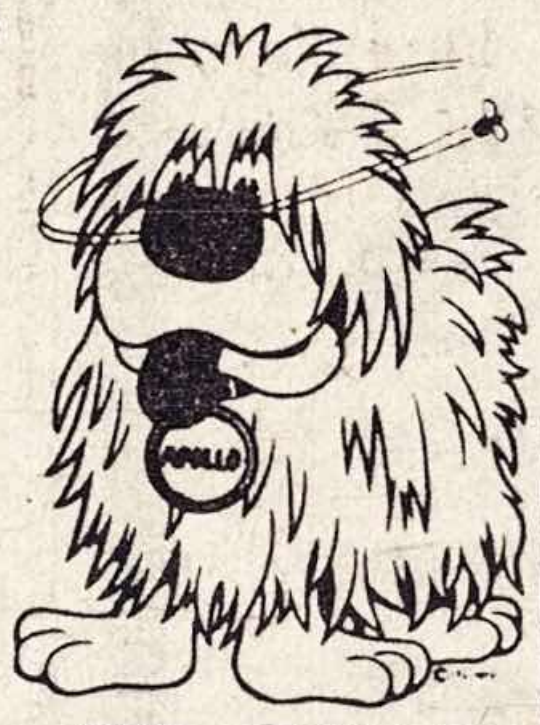
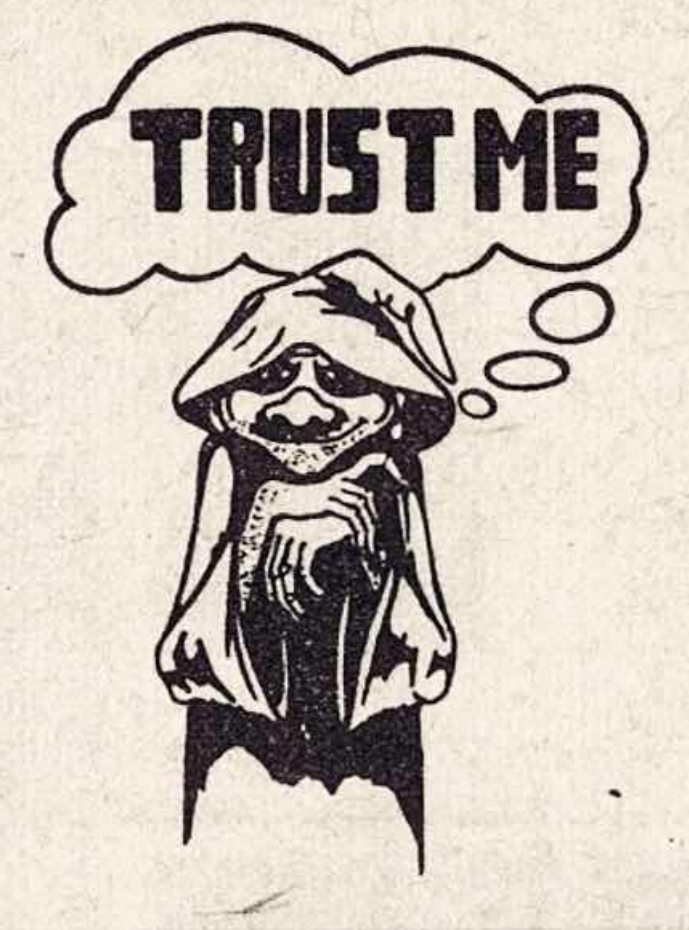
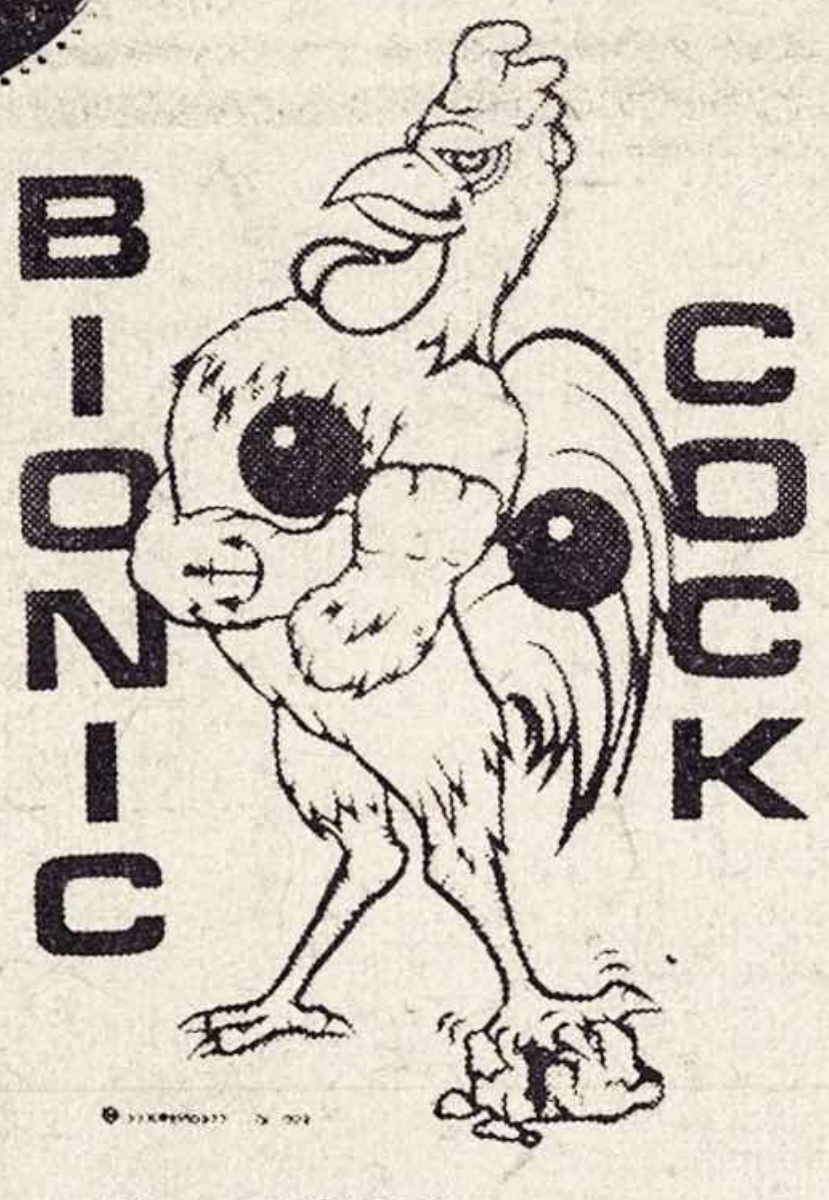


528. APOLLO

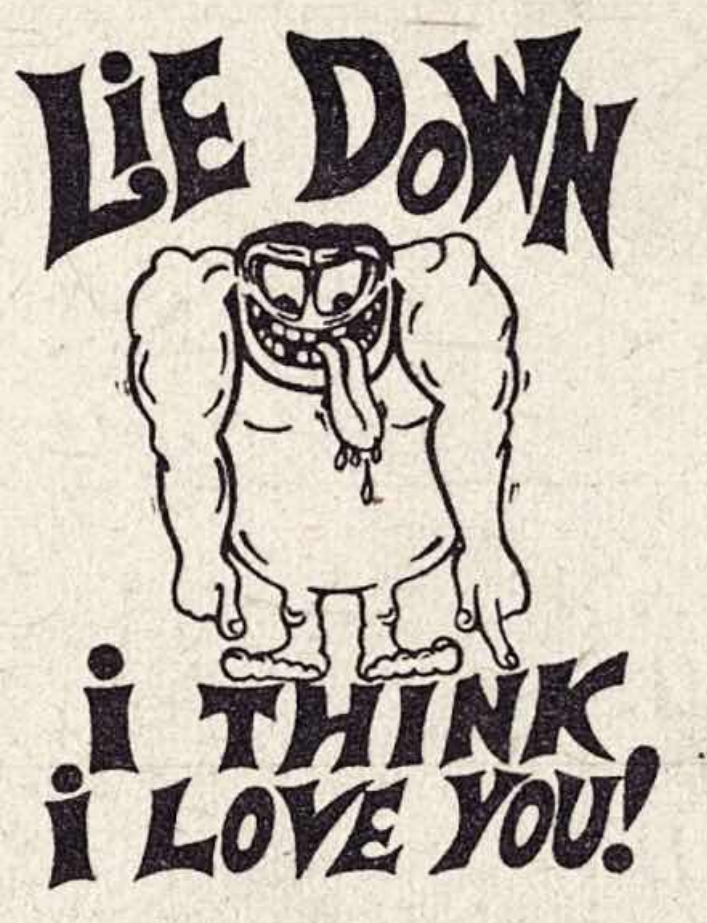
200. NAZARETH



123. TRUST ME

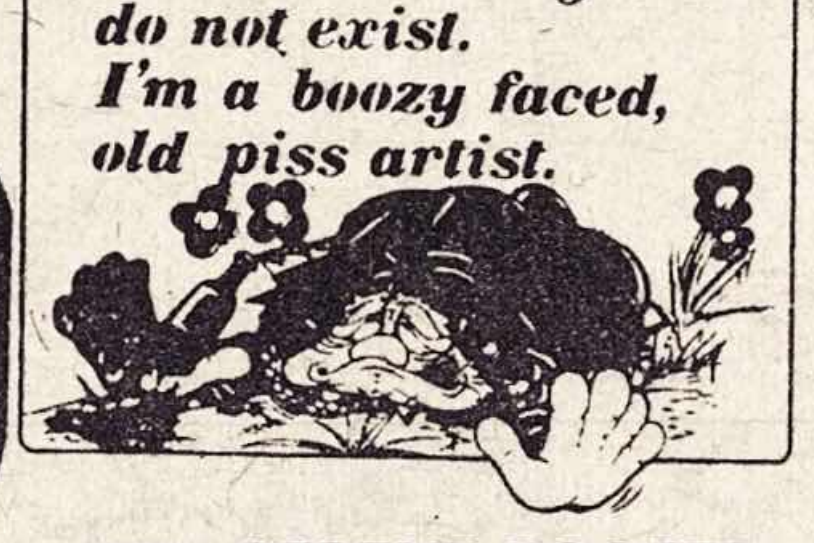

BIONIC
COCK

214. BIONIC COCK

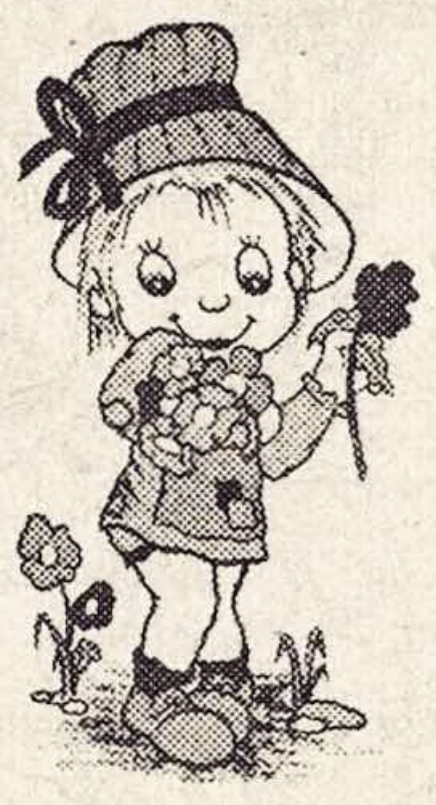

LIE DOWN
I THINK
I LOVE YOU!

124. LIE DOWN

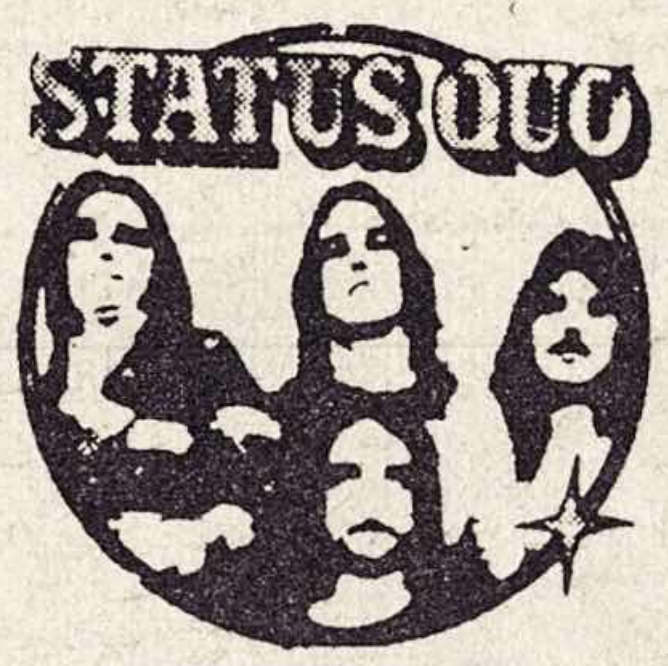
Serene i stumble,
amid the flowers.
And try to count,
life's drinking hours.
For me dull days,
do not exist.
I'm a boozy faced,
old piss artist.



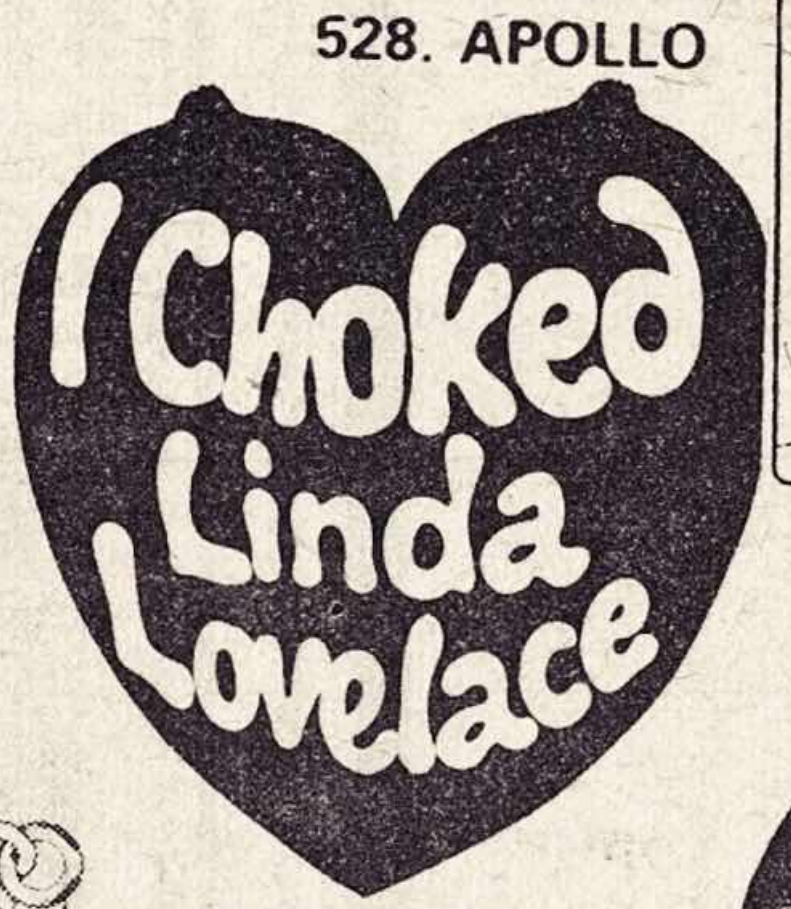
229. SERENE BOOZER



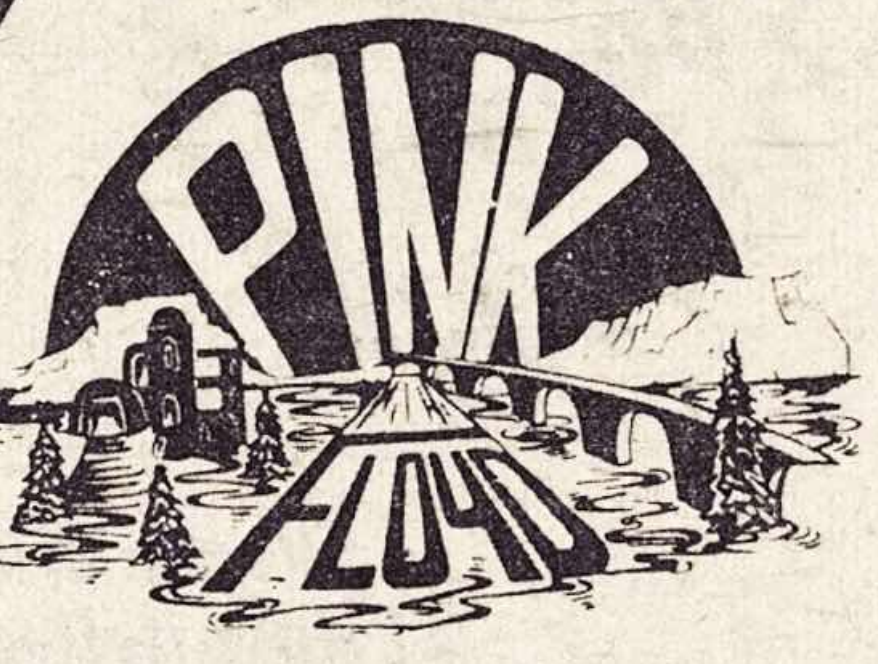
248. POPPET



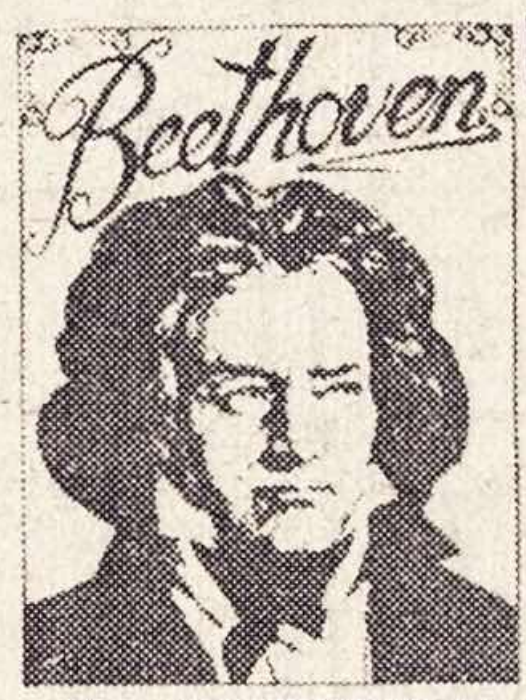
506. STATUS QUO


I Choked
Linda
Lovelace

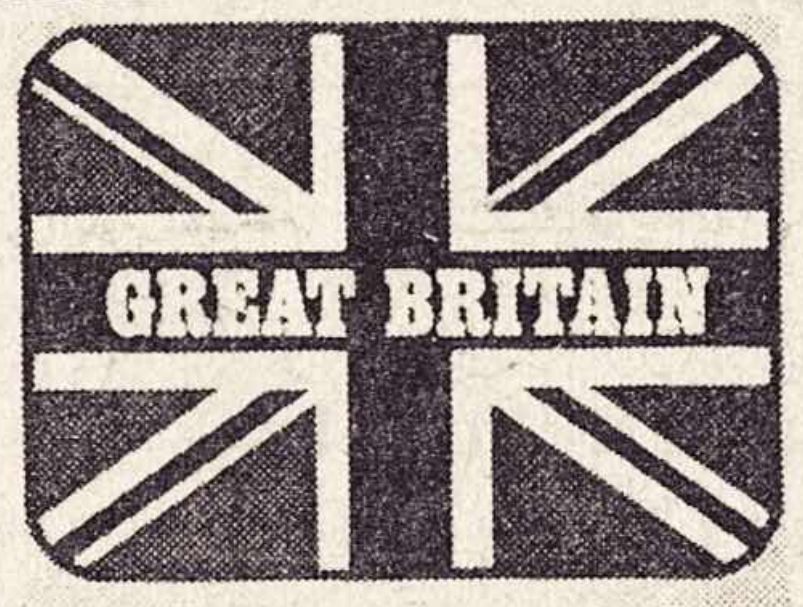
650 CHOKED



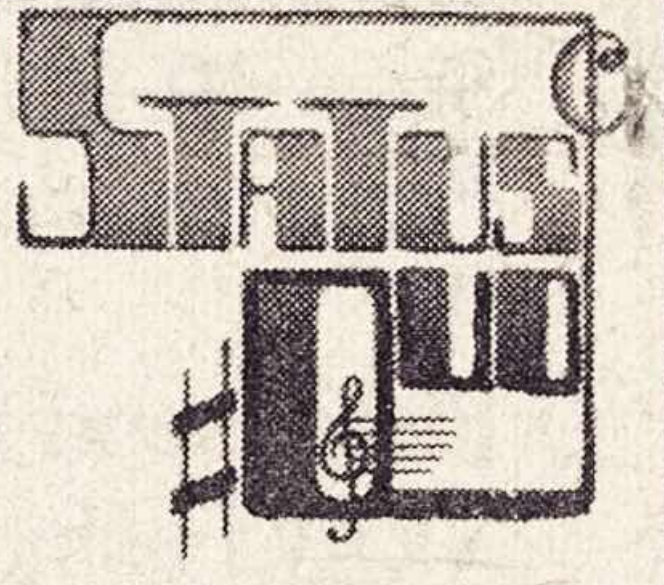
150. PINK FLOYD (2)



159. BEETHOVEN


GREAT BRITAIN

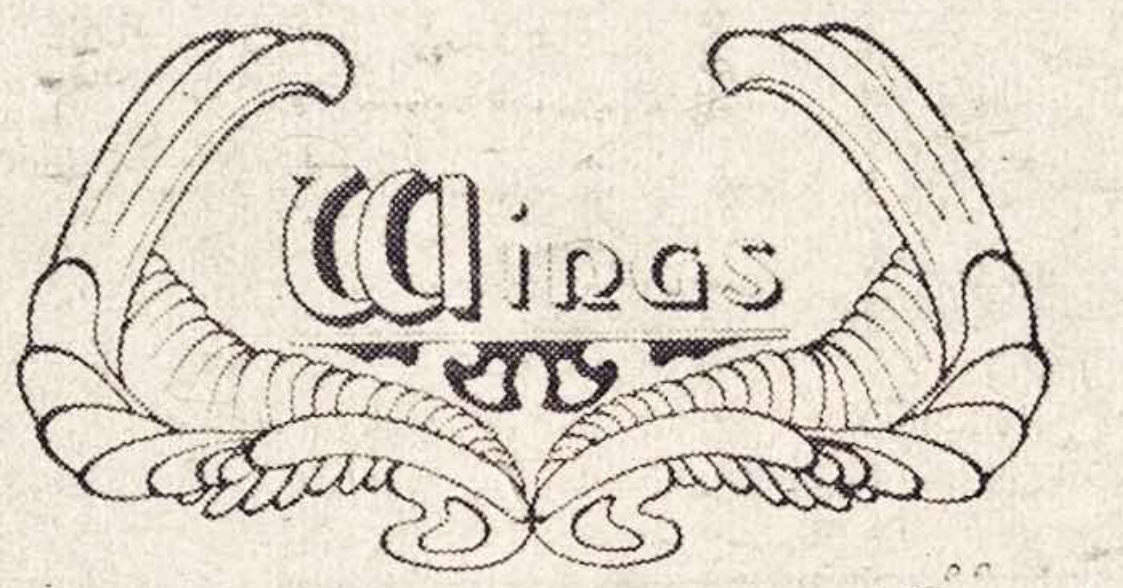
175. UNION JACK



135. STATUS QUO

CONTENTS
untouched by
human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order
GUARANTEED
PURE

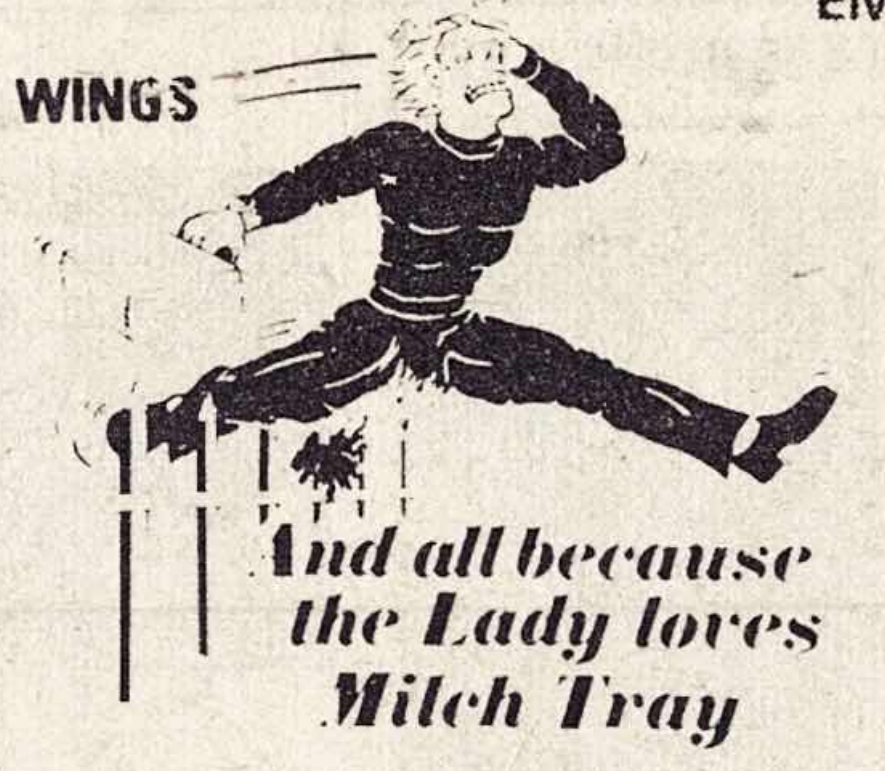
129. CONTENTS



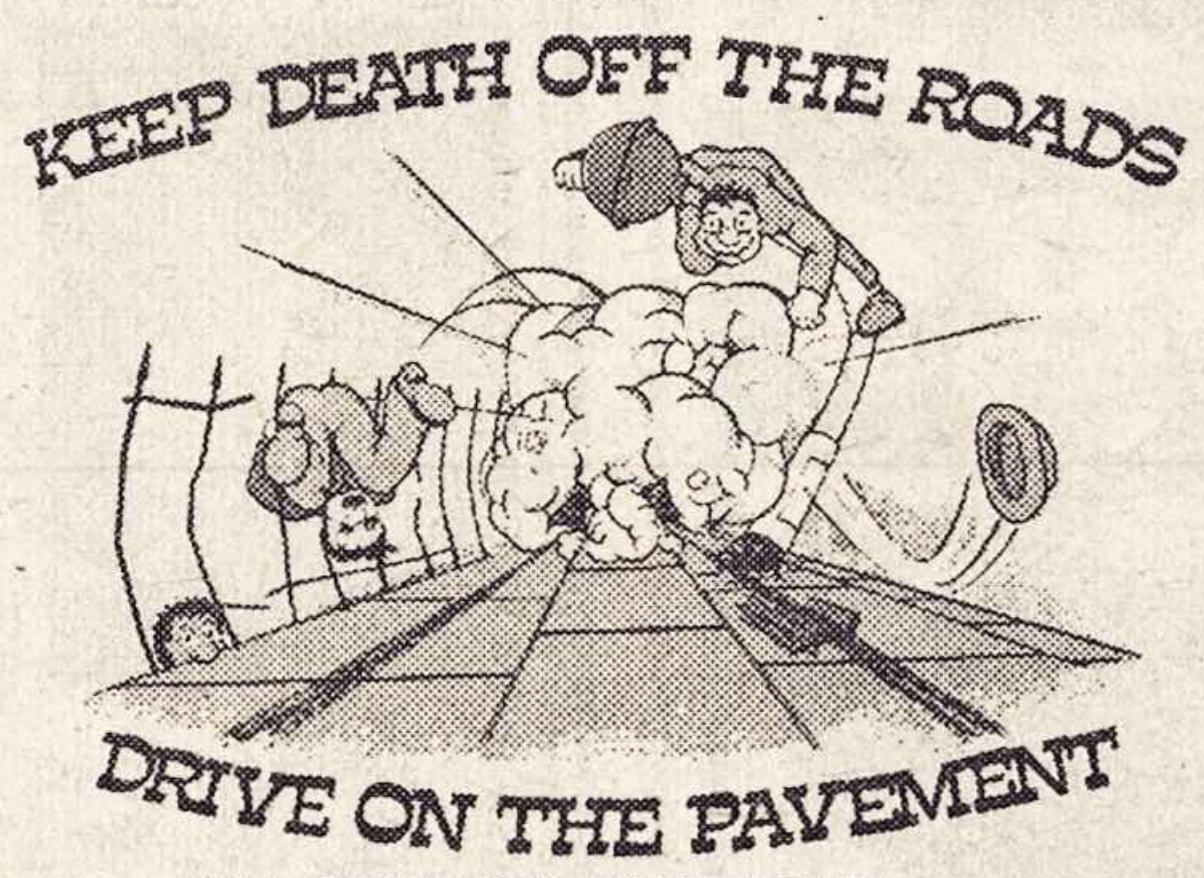
224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY


And all because
the Lady loves
Milch Tray

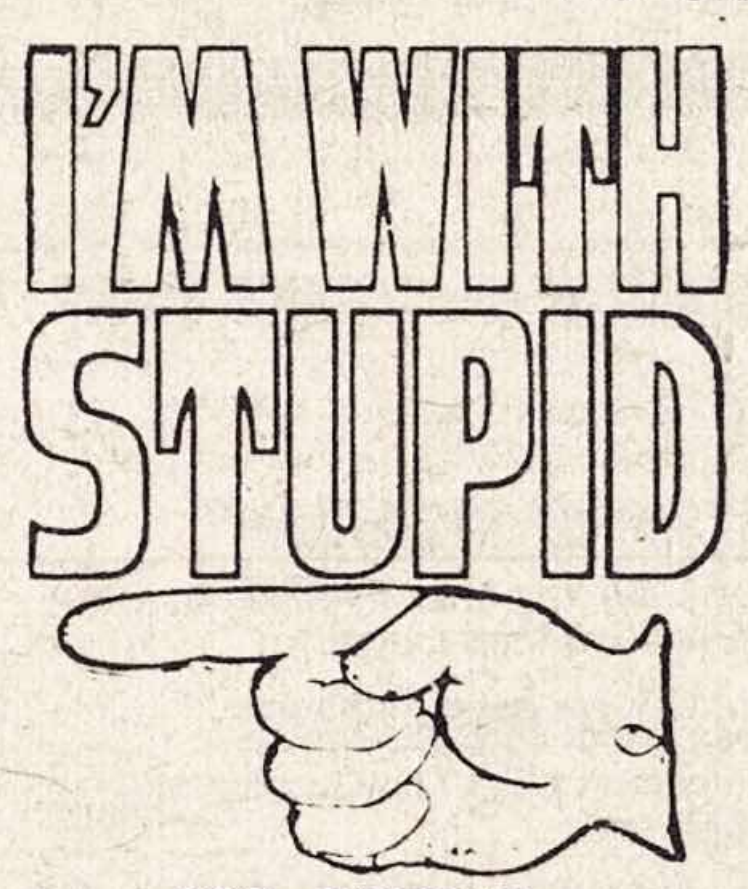
227. MILCH TRAY


KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS
DRIVE ON THE PAVEMENT

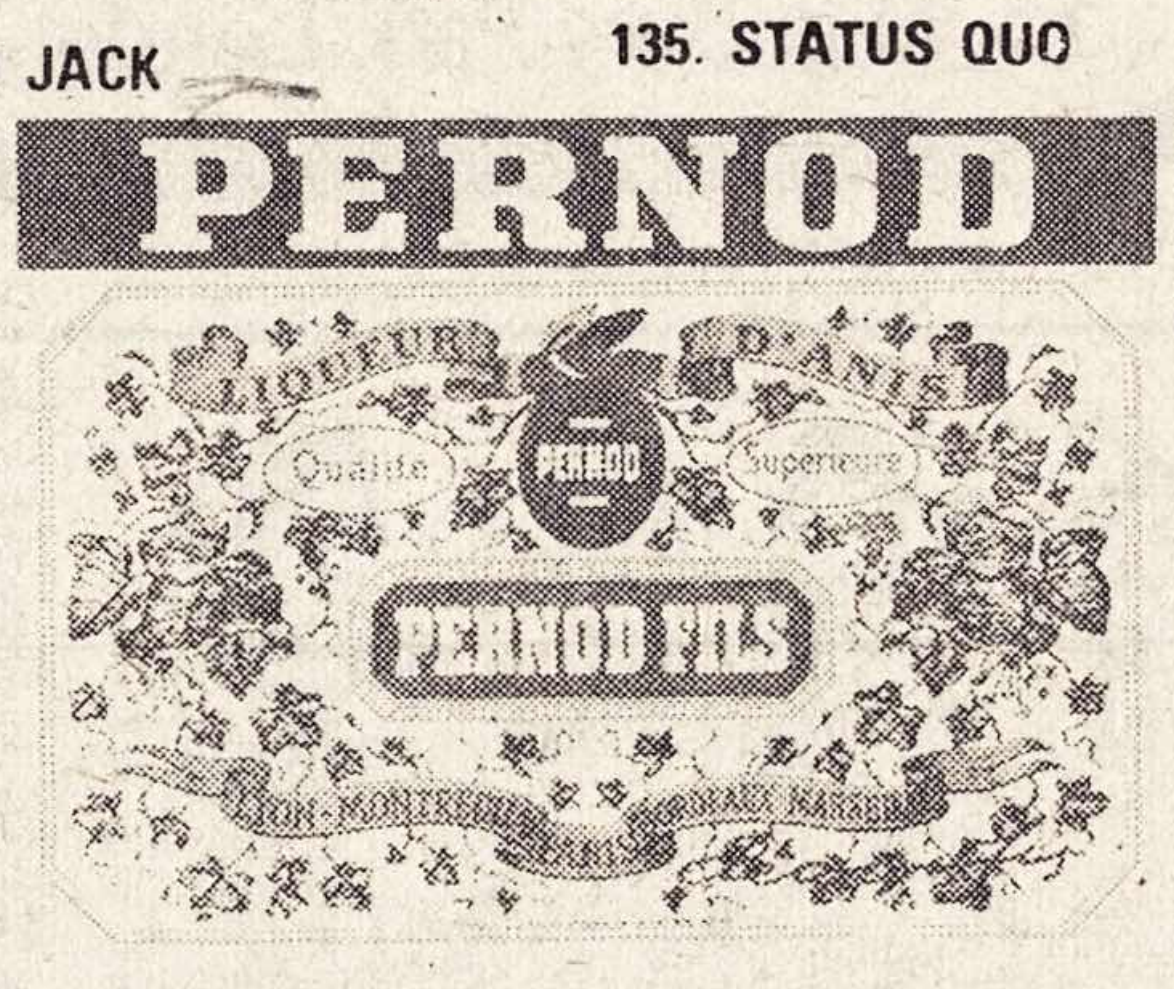
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON
THIS PLANET ?
WHY IS SPACE
INFINITE ?
WHY ARE WE
DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU
READING MY
BLOODY SLOGAN ?

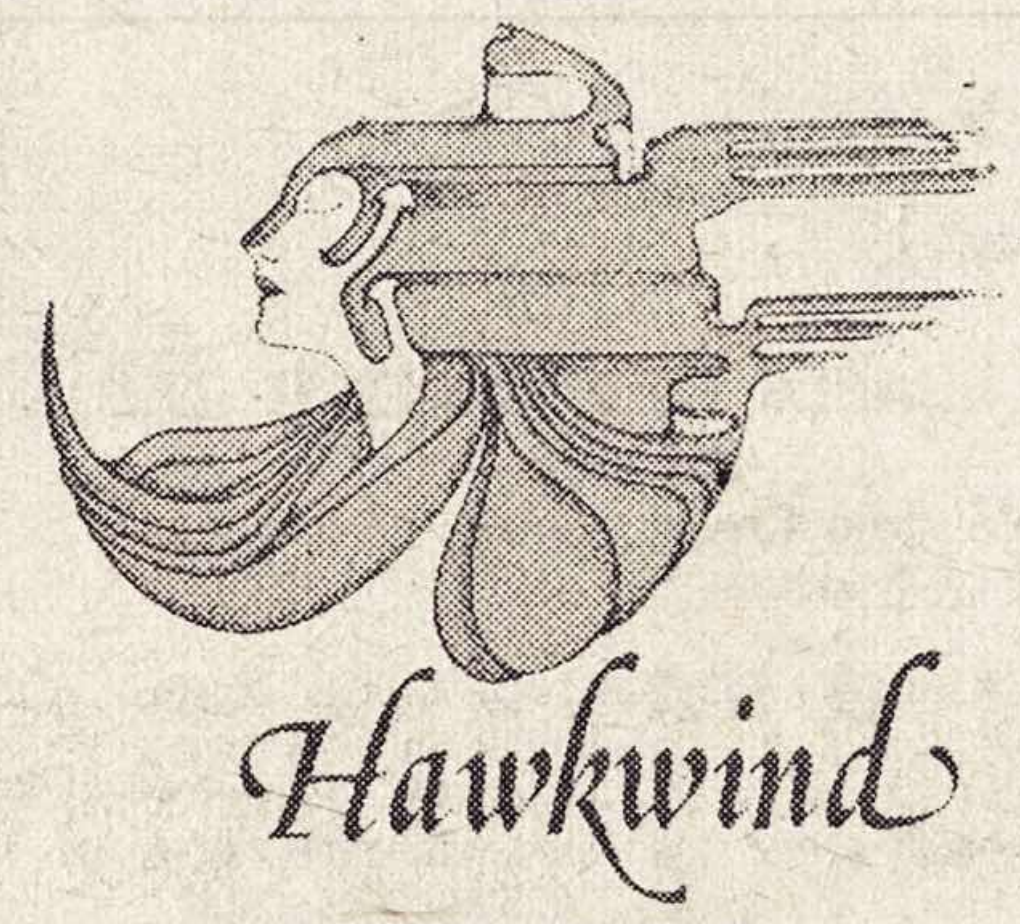
157. BLOODY SLOGAN


I'M WITH
STUPID

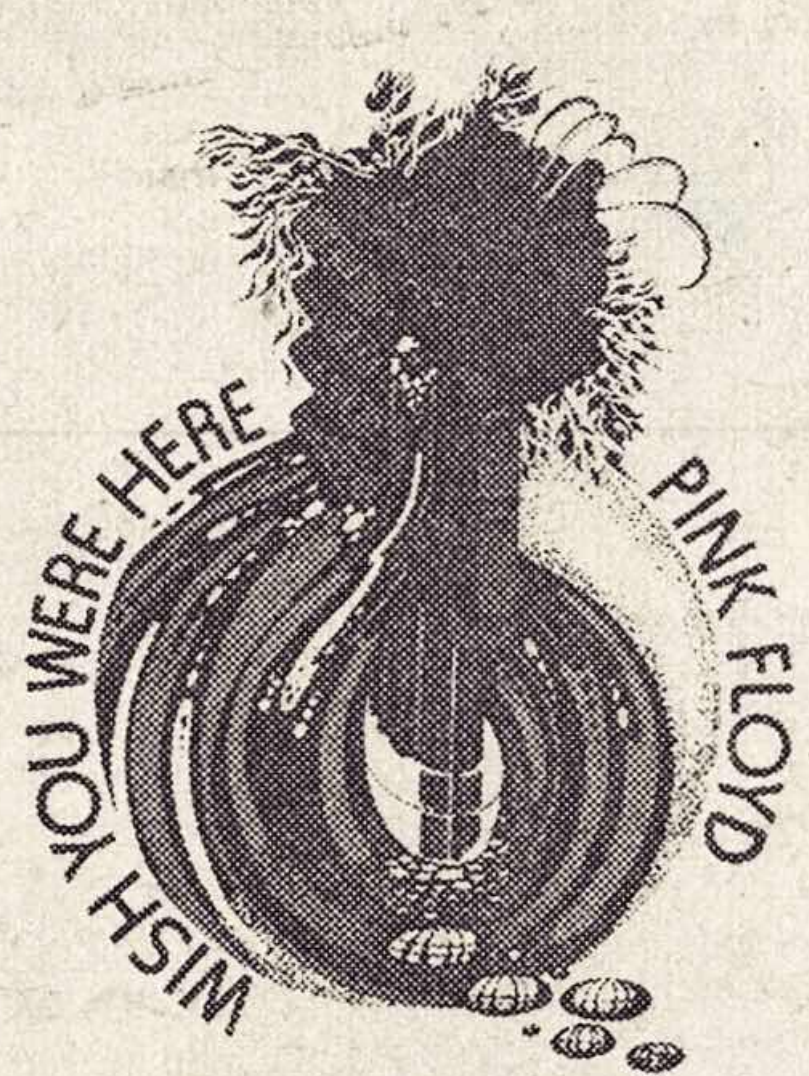
680. STUPID


PERNOD
PERNOD FILS

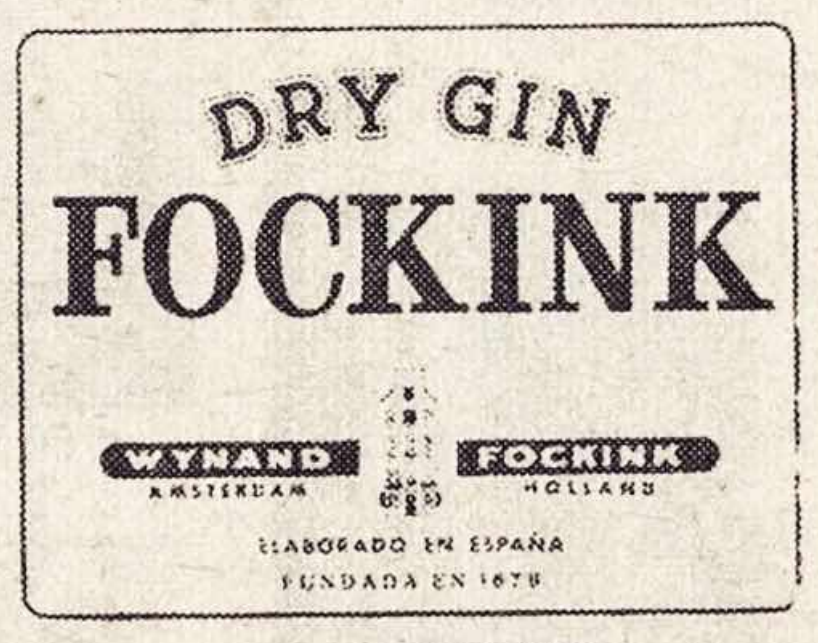
667. PERNOD



682. HAWKWIND


WISH YOU WERE HERE
PINK FLOYD

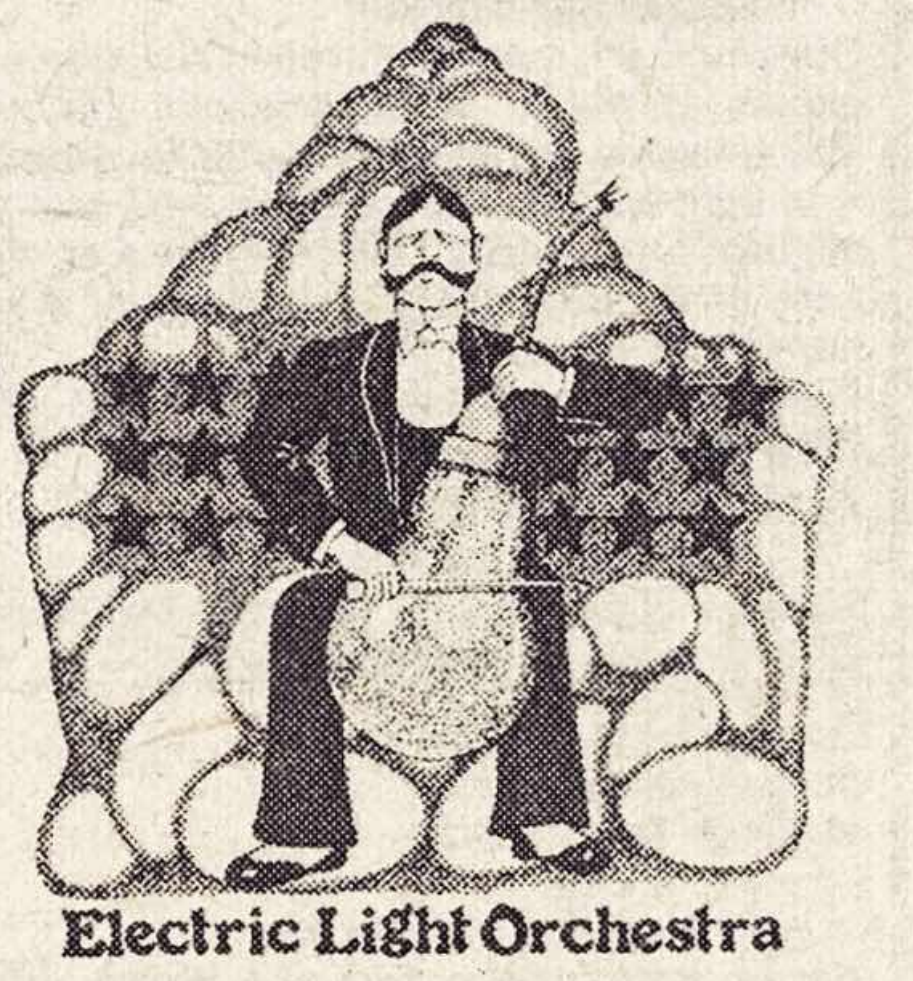
692. NEW FLOYD


DRY GIN
FOCKINK
WYNAND FOCKINK

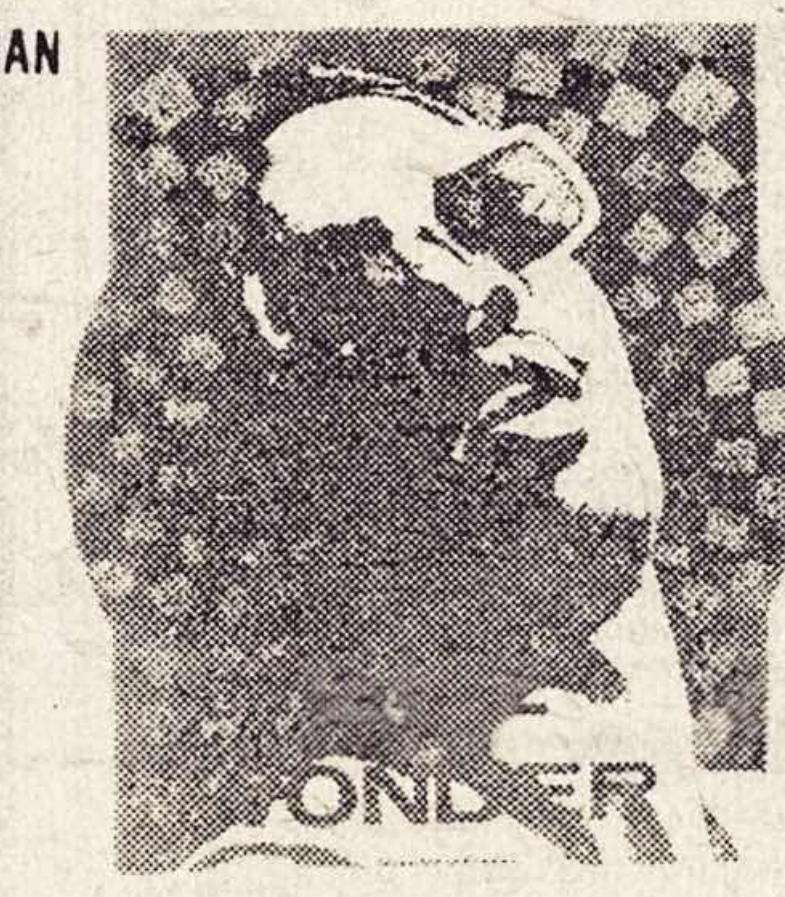
694. FOCKINK

Led Zeppelin

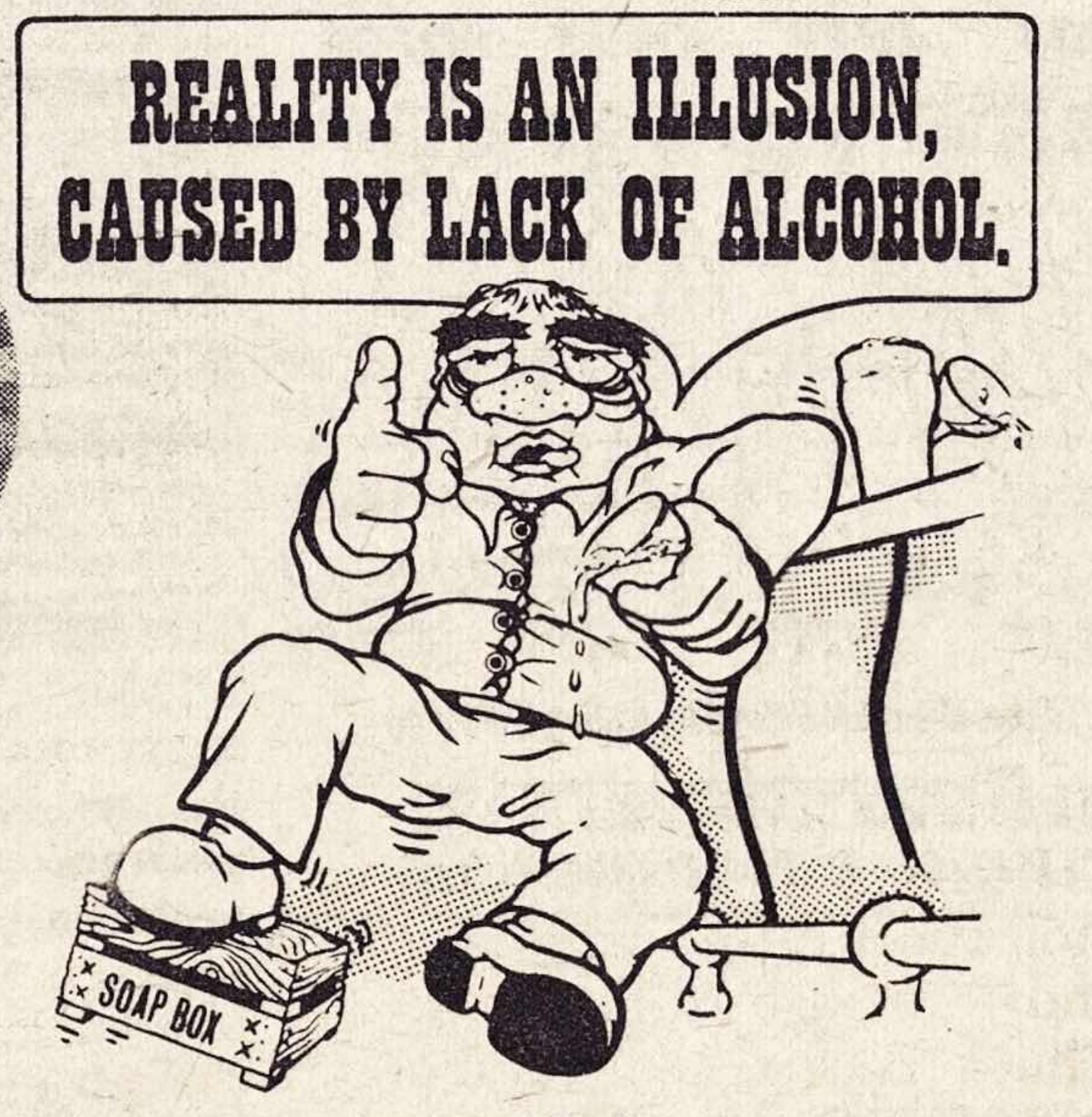
148. LED ZEP


Electric Light Orchestra

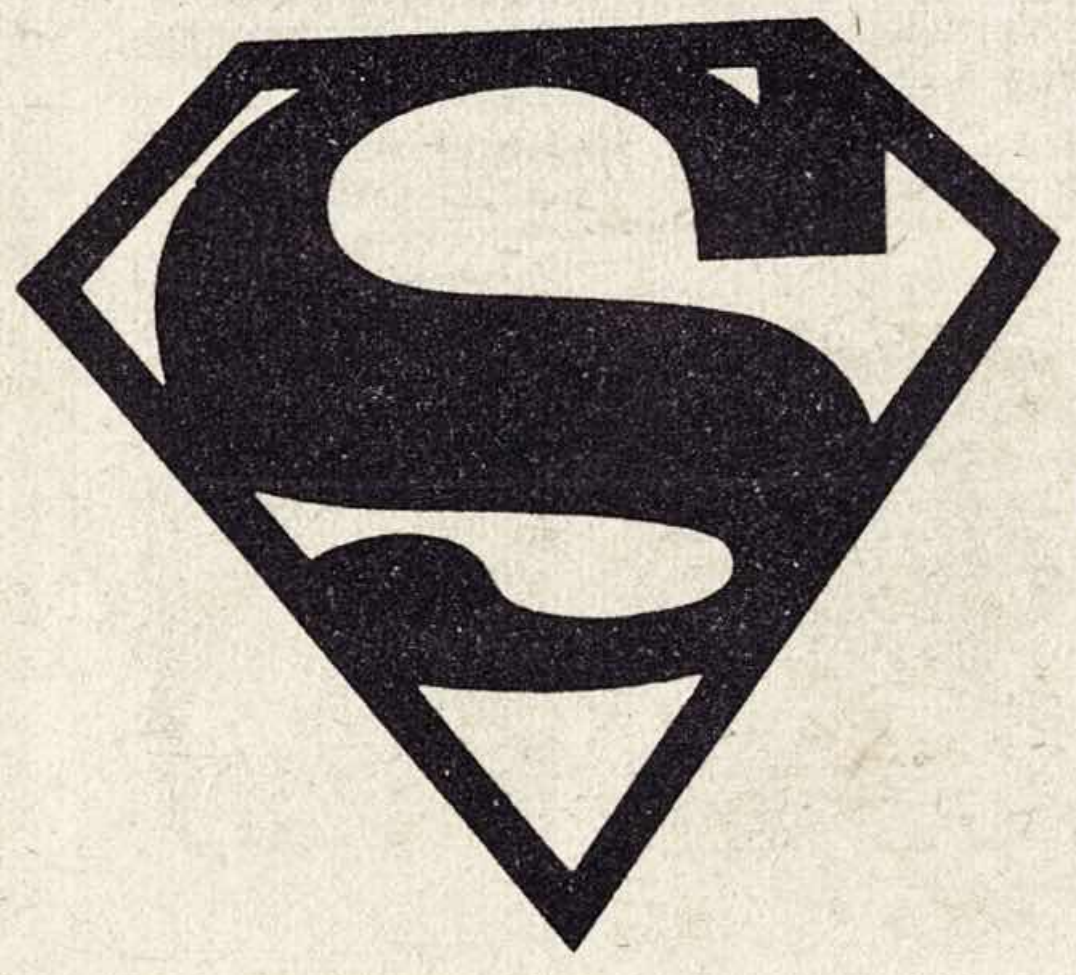
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA



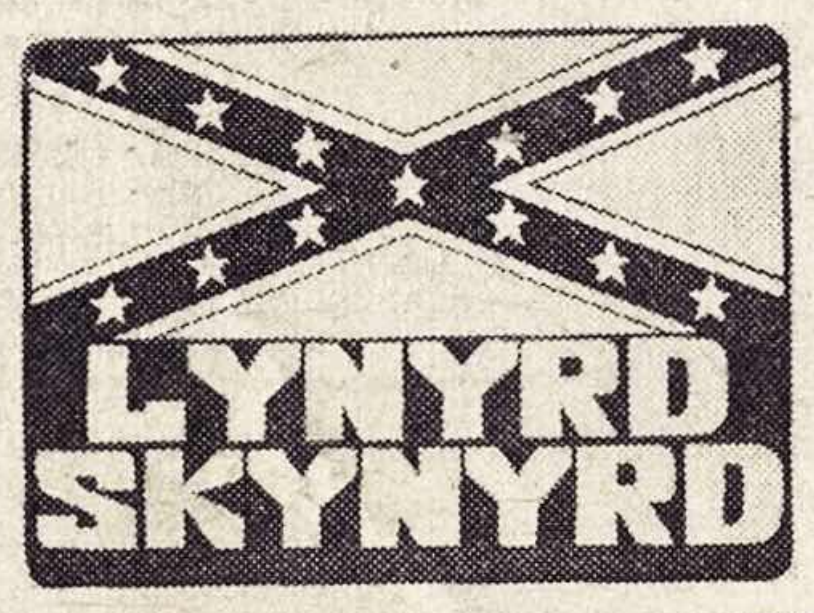
693. STEVIE WONDER


REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.
SOAP BOX

232 REALITY



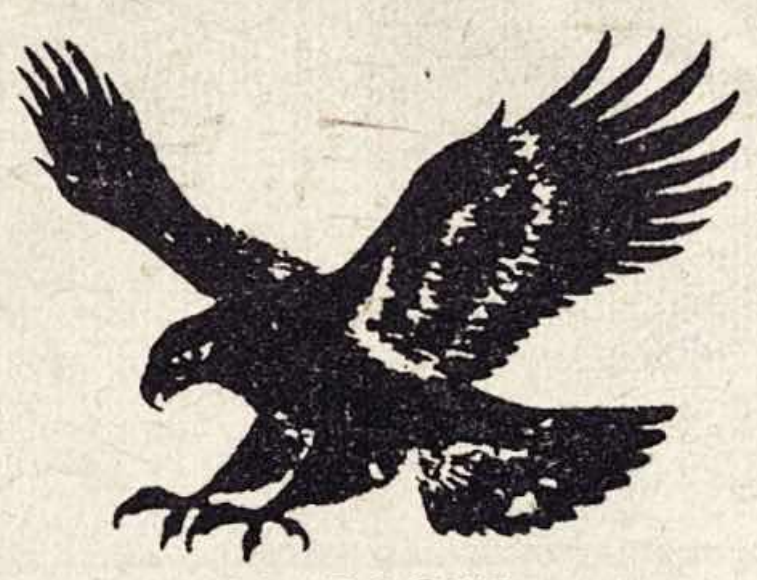
677. SUPERSIGN


LYNYRD
SKYNYRD

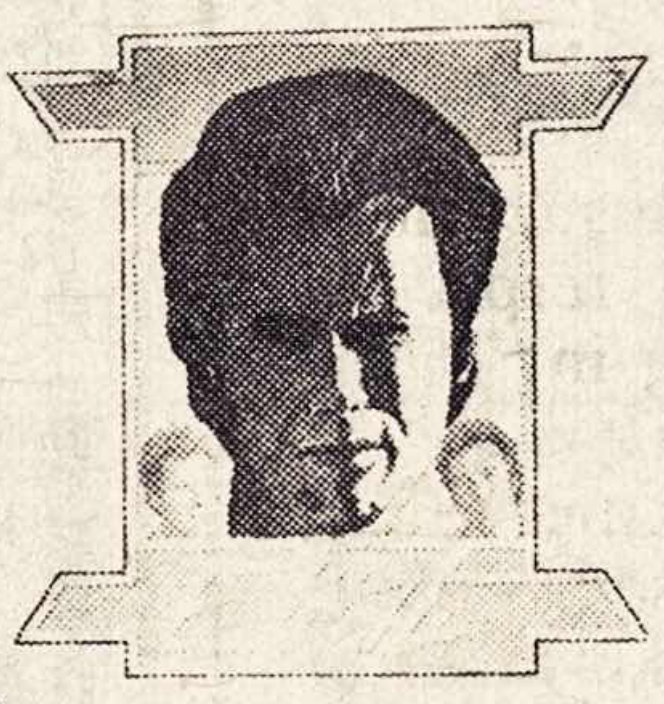
No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death
I shall fear no evil. Cause I am
the meanest Son of a Bitch that
ever walked in
the valley.

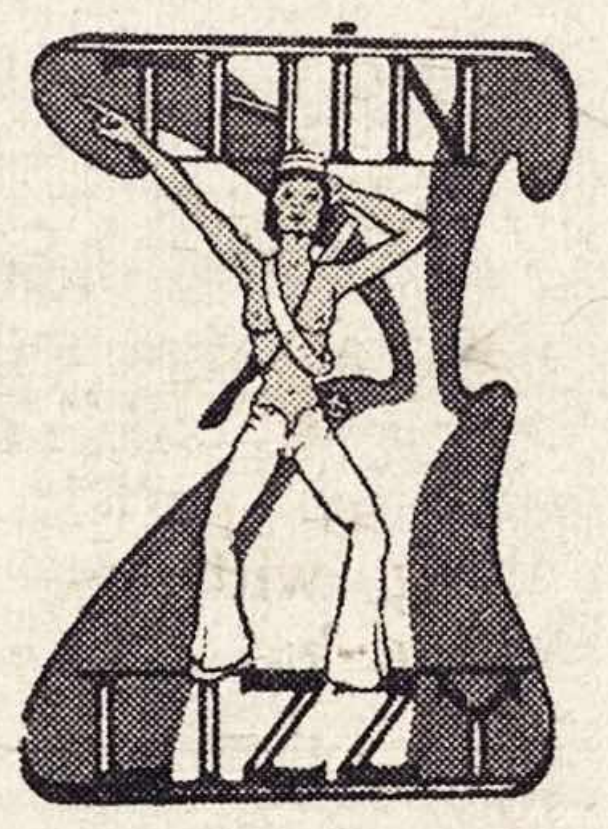
143. SON OF A BITCH



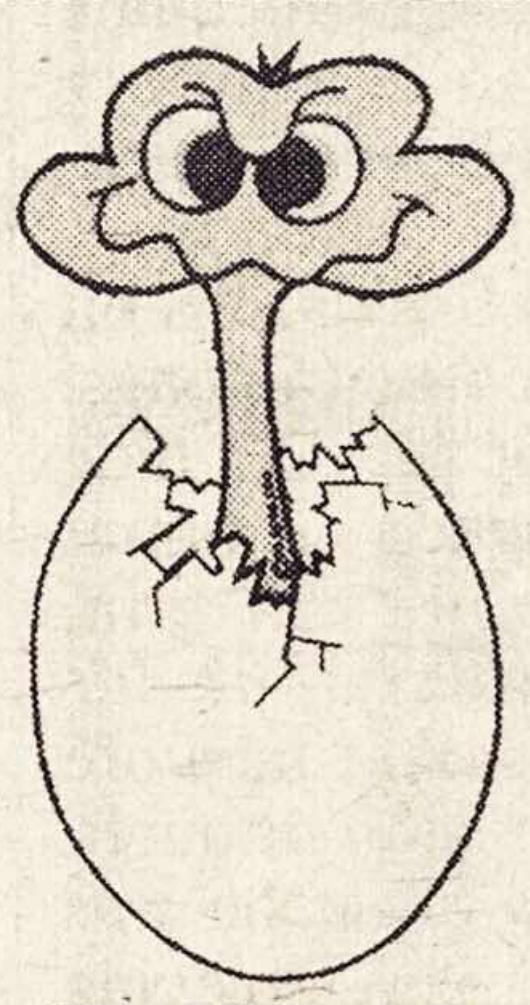
169. EAGLE



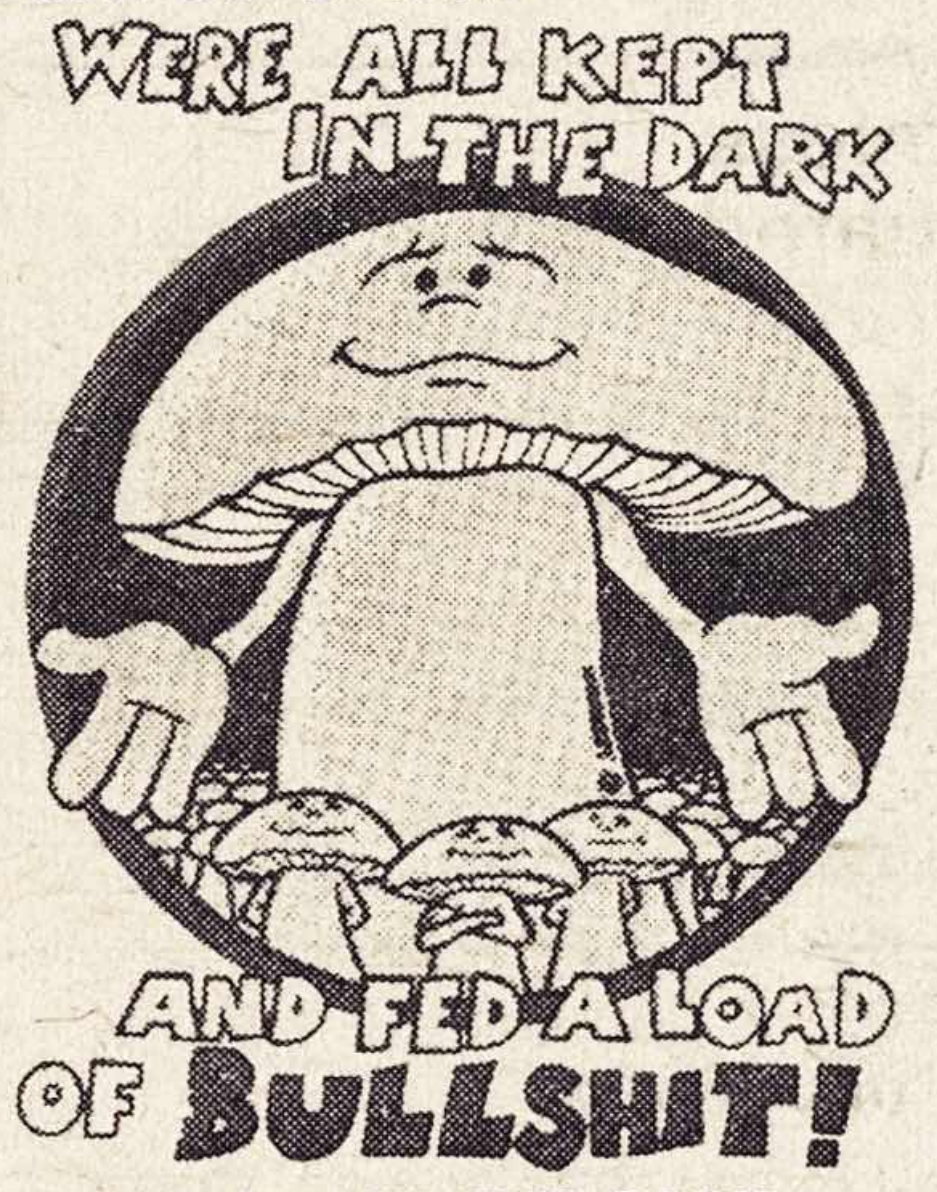
681. CLINT EASTWOOD



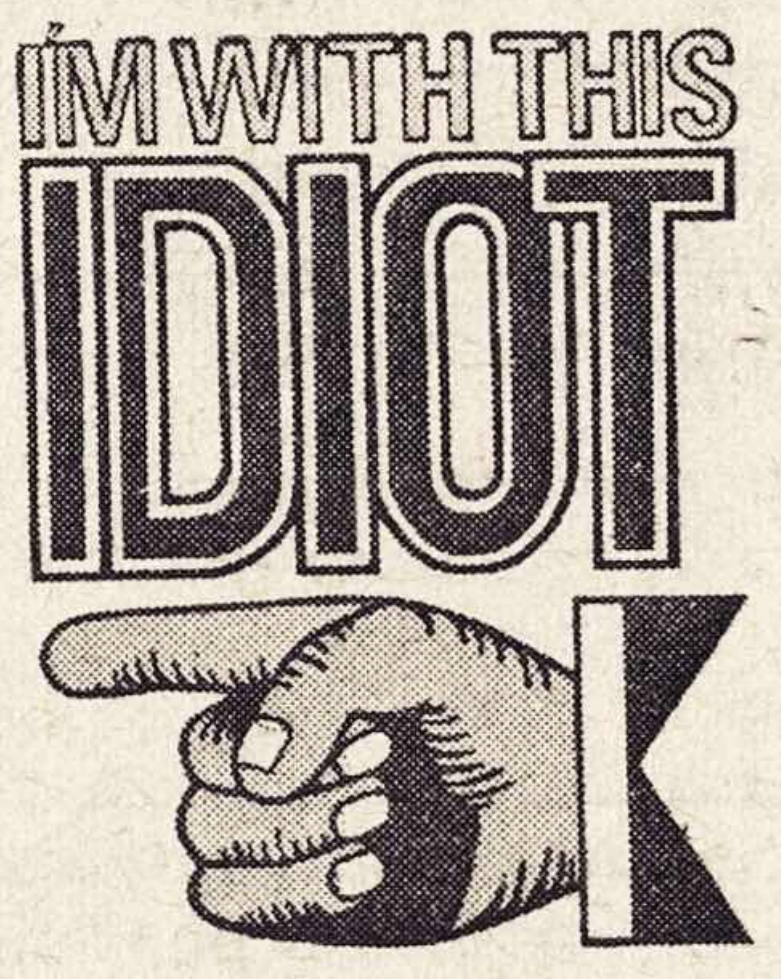
234. THIN LIZZY



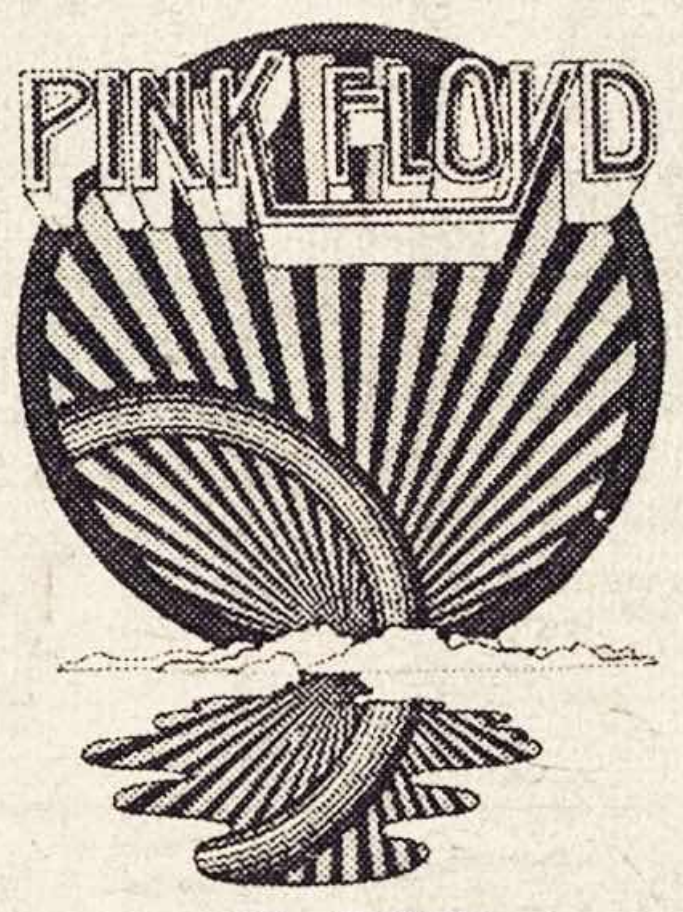
690. EGGHEAD


WE'RE ALL KEPT
IN THE DARK
AND FED A LOAD
OF BULLSHIT!

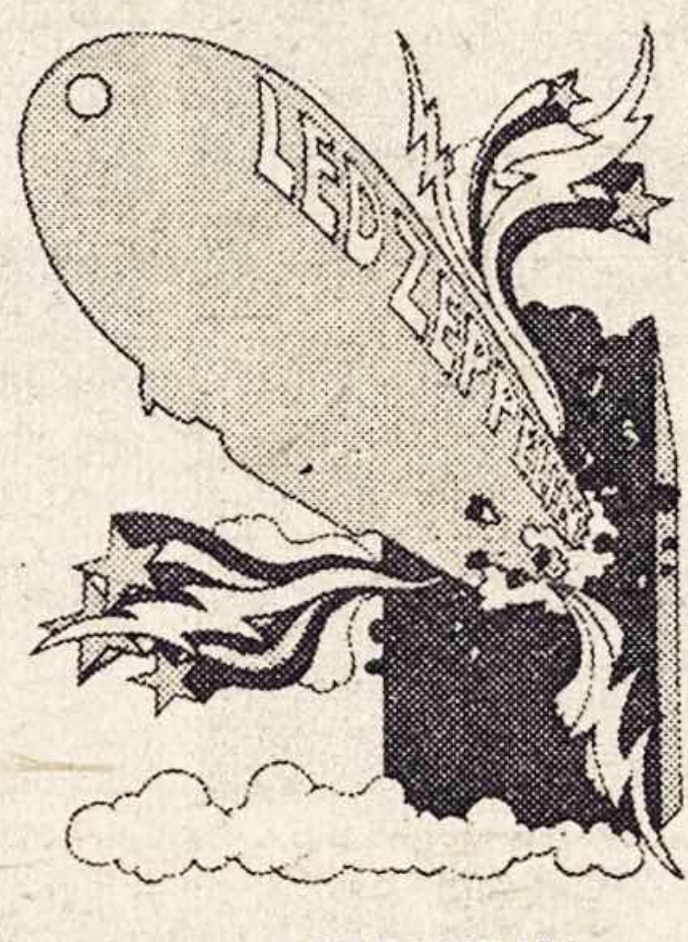
683. IN THE DARK


I'M WITH THIS
IDIOT

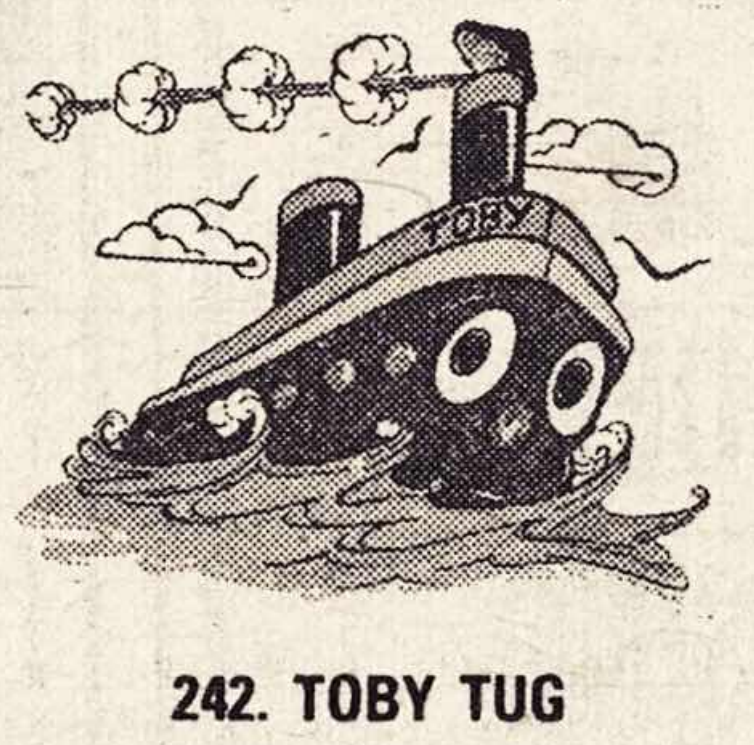
679. IDIOT



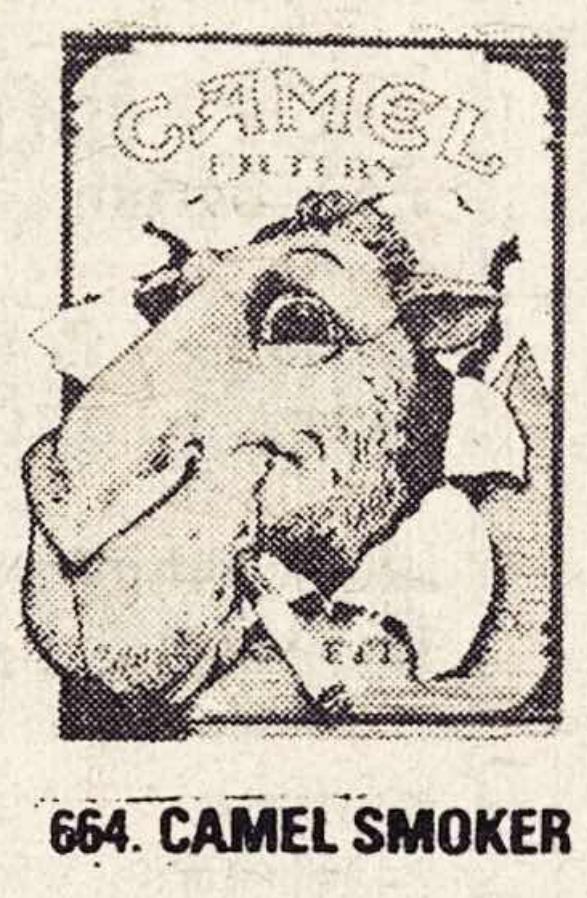
507. FLOYD


LED ZEPPELIN

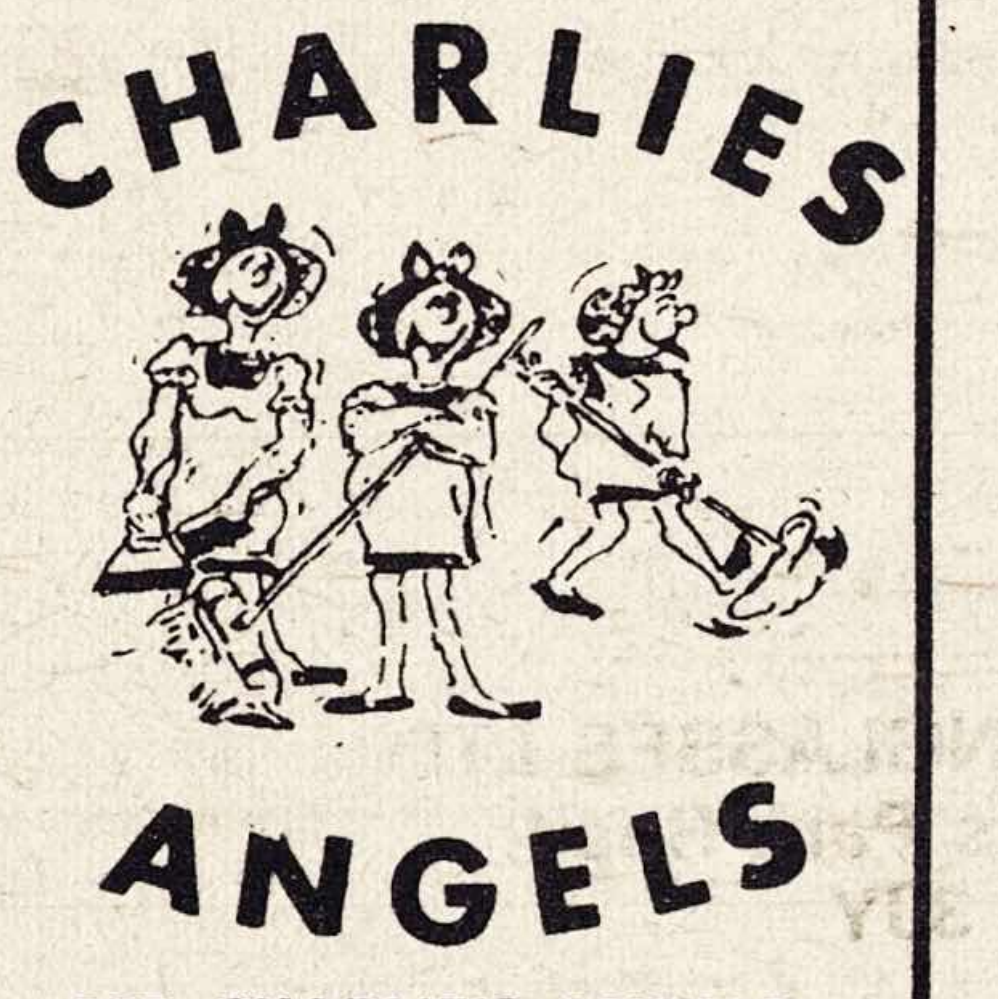
508. ZEPPELIN



242. TOBY TUG



664. CAMEL SMOKER

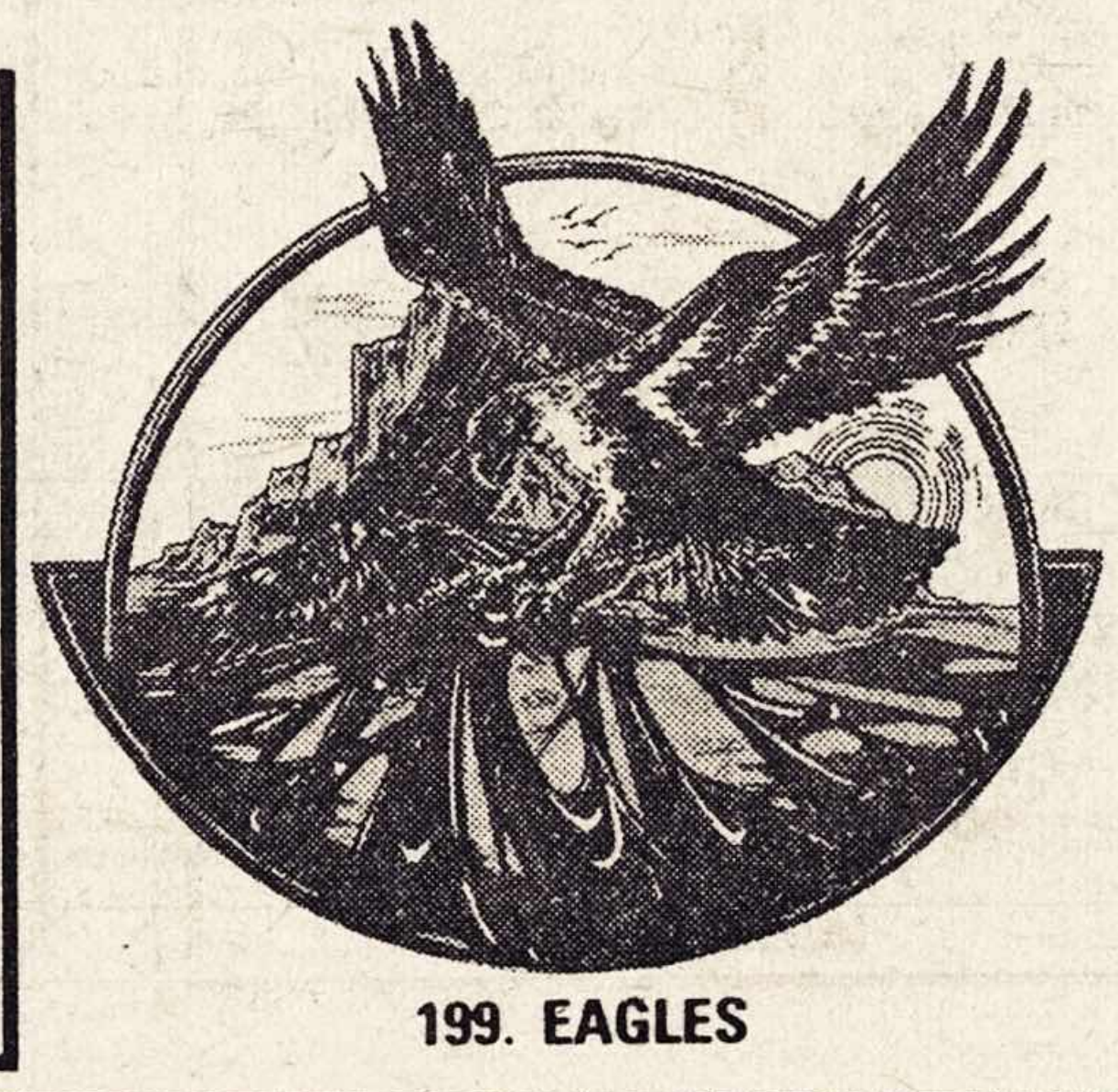

CHARLIES
ANGELS

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

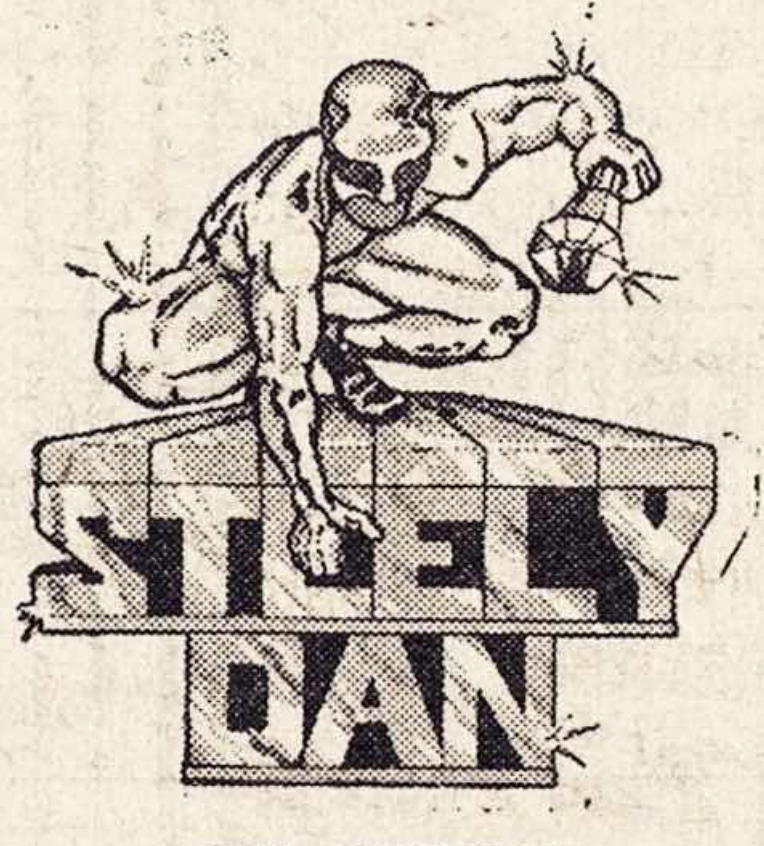
NEW IDEAS

Wanted for T-shirt designs. Permaprints will pay good money for any designs/slogans accepted. (rough sketches will suffice)

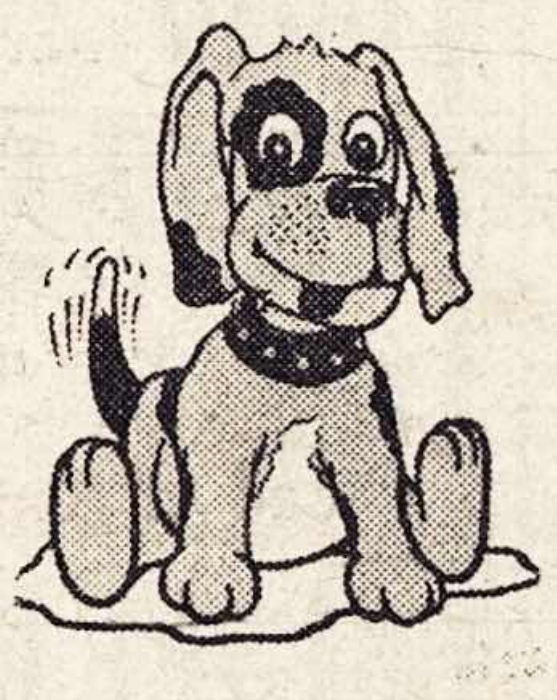
If you require unwanted designs to be returned please enclose s.a.e.



199. EAGLES



237. STEELY DAN



246. REBEL

Trade and abroad enquiries welcome.

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-Shirts (min. 20) Write in for details.

Visit the Permaprints Shop at 292 Holloway Rd., London N7

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

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LONDON, N1 4RR

Name .... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*

Address..

....

....

please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment.

....

....

....

OTHER ITEMS ....

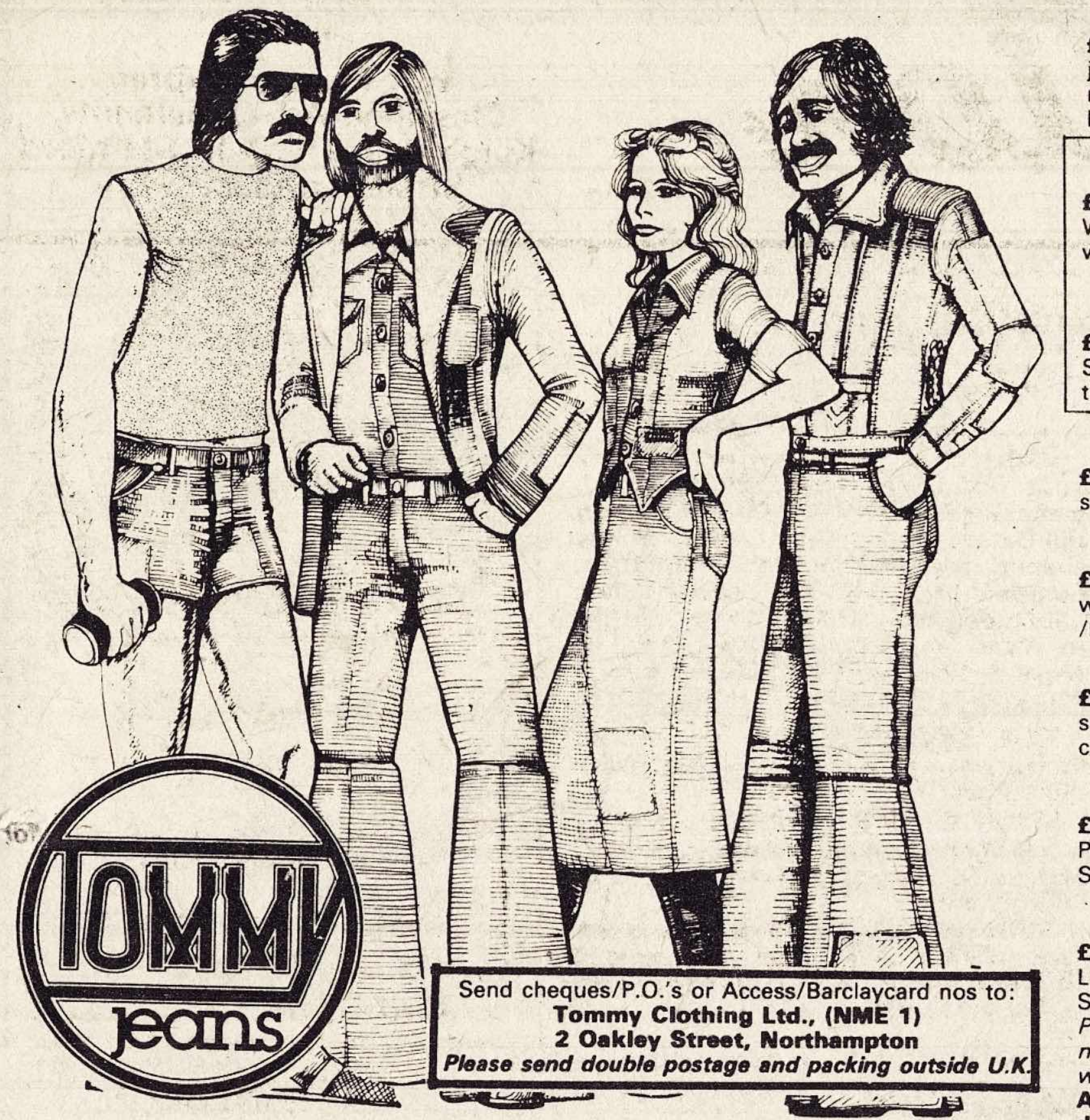
....

I enclose £

(Dept N.M.151)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

THE ORIGINAL OLD DENIM GEAR



SPLIT KNEE JEANS

£7.95 + 65p p&p. Original old Levi or Wrangler jeans to the knee, but flaring out with panels of matching old denim to 28″ bottoms. State waist (girls-hip) and inside leg measurements. (Up to 42″ waist).

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£3.95 + 50p p&p. Ideal for summer, pre-worn Wrangler and Levi cut-offs. Available in sizes 22″-40″ waist (girls state hip).

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£1.95 + 25p p&p. Available in most colours, sizes S,M,L. State 1st & 2nd colour choice. Looks great with the shorts. Ord both for only £5.50 + 50p p&p.

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£7.95 + 65p p&p. Nicely fitted flared jacket with single centre back vent. State chest/bust size.

JEAN WAISTCOAT

£4.95 + 50p p&p. Very well fitted old denim waistcoat. Looks good on guys or chicks. State chest-/bust size.

JEAN SHIRT

£7.50 + 65p p&p. Our ever popular old denim jean shirt, wear it as a shirt or a jacket. Cut to fit guys or chicks. State chest/bust size.

JEAN JACKET

£8.95 + 70p p&p. Smart short jacket in used denim. Pin tuck front, metal button fastening. Fantastic fit. State chest/bust size 32″—42″.

JEAN SKIRT

£6.95 + 60p p&p. Calf length skirt made from old Levi or Wrangler jeans with V insert front and back. State hip size (30″—40″).

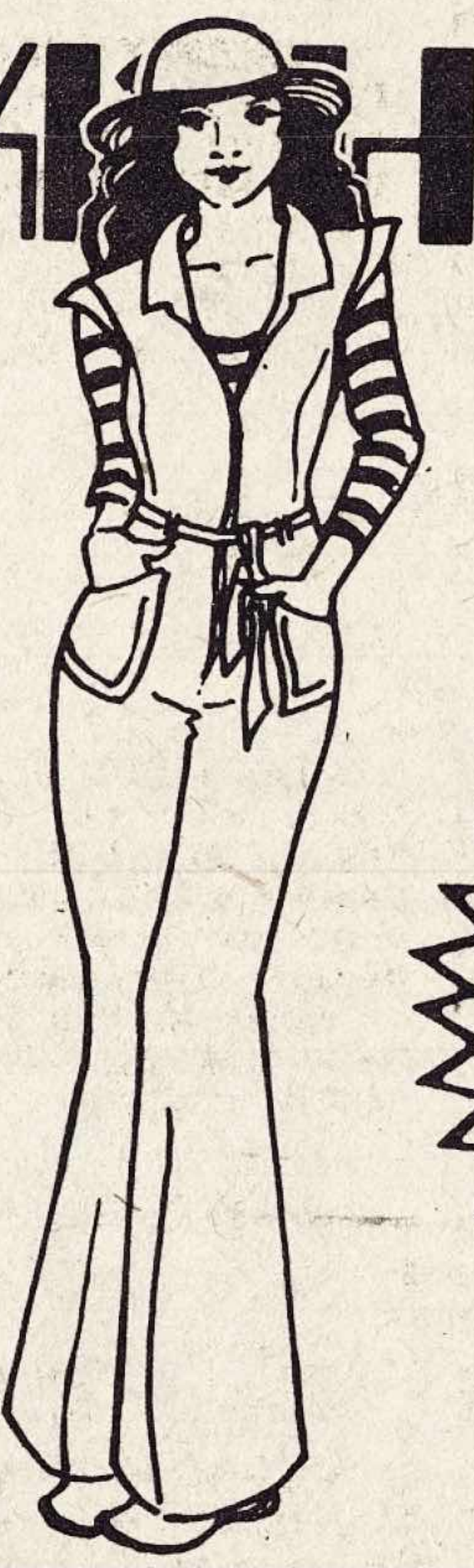
Please allow 10—14 days delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be refunded on all goods returned unworn within 7 days of receipt.

All goods are made from famous name old worn denim jeans. *Trade enquiries welcome.*

Send cheques/P.O.'s or Access/Barclaycard nos to:
Tommy Clothing Ltd., (NME 1)
2 Oakley Street, Northampton
Please send double postage and packing outside U.K.

Amazing Value from

VICHY FASHIONS



Great news for summer!

Vichy Fashions announce this new flattering Jump-Suit. Teams with jumper or super on its own.

Exciting colours.

Beige, Rust, White, Bottle Green or Black. Please state second colour preference.
Sizes: 10,12 and 14.
Polyester and Viscose

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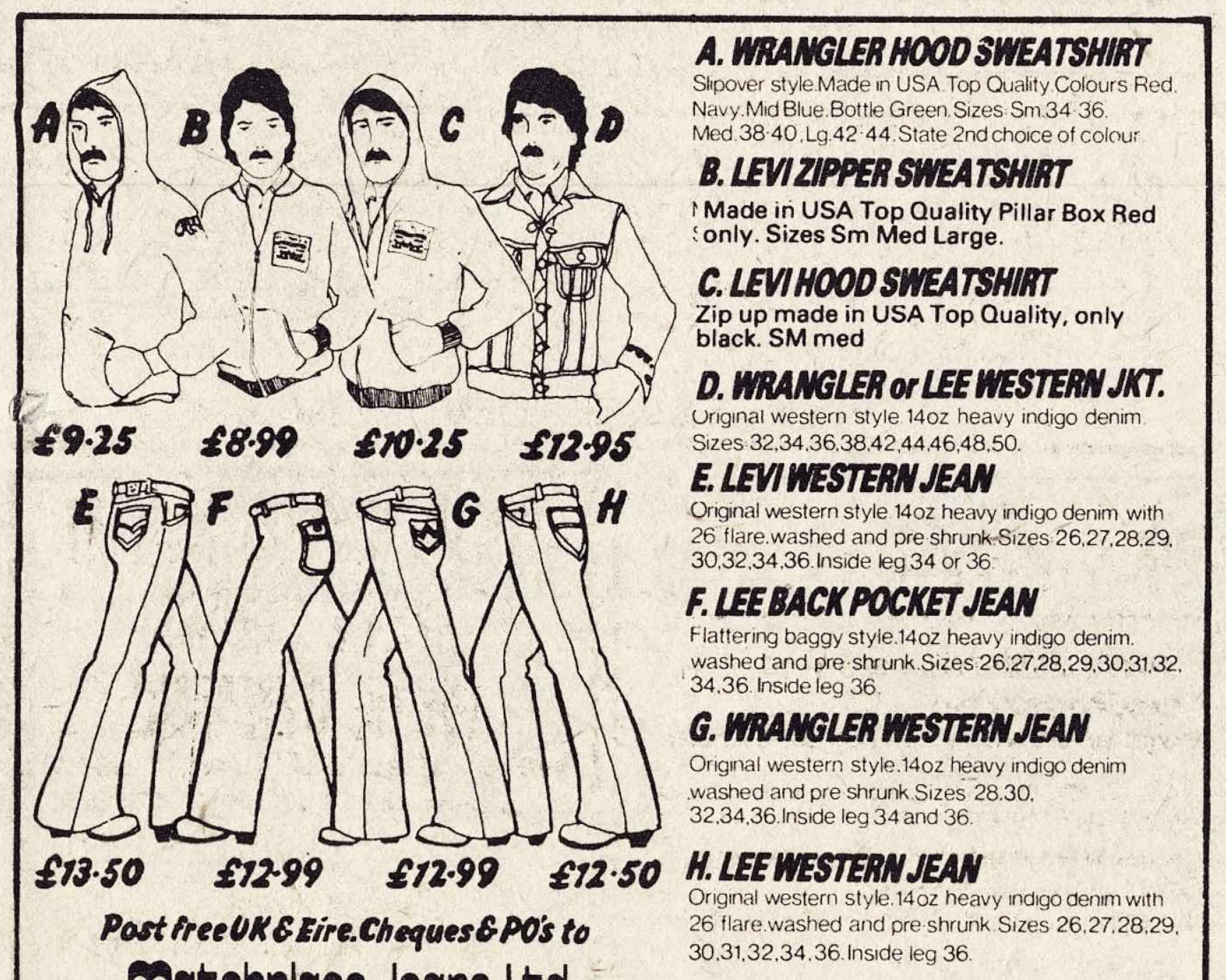
for only £7.95 + 50p p&p

Please send PO/Cheques to:
Vichy Fashions Dept:(ME/1.)
65, Highbury Park London N5.

Please allow 21 days delivery



A. WRANGLER HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Slipover style.Made in USA Top Quality.Colours Red, Navy,Mid Blue,Bottle Green.Sizes Sm.34-36, Med.38-40,Lg.42-44.State 2nd choice of colour

B. LEVI ZIPPER SWEATSHIRT
Made in USA Top Quality Pillar Box Red only. Sizes Sm Med Large.

C. LEVI HOOD SWEATSHIRT
Zip up made in USA Top Quality, only black. SM med

D. WRANGLER or LEE WESTERN JKT.
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim. Sizes 32,34,36,38,42,44,46,48,50.

E. LEVI WESTERN JEAN
Original western style 14oz heavy indigo denim with 26 flare.washed and pre shrunk.Sizes 26,27,28,29, 30,32,34,36.Inside leg 34 or 36.

F. LEE BACK POCKET JEAN
Flattering baggy style.14oz heavy indigo denim. washed and pre shrunk.Sizes 26,27,28,29,30,31,32, 34,36. Inside leg 36.

G. WRANGLER WESTERN JEAN
Original western style.14oz heavy indigo denim washed and pre shrunk.Sizes 28.30, 32,34,36.Inside leg 34 and 36.

H. LEE WESTERN JEAN
Original western style.14oz heavy indigo denim with 26 flare.washed and pre shrunk.Sizes 26,27,28,29, 30,31,32,34,36.Inside leg 36.

Post free UK & Eire. Cheques & PO's to
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8 Station Rd West Croydon Surrey.

If paying by Access or Barclaycard please quote number.

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clogs

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41-45 — **£7.40**
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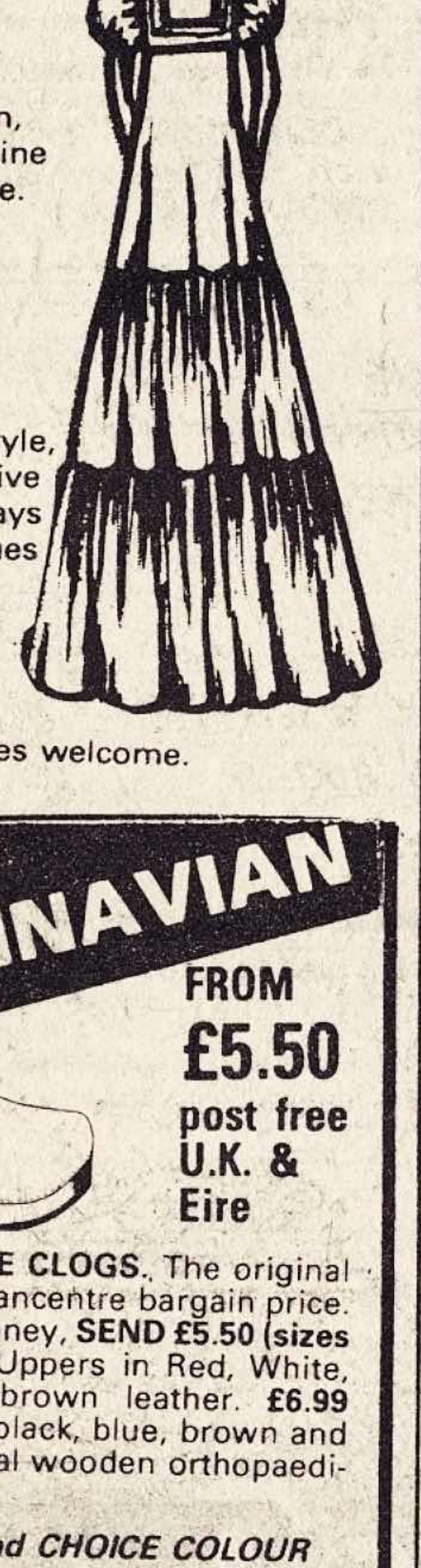
or come along and visit our shop.
Please state colour and size clearly. Export enquiries welcome.

FANTASTIC VALUE



Super flowing feminine dress in cotton. Plain colours: Lt Blue, Cream, Bottle Green, Dark Blue, Olive Green, Dark Brown, Rust, Wine, Black. Neckline trimmed with cotton lace. ***IN ANY SIZE!!*** at these unbeatable prices!
1) Pinafore dress (sleeveless) £4.99+35p p&p.
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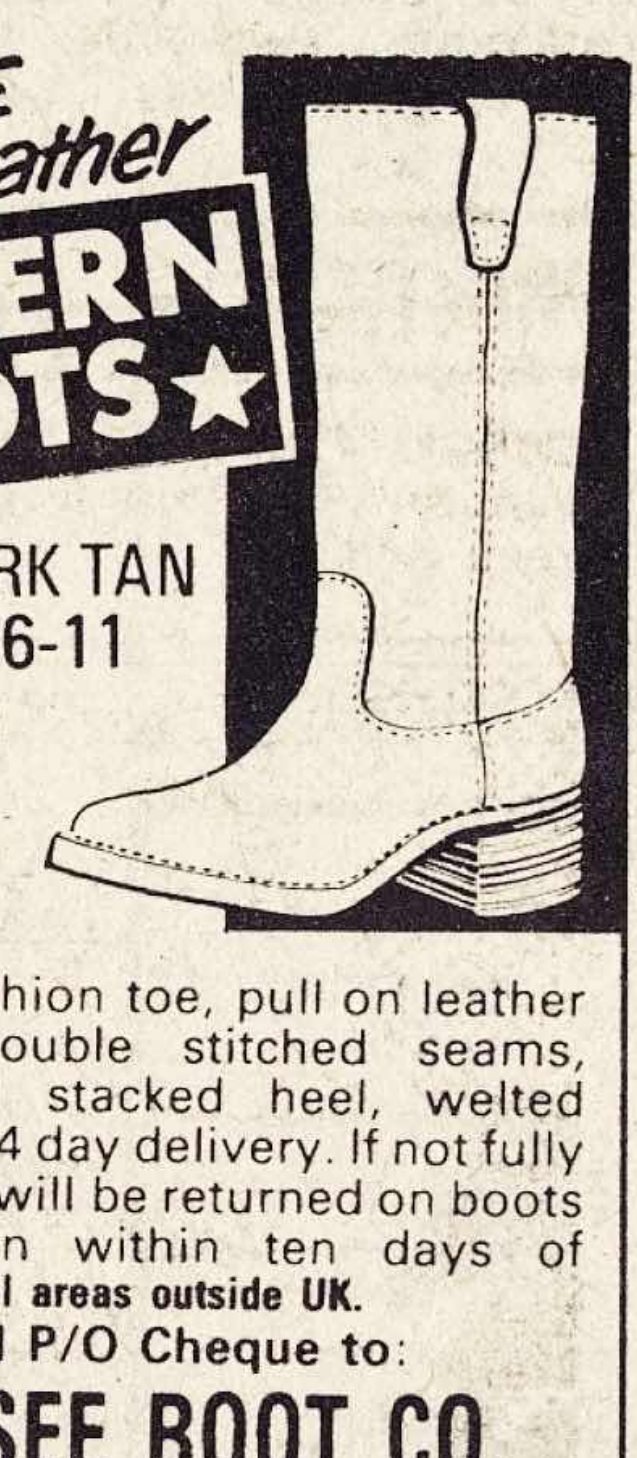
Dept. N, 30 Stag Leys,
Ashtead, Surrey.
KT21 2TF. Trade enquiries welcome.

GENUINE Soft Kid Leather

WESTERN ★BOOTS★



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Girls 3-8

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PLUS £1 P&P

Smart round fashion toe, pull on leather tabs, strong double stitched seams, leather covered stacked heel, welted stitched sole, 7-14 day delivery. If not fully satisfied money will be returned on boots returned unworn within ten days of receipt. **£3 p&p all areas outside UK.**
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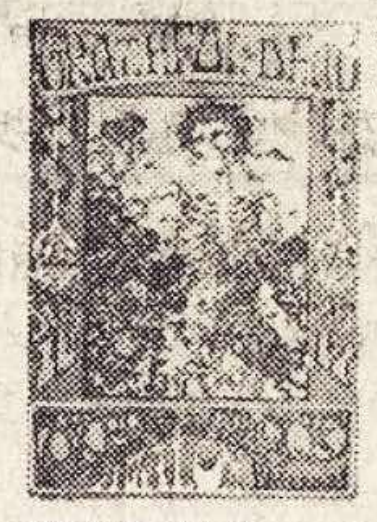
POSTERS

1.SUPER FARRAH: 20″ × 28″ £1.10

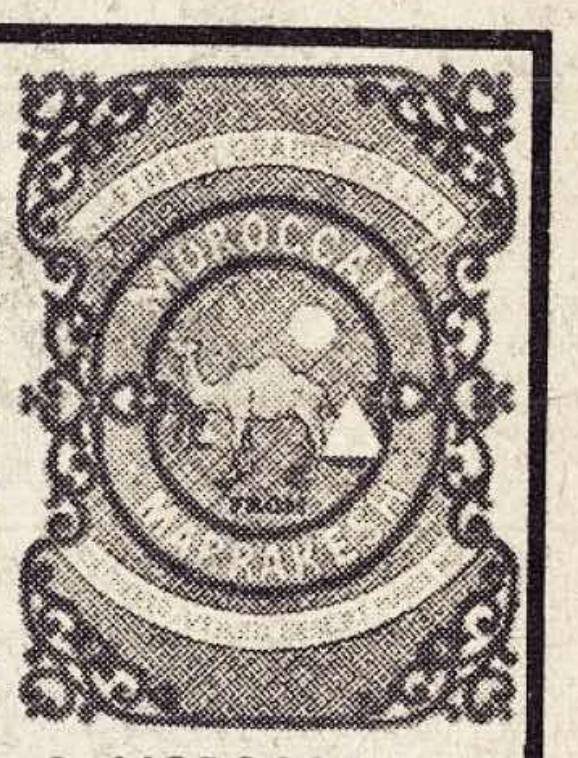
2. LED ZEPPELIN: 20″ × 30″, 60p



3. GRATEFUL DEAD: 14″ × 22″, 35p

4. THE BEATLES: 34″ × 23″, £1.25

5. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN 20″ × 30″, 60p



6. MOROCCAN MARRAKESH 12″ × 17″, 40p

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Price: 95p each

7. TWIGGY: 25″ × 38″, 95p

8. BARDOT: 25″ × 38″, 95p

9. STATUS QUO 38″ × 25″, 95p

10. CHARLIE'S ANGELS: 38″ × 25″ 95p

11. ROD STEWART: 25″ × 38″, 95p

12. LINDSAY WAGNER: 25″ × 38″, 95p

13. JIMMY PAGE/ROBERT PLANT: 38″ × 25″, 95p

14. FARRAH F. MAJORS: 38″ × 25″ 95p

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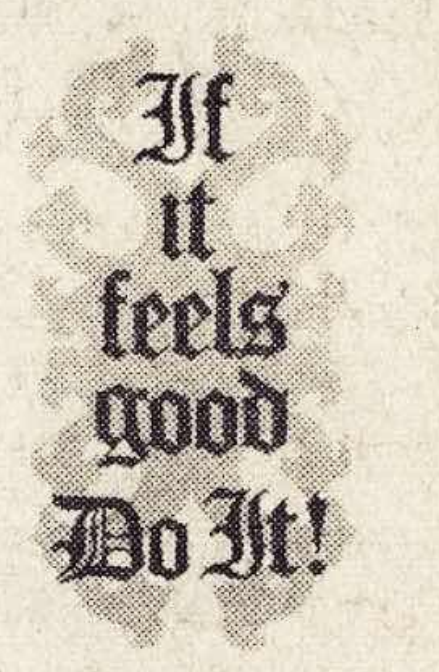
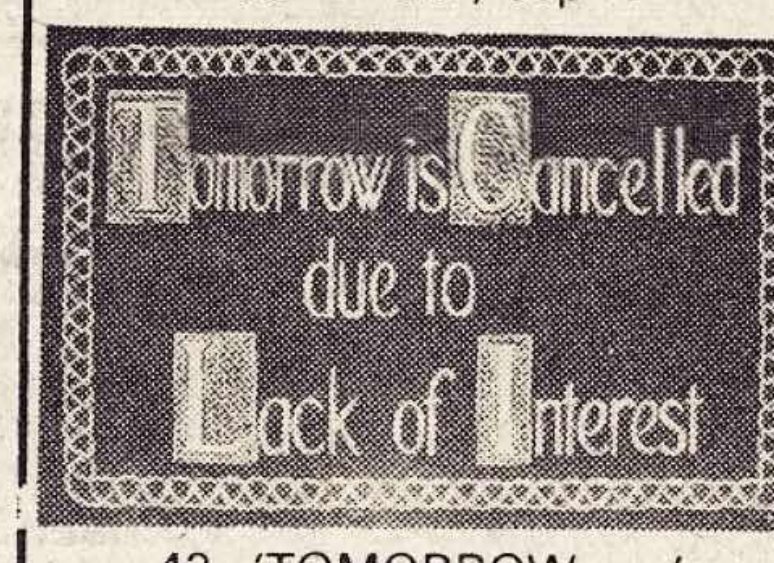
16. PETE FRAMPTON
17. ABBA (2)
18. KURT RUSSELL
19. ABBA (3)
20. TIM MATHIESON
21. SERPICO
22. JAMES HUNT
23. KOJAK
24. DAVID SOUL
25. WINGS
26. BEN MURPHY
27. YES
28. DAVID BOWIE
29. B. FERRY
30. ROXY MUSIC
31. ELVIS
32. SHOWADDYWADDY
33. 10cc
34. LYNDSEY DE PAUL
35. WHO
36. BARRY SHEENE
37. STONES
38. RICK WAKEMAN
39. M. MONROE (Blk. & wht, 85p)

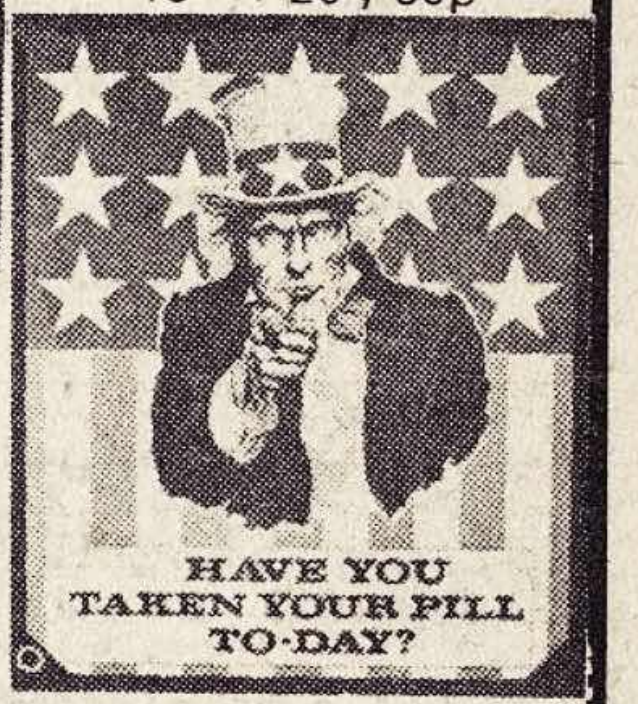
40. CLINT EASTWOOD: 30″ × 20″, 60p


If it feels good Do It!

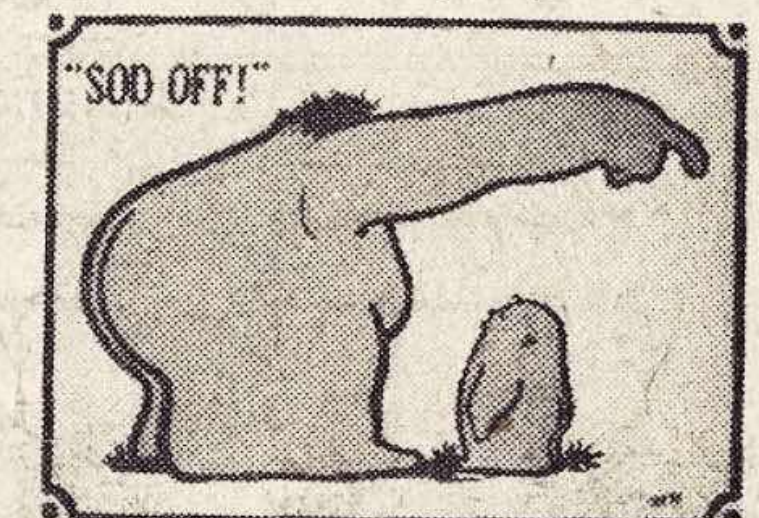
41. 'IF IT FEELS GOOD . . .': 15″ × 20″, 50p


Tomorrow is Cancelled due to Lack of Interest

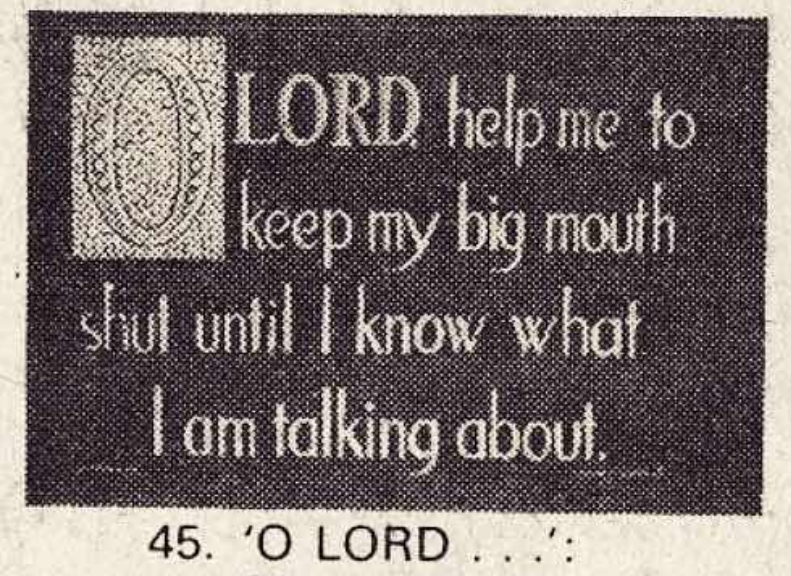
42. 'TOMORROW . . .': 30″ × 20″, 65p


HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR PILL TO-DAY?

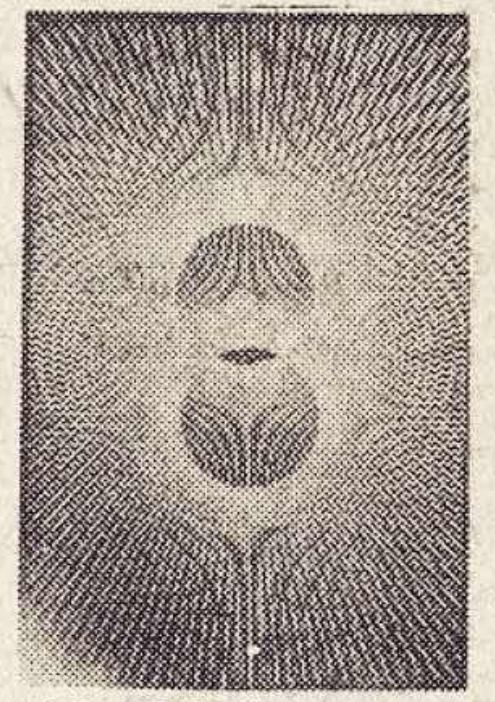
43. 'PILL': 24″ × 28″, 70p



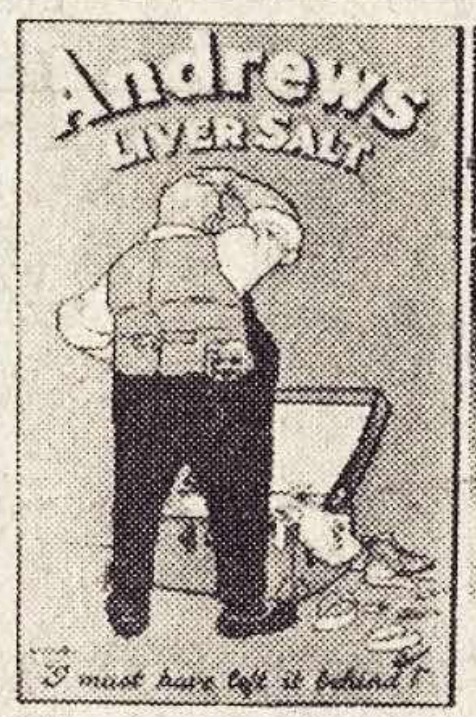
44. 'SOD OFF!': 20″ × 15″, 50p


O LORD help me to keep my big mouth shut until I know what I am talking about.

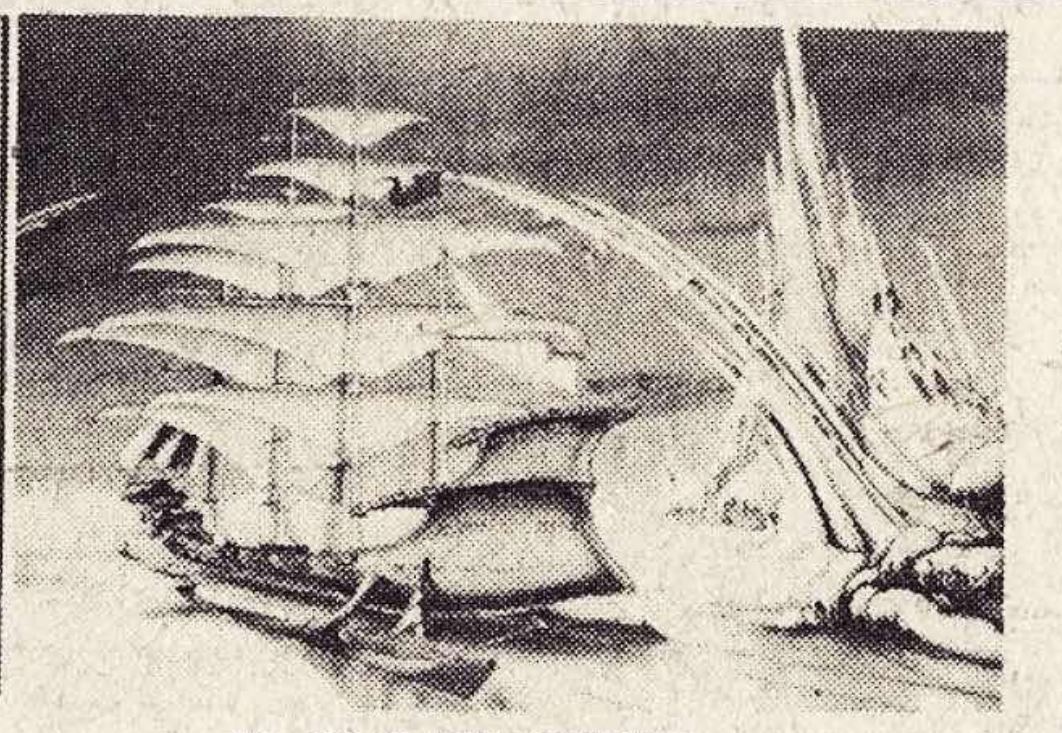
45. 'O LORD . . .': 30″ × 20″, 70p



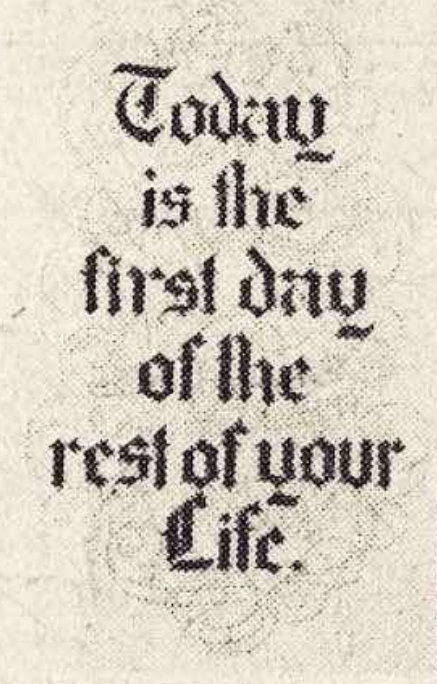
46. OPTIC: (hand printed) 20″ × 30″, 75p



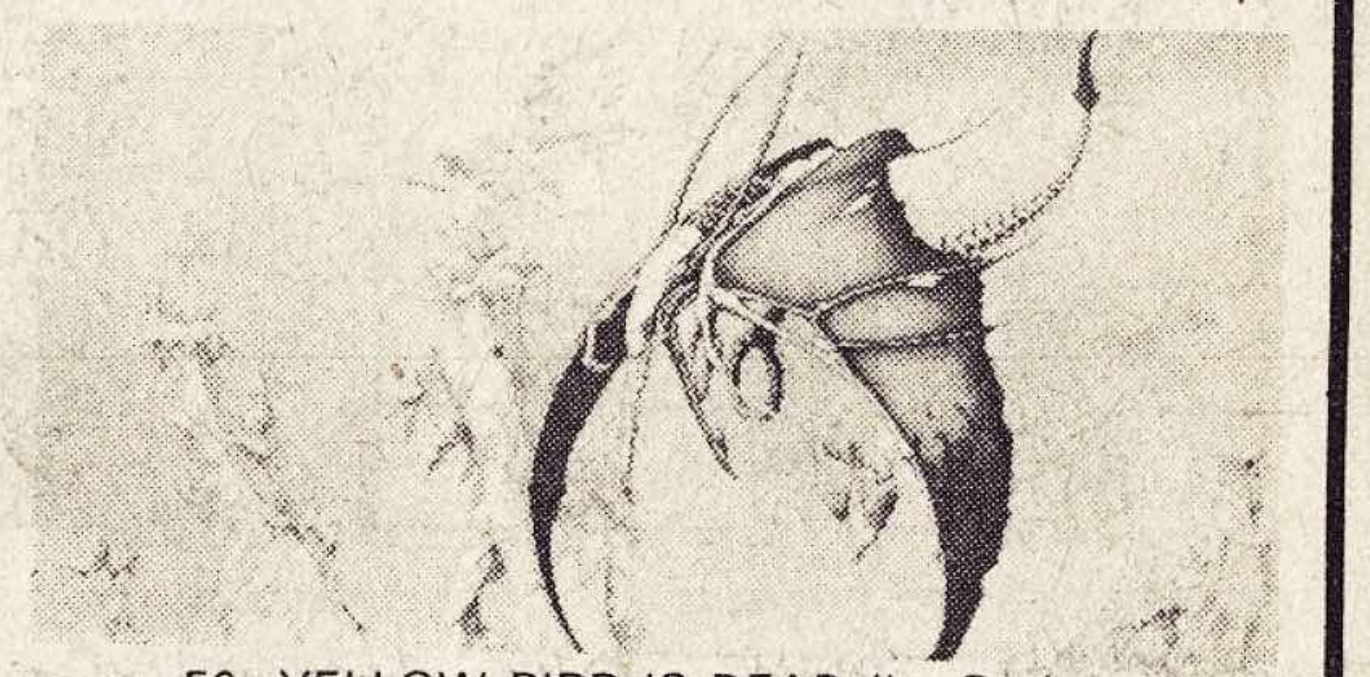
47. ANDREWS LIVER SALT: 12″ × 18″, 50p



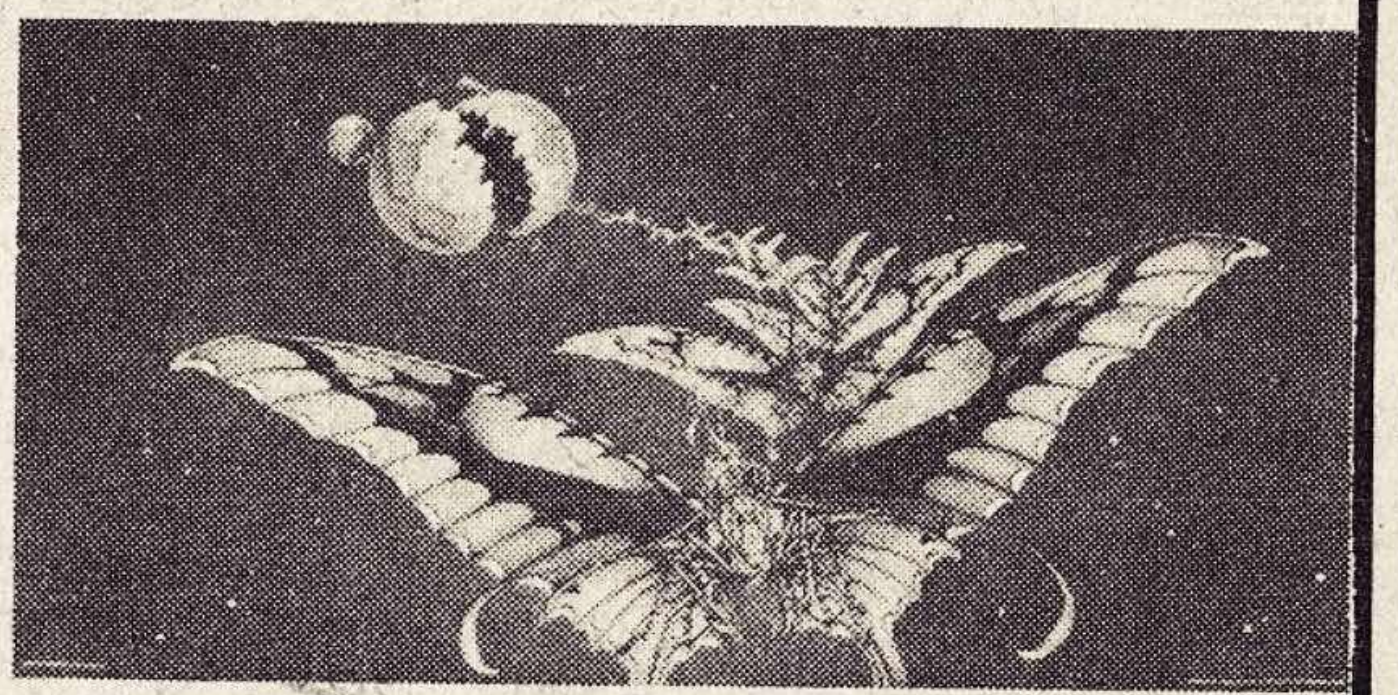
48. THE ICE SPIRIT: (by Rodney Matthews) 40″ × 27″, £1.50


Today is the first day of the rest of your Life.

49. 'TODAY . . .': 15″ × 20″, 50p



50. YELLOW BIRD IS DEAD (by Rodney Matthews): 40″ × 20″, £1.20



51. THE LAST ARMADA (by Rodney Matthews): 40″ × 20″, 95p

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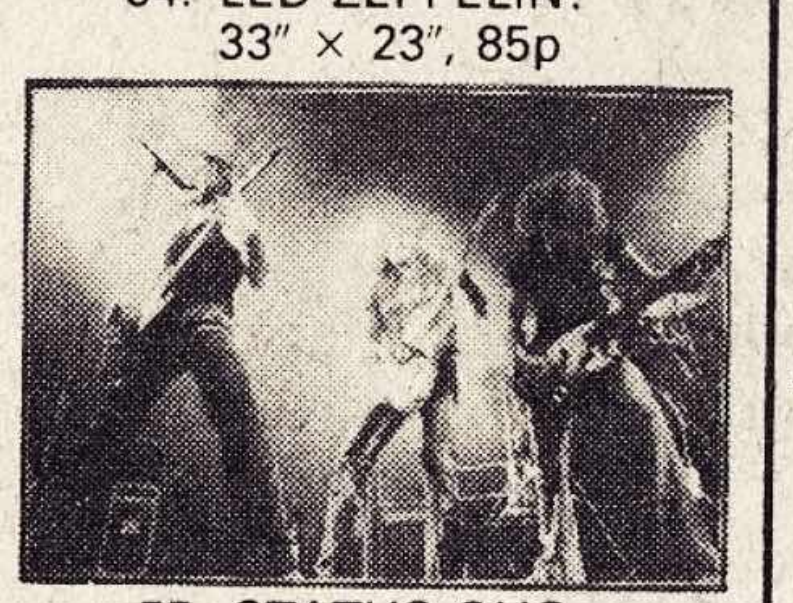
Price: 85p each

52. OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: 23″ × 33″, 85p

53. ROBERT PLANT: 23″ × 33″, 85p

54. LED ZEPPELIN: 33″ × 23″, 85p



55. STATUS QUO: 33″ × 23″, 85p

56. ERIC CLAPTON: 23″ × 33″, 85p

57. JIMMY PAGE: 23″ × 33″, 85p

58. THE EAGLES: 33″ × 23″, 85p

59. RITCHIE BLACKMORE: 33″ × 23″, 85p

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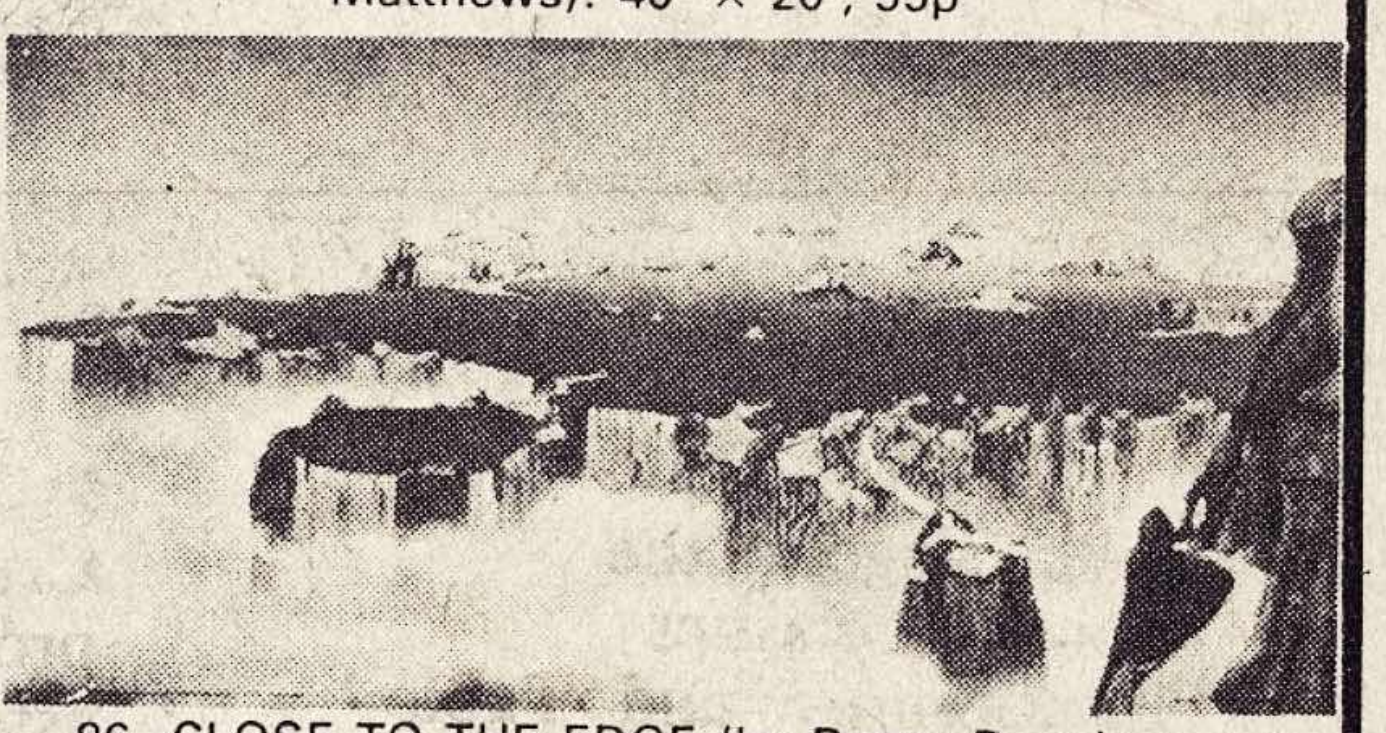
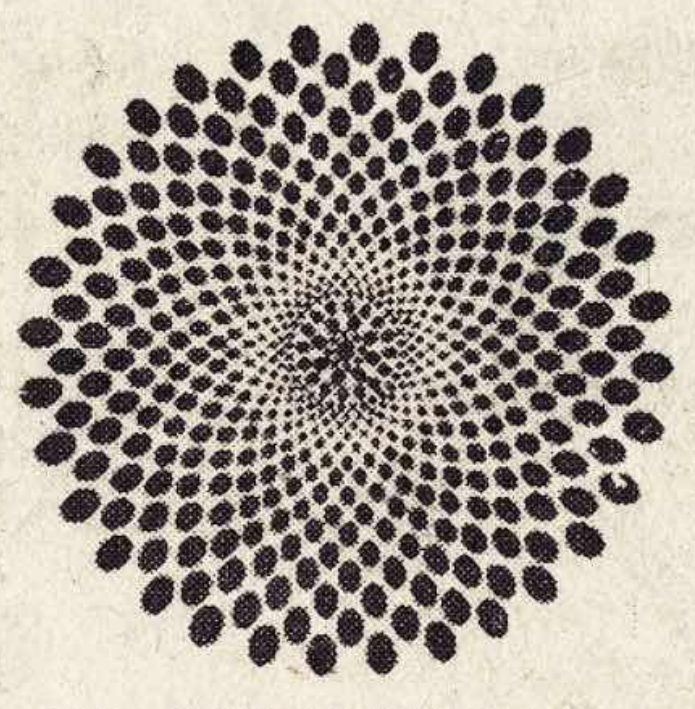
61. RORY GALLAGHER
62. GENESIS (1)
63. BLACK SABBATH
64. GENESIS (2)
65. PETE FRAMPTON
66. PINK FLOYD
67. THIN LIZZIE
68. F. ZAPPA
69. JACKSON BROWNE
70. AEROSMITH
71. LINDA RONSTADT
72. R. STEWART
73. STEVE MILLER
74. LEO SAYER
75. DOCTOR FEELGOOD
76. JAGGER
77. LYNYRD SKYNYRD
78. 10cc
79. STEVE HARLEY
80. DYLAN
81. KURSAAL FLYERS
82. Dr. HOOK
83. FREDDIE MERCURY
84. BOWIE
85. FLEETWOOD MAC

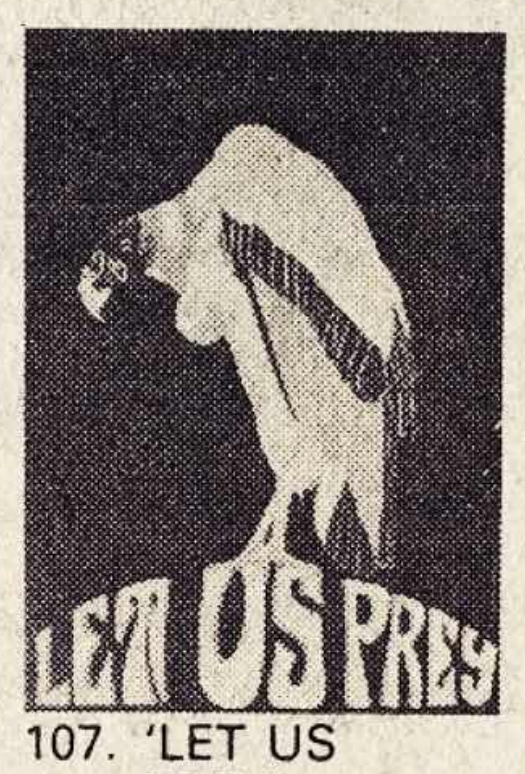


86. CLOSE TO THE EDGE (by Roger Dean): 40″ × 20″, 95p

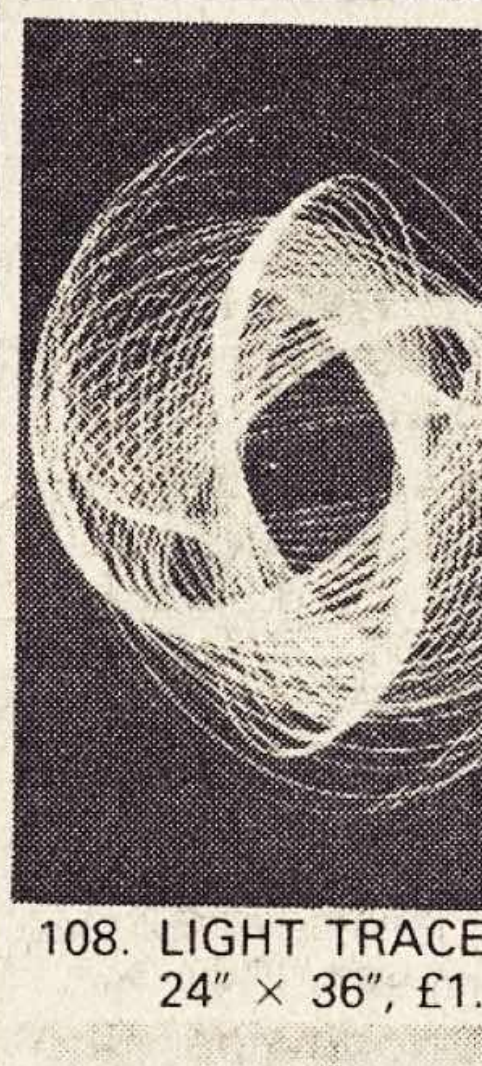
OTHER DESIGNS BY ROGER DEAN (95p each):
87. OSIBISA
88. OSIBISA WOYAWA
89. ZCARAB
90. ZCARAB LANDING
91. URIAH HEEP
92. PALADIN CHARGE
93. BADGER
94. YESSONGS ONE
95. YESSONGS TWO
96. YESSONGS THREE
97. RELAYER
98. YESSONGS FOUR
99. GRAVY TRAIN
100. BEDSIDE MANNERS
101. YESTERDAYS
102. GREEN CASTLE
103. VIRGIN
104. McKENDREE SPRING
105. TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS



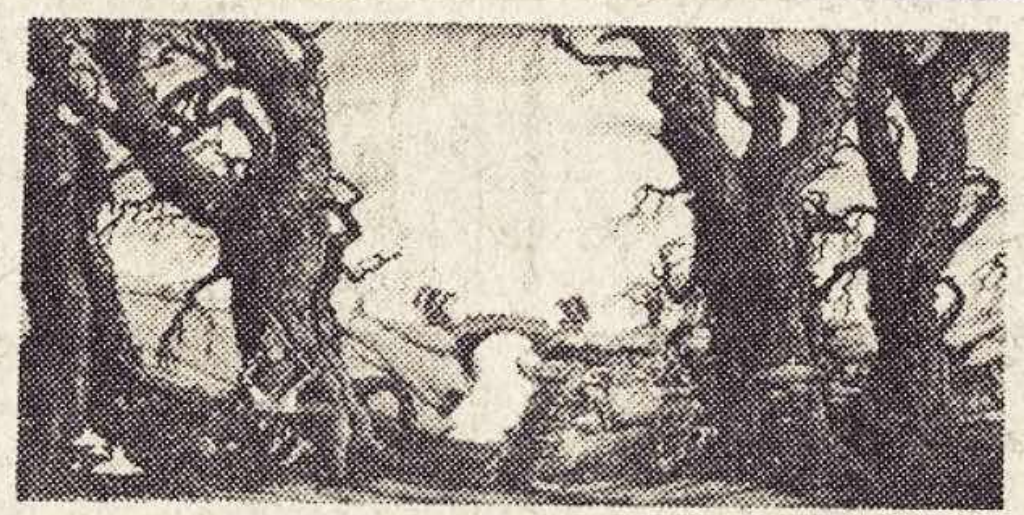
106. OPTIC MANDALA: (black on yellow) 30″ × 30″, 80p



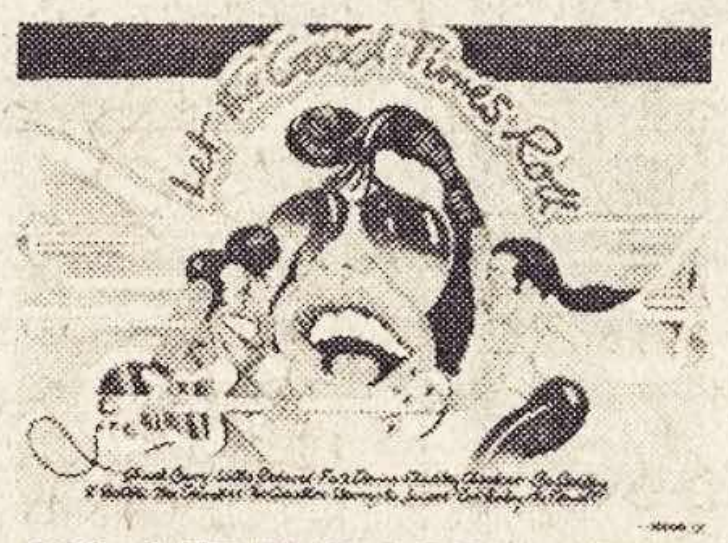
107. 'LET US PREY': 20″ × 30″, 80p



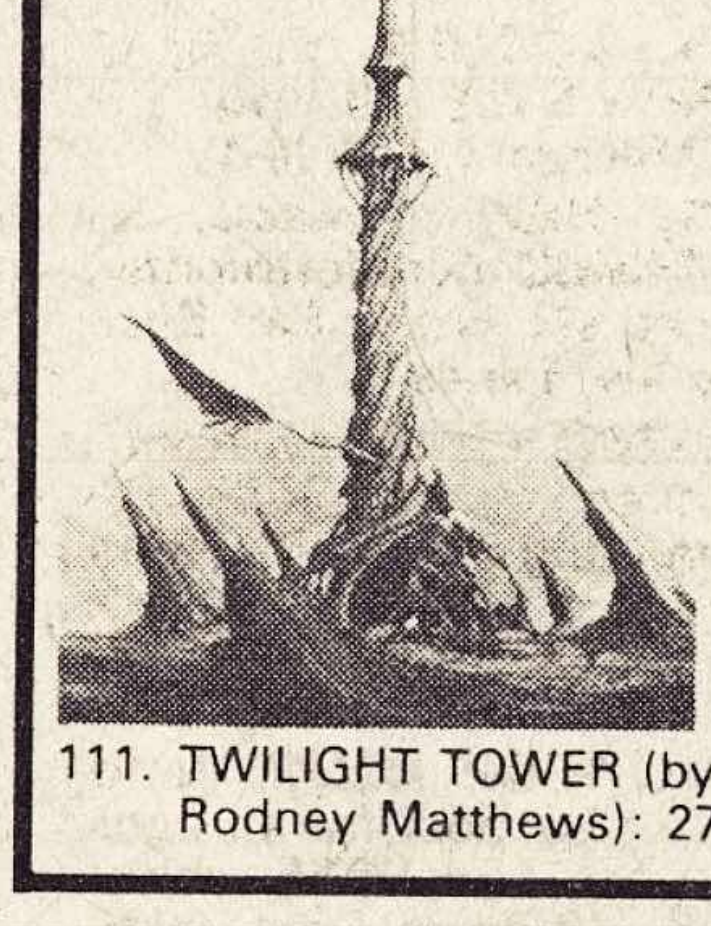
108. LIGHT TRACE: 24″ × 36″, £1.25



109. TWELVE TOWERS AT DAWN (by Rodney Matthews): 40″ × 20″, 95p


Let the Good Times Roll

110. LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL: 34″ × 25″, 75p



111. TWILIGHT TOWER (by Rodney Matthews): 27″ × 40″, £1.50

112. 'STARSKY AND HUTCH': 30″ × 20″, 75p

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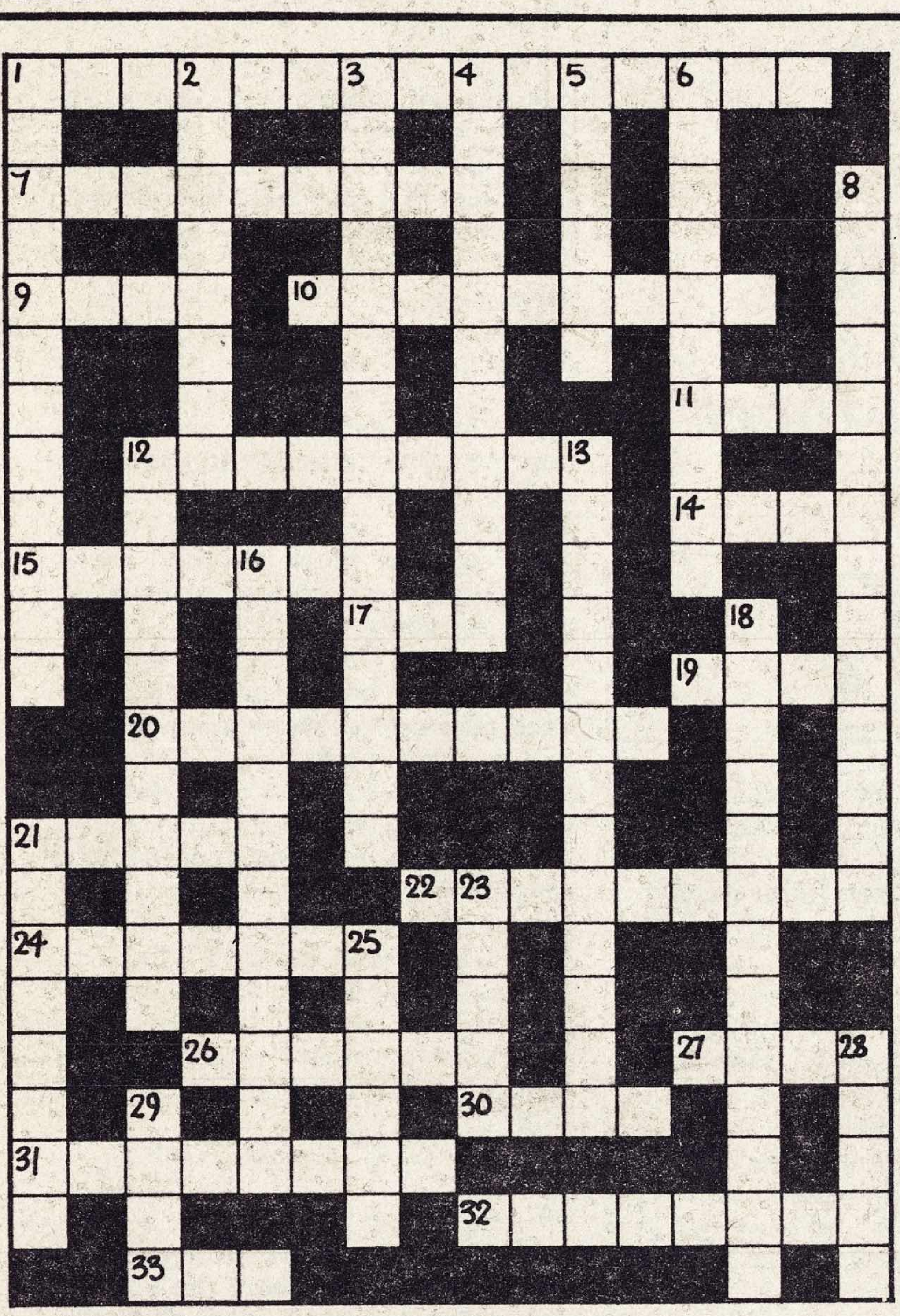

ACROSS

1 Writer/singer of the minimalist classics "Roadrunner" and "Pablo Picasso" (8, 7)
7 Mouthpiece of Rufus (5, 4)
9 Miss Laura in very funny routine!!
10 *These foolish things remind us what we're missing!* (4, 5)
11 N.Y. rock establishment, owed its original infamy to the Velvets early residencies
12 Originally by Dobie Gray, a classic '70s rock song without ever becoming a hit in the UK (5, 4)
14 Billy can help
15 Bootsy or Judy
17 Schmidt, Karoli & Co.
19 Female half of '60s duo with her husband 28 down
20 Is is that p.m.? (anag. 5, 5)
21 David / . . . . . / Lee
22 See 26
24 Procolperson
26 & 22 From the pen of Smokey Robinson, a Motown chartbuster (6, 2, 2, 5)
27 See 25
30 & 32 Utopian idealist and all-purpose loony saviour
31 See 33
32 See 30
33 & 31 His initials are an abbreviation of his band!

DOWN

1 Philosophizing (!) former Crazy Horse producer/pianist; also associated at different times with Phil Spector and Neil Young (4, 8)
2 He's just published his "memoirs" in the autobiographical *Backstage Passes* (2, 6)
3 Vangelis Papagrossout and Demis The Menace were formerly associates in this Euro-pop band (10, 5)
4 Warned my nan (anag. 5, 6)
5 Formed by Appice and Bogert when they left Vanilla Fudge
6 Pop picker pundit panellist (6, 4)
8 Texan wimp duo of "Summer Breeze" and Baha'i religion (5, 3, 6)
12 Drop no tally (anag. 5, 6)
13 Baron Ferranti 45, though not one of his most successful (3, 2, 2, 2, 4)
16 From his Plastic Ono period, a J. Lennon Greatest Hit (7, 5)
18 Diamond Headsman sometimes of 10 across (4, 9)
21 V.early Supremes hit (4, 4)
23 Kraut-rockers of legend
25 & 27 Of Le Mans and the Marquee?!!
28 Male half of '60s duo with wife 19 across
29 Worry like the axeman over his guitar?

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Lonely Boy"; 5 "How Long"; 8 Tony Visconti; 9 Mike (Bloomfield); 11 Billy Ocean; 13 Everett; 15 Doobie Brothers; 19 Sly Stone; 20 Clash; 21 Set; 22 "Rumours"; 23 Joe (South); 25 Yardbirds; 27 "Bang Bang"; 28 Darryl Way; 29 Miss; 30 Yes.

DOWN: 1 Little Bob Story; 2 Nona Hendryx; 3 "Love Me Do"; 4 Bass; 5 "Hotel (California)"; 6 Ohio Express; 7 Green; 10 South; 12 Lou Rawls; 14 Pete (Townshend); 16 Bloomfield; 17 The Stooges; 18 Peter (Green); 20 (Dave) Crosby; 24 Kenny (Everett) 26 Dory (Previn).

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And with a bit of fear'n'loathing in the West Country, CSM (assisted by Professor A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR) brings you, from the groves of academe . . .

OXFORD BAG

SO YOU think the 'ippies rule the West do yer?

After reading copies of *New Matic Express* dated 16/4/77 and 23/4/77, I was closely following the story of Teazers v Suzy Creamcheese, and after reading the final shot from Charles (is he as pretty as they say?) Shaar Murray *(Prettier — CSM)*. I neatly discarded my copy of *New Matic Express* and went in search of an ale house.

After pounding the streets, I came across an average looking public house, and upon entering the public bar I was welcomed with looks from the locals normally reserved for people with bad personal hygiene problems. After a few discreet sniffs under the arms, (and no side effects) I managed to attract the attention of the barman, where upon he leant over the bar and spoke in my ear.

"Son, did you go to school?" After thinking the question over, I answered, whereupon he leant even further over the bar, before asking his next searching question. "Can you read, son? You know, read books and *signs.*"

I was now wondering if I had missed a wet paint sign or even worse sat on his dog. As there were no signs of a dog or wet paint I held my breath for the next question.

"Do you wear glasses or have bad sight then?" He walked round the bar and opened the door I had come in — "Come here, son" — and he showed me the sign in the window.

"Good day, son." He shut the door leaving me on the pavement. Not wishing to offend anybody I went in search of a drink in better surroundings. When I found another public house, I made the mistake of entering from the side door, when I ordered a drink the barman replied, "Sorry, I can't serve you." After asking why they would not serve me, I was informed that it was not the pub's policy to serve Hippies, and if I was looking for trouble I had come to the right place. After being asked to leave in the nicest way possible I noted the sign in the window. So where to now? I found a third house. This one was much better than the other two: it had a wooden sign hanging in the window. So pushing my luck I went in the saloon bar where I was met with "Out."

The spokesman for the house told me that he did not want our trade and would we leave.

Now, who rules Glastonbury? If the Hideous Bill Gangrene Club hit town I am sure they would have even greater trouble getting a drink.

Funny, as we were leaving this little part of our fair and pleasant land, a group of Hells Angels came past us on their machines. I wonder if *they* got a drink?

TTHE CAPED CRUSADER, Kent.

Listen — it doesn't matter if you got very long hair or very short hair. If you look different enough, the big THEY will start getting upset. — CSM.

A telling analysis of the existing social pressures that plague us all, my boy. — PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

Thank you. Caped Crusader's unfortunate experience just goes to show that while we waste time with stupid, divisive hippies-v-punx shouting matches, the common enemy is still gobbing on *all of us.* All of you — *wise up!* CSM.

IT IS perfectly obvious to me that John Hamblett was either pissed, blind or asleep during his visit to the New Victoria Theatre for the Lou Reed gig. I attended (at great expense) all three concerts and have to date seen Lou Reed live on stage thirteen times.

You have the audacity to state that Lou is your idol and then go on to hack him to bits (fickle traitor) in four paragraphs that did bugger all to portray anything of relevance to Lou's performance whatsoever. Who pays your wages anyway, you miserable shit? Karen Carpenter?

Another thing, Mr Hamblett. You used the words "lukewarm apathy" to describe what you saw. Was it apathy that came across during the rendition of "Leave Me Done" and "Pretty Face", these being the latest offerings from the next album. Did you bother to glance at certain members of the audience who were actually crying outside the theatre with sheer joy? No, I bet didn't.

Listen, Hamblett. Lou Reed deserves respect. Without him two thirds of the seventeen year olds busily forming bands would have about as much inspiration as a G String in a snowstorm. He's an original and just remember the original is still the greatest. "Another fan bites the dust" you say! The nine thousand people that saw Lou over the three nights will still be around for his next visit whether you are or not.

"Hold that pose, Lou . . ." (Pic: MICK ROCK)

JON DALEY, Manchester

P.S. At least Pennie Smith's photos were good.

I AM writing to complain about the Lou Reed gig on Wednesday, 26th April, at the New Victoria. I was very disappointed with him. For someone who has written some of the best rock and roll songs ever to charge £4 to witness him ruin each one is something of a crime.

Okay, I can handle that. I know how self-centred ol' Lou is and I half expected him to blow it (the throwaway versions of "Waiting For The Man" and "Heroin" brought me close to tears) so I'm quite content to let him piss off back to New York stinking rich and get back to my Velvets albums where I can catch some vintage Reed.

What I can't understand is this. The capacity crowd at the New Victoria went berserk, applauding every shit-up and crying for more crucifixion. Fair enough — the man's a legend, but even legends should have to put on a show occasionally. Reed was dreadful — no denying it — but the audience lapped it up. Perhaps they screamed for more in a hope that the next one wouldn't be quite so bad. I don't know, but I do wish those clots hadn't pandered to Reed's egotism in that way. He can be great, I'm sure, but you really shouldn't applaud something that happened in '67 and is totally dead in '77.

Thank heavens for the Damned in '77.

DON BUTLER, London

Ah yes, what we have here is the essential dichotomy that inevitably occurs when . . . — PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

WELL, I BOUGHT the Jam single a few weeks back and I think it's great etc., etc., but I've just read the interview with them in this week's paper . . . must we fling this rubbish at our pop kids: "She's (the queen) the best diplomat we've got. She works harder than what (sic) you or I do or the rest of the country".

Deep breath — really this **is** a load of crap. The whole of what Weller says smacks of the archetypal artisan / lower middle class Tory mentality, I hope before he becomes a superstar he'll grow up a bit.

As for Steve Clarke — well, he "loves the band" but I cynically suspect he's clutching at straws in the shape of the New Wave band with the soft exterior. As we all know, Clarke is a staunch supporter of most of the Rock establishment which the Pistols etc reject. It'd be so uncool to hate *all* the New Wave . . .

The real DAVE HOLMES, Shoreham

Rats! Sussed again! — STEVE CLARKE

WELL, I got to the station bookstall the morning after the Eagles' Stafford show 'n' grabbed the *NME*. I reeled momentarily as I copped the Jam peeking ingenuoulsy from the cover, a cheeky little smile on Paul Weller's mug . . . I mean Jeez! Punks smile!? I thought it was all like Desperation City, man . . .

Ah! At last I find the Eagles London review . . . Yeah I agree about the hypermarket, it was the same at Stafford.

Hey look! Give Julie credit too, she tried to look like an Eagles aficionado! Wonder why? Did she think all those Eagles funsters'd turn on her with the sharp ends of their cowboy boots. But I'm glad she stuck it out 'cos she saw Bernie Leadon! Wow! What happened to Don Felder? Maybe if Julie had spent 70p on a programme she might've noticed Mr. Felder's resemblance to one of the guys onstage.

Julie stares 'bleakly' and chides the Eagles for their essential soullessness. Did she want that? Are they very soulful down the Roxy, Julie? Really?

Oh Nick Logan, you knew what'd happen if you sent the 'cynical Ms Burchill' to an Eagles concert. You'd get a similar report of a synagogue meeting if you'd sent Himmler. Anyone who reads the *NME* knows she hates all that red neck yee-haw stuff. But you sent her to the Wembley Country Festival. And she reviews albums by Ronstadt and Coolidge.

If you'd sent Steve Clarke I think we'd have read a rave review. No use sending him either. Why not an unbiased reporter then? You sometimes make me ill . . .

"Thanx. I'm Joe . . . I think." (Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES)

I loved the Eagles' music. I loathed their audience. And now I'm gonna play my Clash album. Yes Tony, the one I got from W H Smith's with 60p off it.

Everyone is sucked in by the rock biz, even the Clash. It doesn't do any good to think of Eagles fans as the Bland Generation, Julie. You're as much wound up in the image business too. For Christ's sake, grow up!

ADRIAN WILSON, Blackpool. P.S. Do I get the job?

No, you don't. Next? — CSM.

I COULD start this letter with the usual smartass one liner, such as, "Was that a 3D poster or did I just see the Eagles?" or . . . "Where can I teach my life size store dummy to play a mean rhythm?" But I, like Julie Birchill, must put into words the sheer boredom of the Eagles.

Sorry, Glenn, Don, Don, Joe and Randy, you're just a bunch of corpses. I watched more of the floor in the second half of the show. I'll buy the albums but you won't catch me wasting my money at a "live" performance. So Julie, you may get hassled by your fellow scribes but you've got support of more than one person here in Manchester. *ALLAN CAWLEY, Manchester.*

WHILST NOT agreeing with the majority of things said about the Eagles by Julie Burchill (the jaundiced journalist), I can accept them to the extent that they were her views of the band under review — and therefore valid because she is entitled to them.

However, when she also slates the audience in the same vein just because they were expressing *their* views (fortunately opposite to hers), I become a little rattled. Why should an audience be chastised in print because they don't want to rush the stage, stand up and block peoples' view, etc., but instead choose to listen to what is going on?

So, please Ms Burchill, stick to reviewing the bands and let the audience take care of its own appearance and musical preference. Also how come an older audience whooping it up and doing 'their thing' to country music is put down as "approaching senility" just because they were participating in a form of music obviously out of your reporter's field.

One final comment to Ms Burchill — "Honey you ain't done your homework proper either" cause Bernie Leadon left The Eagles over a year ago!

P. F. HAGUE, London NW9

We asked Ms Burchill to explain herself but all she would say was "I don't know nuffin' 'bout the Eagles" and added that she thought all Eagles fans should be shot. We then asked *On The Town* editor Phil McNeill why he didn't intercept the error. He laughed heartily and remarked, "I don't know who the bloody Eagles are either." Personally, we think that this attitude is a disgrace. — SOME OF THE MORE REASONABLE PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH NME.

In actual fact, this represents . . . — PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR.

Sorry, next controversy. — CSM

IS IT too late to say that I hate anybody who says that they love/hate the Old/New series of *Rock Follies?*

A CARDIFF CITY FAN WHO IS PROUD TO BE A WELSHMAN

IS IT too early to say that I hate Charlie Chime?

JOHN MODABEN, Haslemere.

Remarkable! . . . PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT PEAR

And finally . . . — CSM

IT'S GREAT to have Charles Shaar Murray back and firing on all four cylinders. His Beatles album reviews were simply beautiful. He can still say more in half a dozen words than *Sounds* and *MM* say per issue. Double his salary and award him another Pulitzer prize.

G. B. SHAW, Salford, Lancs. P.S. Is there *anything* on God's earth that doesn't remind the tedious Burchill of a Nuremberg Rally? Give her a mirror and some make-up to play with, take away her typewriter, and make us all happy.

According to current research by physiologists working with a grant from the McLaren Foundation . . . — PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR

Gabba gabba hey! — CSM

. . . thank you . . . the reason that everything reminds Julie Burchill of the Nuremberg Rallies is that she spends too much time playing with mirrors and make-up. — PROFESSOR A. J. BARTLETT-PEAR

Gabba gabba! Gabba gabba! — CSM

TOILET SEAT GAME
fool
the

Pic:CHALKIE DAVIS

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONVENIENCE

ROYALTY FANS breathe easy; this glorious Jubilee year of our beloved Queen's reign *will* be consummated after all, it's, as now seems likely, the **Sex Pistols** (for it is they) finally get to release their tribute to Her Majesty, "God Save The Queen".

This **Rotten** song was, as gentle readers will doubtless recall, originally scheduled to be the Pistol's debut disc on A&M Records before the abrupt termination of their contract by the company. Since then the group have wandered in a no-label limbo with no record company apparently willing to follow the examples of EMI and A&M. Now rumour has it that plans are well advanced for Pistols svengali **Malcolm McClaren** — no doubt helped by the loot pocketed from the EMI and A&M debacles — to start his own label, which will be distributed by Virgin, and, natch, handle Pistol product. No word yet on what the label will be called; *T-Zers* invites readers suggestions . . .

An ironic coincidence for **Clash** when last week they played a hall in Swindon and CBS sent the promoter a cable which read, "Good luck tonight with the hottest group in the country". They weren't joking — Clash had just started to warm up when the church next door caught fire, and the venue had to be evacuated. After a slight delay they played a set at the Affair, a club just over the road. It hasn't burnt down. Yet

Strongly rumoured that **Gregg Allman** coming in this year to tour . . .

Did she think she was going to see **The Rolling Stones**? **Princess Alexandra** so impressed with Elton John's marathon two and a half hour solo concert performance at his fund raising special gala Jubilee show that she asked afterwards "Do you take cocaine?" A suitably miffed Elt shook his head and went off to share drinks with England football manager **Don Revie** (who hasn't got anyone else left to call up) . . .

Bianca Jagger celebrated her birthday last week with a predictably extravagant party at a top New York discotheque (yawn). *Which* birthday precisely no-one seems certain. Bianca claims 27 years ago, the reference books 32 years ago, while hubbie **Michael Philip** was heard to yell above the party hubbub that it was "38 years ago." Oooh, *catty,* Mick . . .

Phil Spector offered to produce **Debbie Harry** of **Blondie** (minus band) but the lady declined due to her romance with boyfriend and guitarist **Chris Stein** . . .

In last week's *Thrill* about reggae fanzine *Pressure Drop* we ommitted to mention the artwork for same was done by the **Vibrators' John Ellis.** Could be cos the lad's uncredited in the mag itself . . .

So what's The Toilet Seat Game? we asked NME lensman **Chalkie Davies** who took our *T-zers* pic above. "Search me," replied El Chalk who snapped the shot at Coney Island while on assignment in New York with **Mick Farren.** The dynamic duo promise a whole parcel of goodies from The Big Apple in forthcoming editions of the world's most widely travelled rock weekly, starting with an exclusive interview with **Henry 'Fonze' Winkler** next week . . .

the Runaways
JOAN JETT
Runaways

Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

You can't always get what you want: but sometimes ya get a consolation prize.

"Robert loves Kim" says Percy Plant's T-Shirt, but his face says he'll make do with Runaway Joan Jett. More of Percy's Progress we don't know.

The man with the spikiest head in town, **Johnny Thunders,** has been asked by **The Who** to star in a **Chris Stamp** directed movie which will feature the rest of the **Heartbreakers** as well as **The Who** themselves. The movie will be called *My Generation* and Thunders will play the part of a 1963 beach-fighting mod. "Bit old for the part ain't they?" one ageing mod was heard to mutter . . .

MOR got soul? Soul got MOR? Tom Jones got Sly Stone, Sly got Tom. Where? On American TV? What for? All we can tell you is, it's all show biz.

Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

More Wave Nouveau re-releases due: "Raw Power" by **Iggy,** "Kick Out The Jams" by the **MC5,** and a double album package of **The New York Dolls** two Mercury albums, "New York Dolls" and "Too Much Too Soon" . . .

Didn't **Status Quo** go a bit quiet after **Whistling Bomber Harris** interrupted their *OGWT* interview to, uh, 'surprise' them with an, uh, hilarious 1968 film of "Pictures Of Matchstick Men" on *TOTP*. Seeing yourself like that would silence anyone, even **Steve Harley, Mohammed Ali, CSM, Tony Parsons** ect . . .

Is London about to get another rock venue? The capital's property market is apparently being combed for the right site for same by not one but two (count 'em) groups of 'mystery backers'. No-one's saying just who's putting up the money for the two ventures, but one group includes impressario **Harvey Goldsmith . . .**

More on the property scene: **Adam Faith** has just paid in the region of £200,000 for the seventeenth century home of **Sir John Davis,** president of the Rank Organisation; **Engelbert Humperdinck** selling *his* Surrey mansion for £150,000 "I can't set foot in Britain until I have no property there," he complained. "Otherwise I could lose a fortune.". . .

Beserkley Records package of **Jonathan Richman & Modern Lovers** and **Earthquake** rumoured for July UK tour . . .

And can we (ulp) believe it' We have to; among **M. Farren's** other exploits stateside was being rushed to the (gasp) recording studio by New York's ORK Records (who first recorded **Television**) to contribute to two albums called "Unusual People Sing **Phil Spector"** and "Unusual People Sing **The Rolling Stones**". In between falling and damaging his liver the big F, uh, laid down "To Know Him Is To Love Him" (**Ramones** style) and "Play With Fire" plus two self-penned obscurities for possible single release. Farren coughed heavily and described the product as "unusual" . . .

And this we *don't* believe: US critic **Lester Bangs** to contribute to above albums (if he can kick his cough mixture habit) . . .

Old **New York Dolls** never die: while **Johnny Thunders** gains fame in the UK, **Sylvane Sylvane** is working the NY scuzz circuit while **David Johansen** is preparing a solo album for summer release . . .

The caption on last week's *T-zers* pic of **Lou Reed** and his chum **Rachel** failed to make clear that the delectable Rachel is in fact a male . . .

For those who are interested, **Bob** and **Sarah Dylan** reported to have effected some kind of reconciliation . . .

Life could begin at forty two for **Elvis;** manager **Colin Tom Parker** is reported to be thinking of selling his interests in the King due to the massive gambling losses he has incurred at Las Vegas. In December alone, Parker dropped over a million dollars at the tables. Meantime El Cheesebuger is rumoured to be getting bigger and weirder . .

And in case you were wondering what the fuss was ever about, last week's *All You Need Is Love* classic footage of vintage rocking **Presley** was a nice reminder of the man's former power and glory. **Tony Palmer's** ramshackle series also redeemed itself (well just a teeny bit) with a stunning interview with **Jerry Lee Lewis** and vintage clips of **Tommy Steele, Cliff Richard,** and **Gene Vincent** among others . . .

Bob Dylan appointed **Jerry Weintraub** for personal representation, and, in the next few weeks, they will announce Dylan's projects for the rest of '77. Is a label change and a Eurotour amongst priorities? . .

Carley Simon recording title toon for upcoming 007 movie *The Spy Who Loved Me . . .*

Are **War** about to sign on the dotted line with RCA!

Stevie Wonder and **Mick Jagger** *guest* on **Frampton's** next LP. . .

More from **The Zim:** Dylan not only stars but has produced a movie which also features **Rolling Thunder** Revue-ettes . .

Correction: **Les Stranglers** didn't actually play those French gigs El Teazer reported, where they were supposed to be supporting **Le Tyla Gang.** The Strangs pulled out 'cause of billing dispute. . .

At a recent Hollywood charity bash, **James Caan** — who acted as one of the emcees — got off the best smart-ass one-liner we've heard in yonks. "I have to announce a major literary disaster", quipped Caan, "**Alex Haley** just found out he's adopted."

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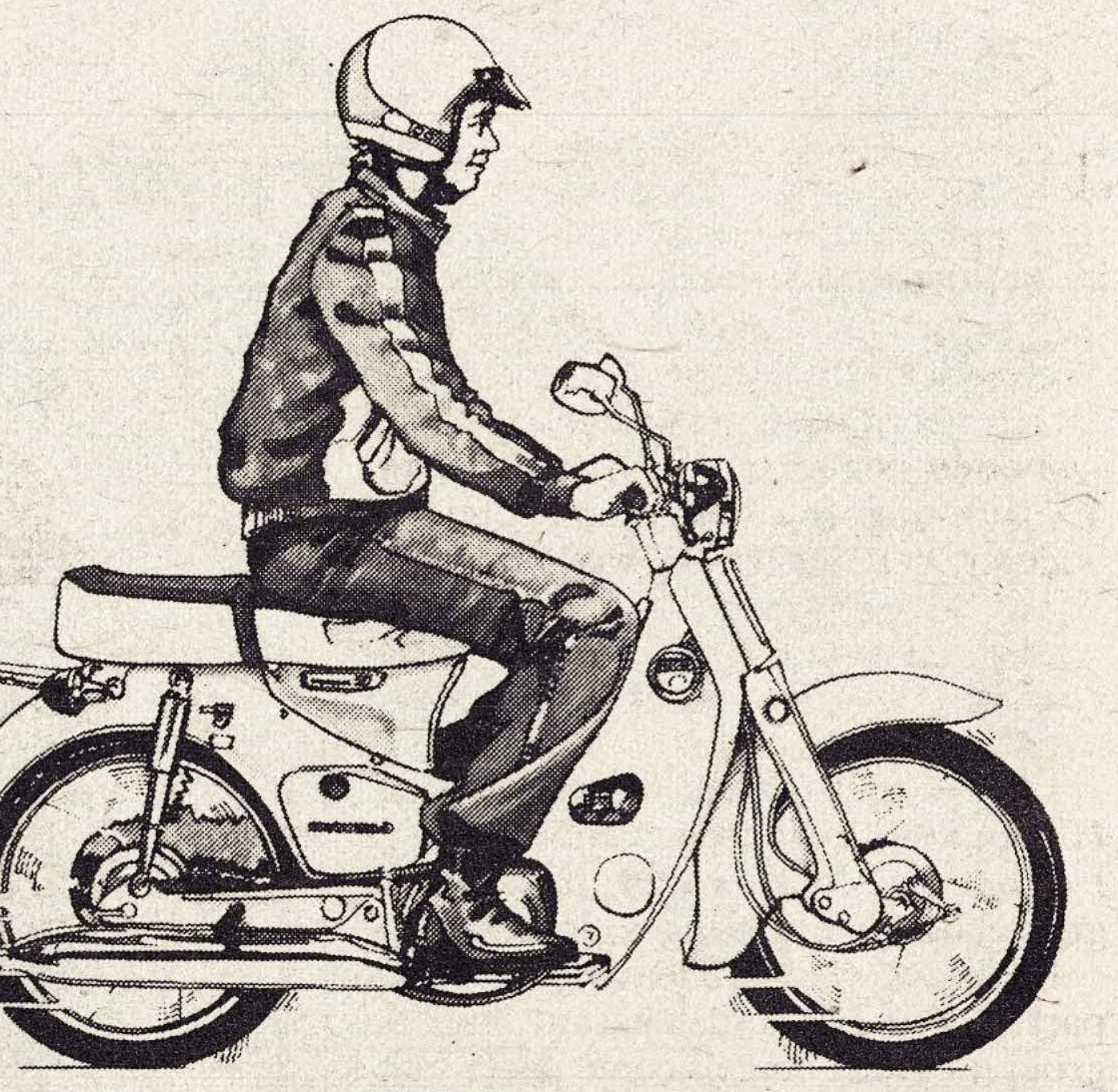

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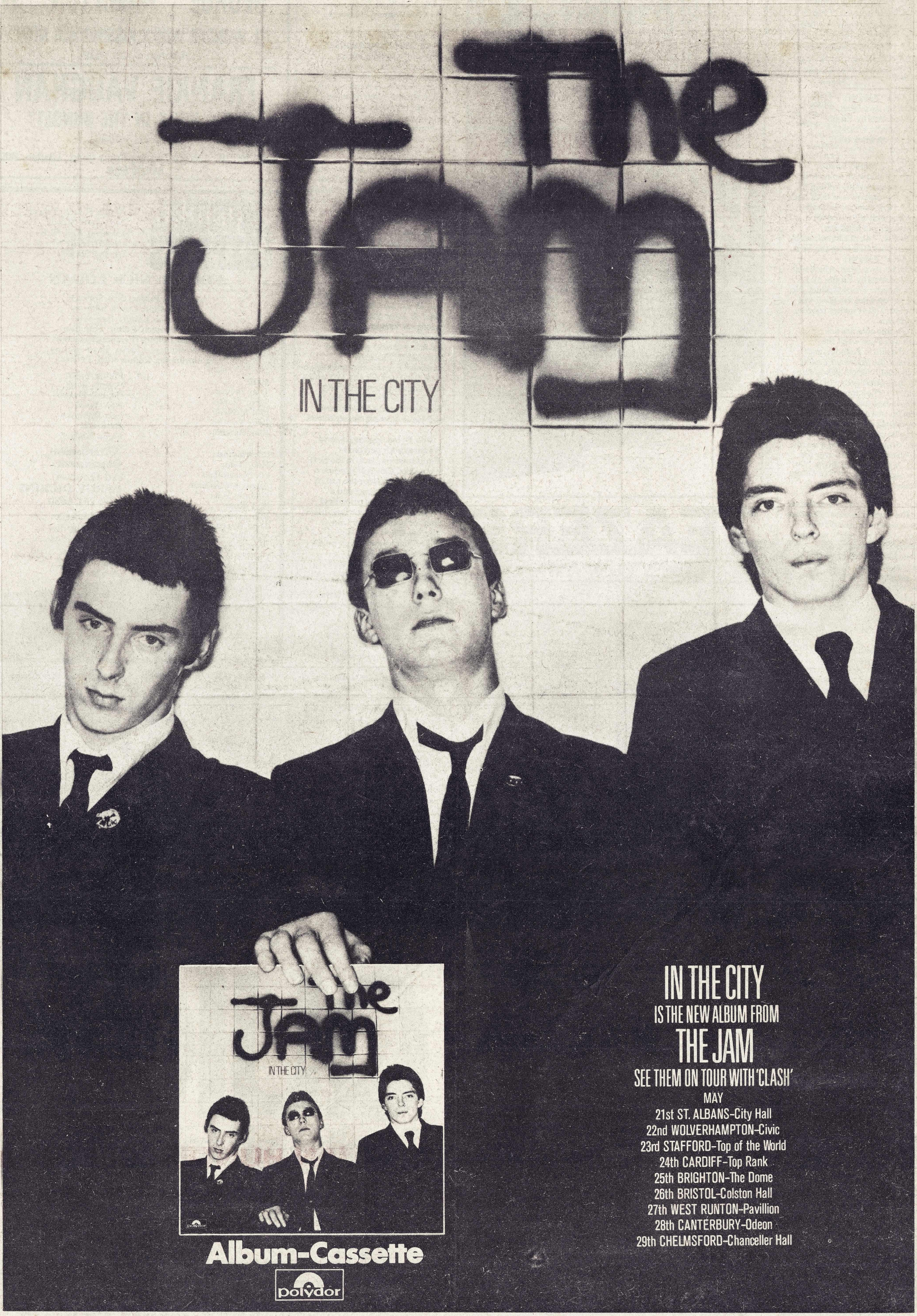

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